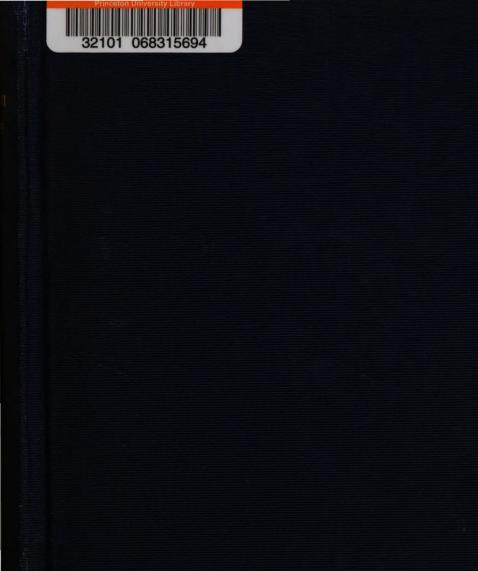
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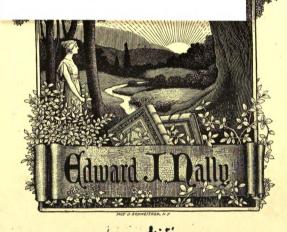
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Volume 3

Published at 233 Broadway, New York



January, 1918

By and for Marconi Employees



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JULES VERNE UP-TO-DATE

or

A DESCENT INTO THE HUN'S PARADISE By P. B. Collison

This magazine in the past has chronicled many hair-raising tales of encounters with submarines. In all of these accounts the sub was given the villain's role and little mention was made of the marvelous devices which make it's capture so difficult. Having recently spent two months aboard a fleet of six of these mechanical fish, during which I went on several trial trips, I believe I can give a fairly accurate description of their working parts.

Because of the publicity given to its piratical activities, the outside of a submarine is familiar enough to all. I will therefore dwell lightly on these features. The particular boats which I surveyed are nearly two hundred feet long, blunt nosed, with a long, tapering tail. From a birdseye view they resemble huge fish. Along the backbone is placed a light, flat superstructure or deck containing four small circular hatches which are surrounded by a light bronze cable supported by detachable stanchions. There is also a long slanting hatchway through which the torpedoes are lowered into the hull. A collapsible crane is provided to swing these long, slender, miniature submarines aboard, for they weigh close to a ton and sometimes more.

The next point of interest is the conning tower from which protrude the antenna-like periscopes. The latter are protected and supported for a part of their height by curved, flat plates called shears. These shears are made in a form to lessen resistance when the boat is running submerged. The conning tower with tiny glass ports is placed just forward of the periscopes and likewise is protected by shears. A small bridge encircles the top of the tower and on this are mounted an engine room telegraph, electric steering gear control, and gyro-compass repeater. These are placed in a small watertight case supported on a pillar much like an ordinary compass stand except that it is made entirely of metal. When the boat is operating beneath the surface a water-tight lid is screwed down over these controls. All movements of the boat on the surface are controlled from this point.

The wireless mast and deck insulator are located just at the point of the shears, for the Radio equipment. A very heavy electrose insulator set on the top of a heavy brass pipe with another electrose insulator placed at the bottom brings the lead-in wires to the apparatus. The wireless masts (of which there are two) are hinged at the deck and are lowered and lashed fast when the order is given to prepare for a dive. The stern portion of the hull superstructure contains the engine room hatch and then the hull tapers off to the tail which supports two screw propellers, and the vertical and horizontal rudders.

So much for the general appearance externally. We will now enter the hull through the hatchway nearest the bow. This hatchway is only eighteen inches in diameter, distinctly no place for a fat man. Upon entering the hull you must keep your head down and your eyes wide open. The deck space being rather limited all machinery pos-

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sible is hung from the shell overhead leaving scant headroom. I can truthfully state that my first impression upon entering a submarine was a dent caused by unexpected contact with an anchor windless motor. This was fastened on a level with my face just back of the entrance ladder. One lesson was enough; for ever afterward I ducked when I went down that ladder.

The first things to greet us upon entrance are the stingers or torpedo tubes of which this boat was equipped with four, two above and two Water is prevented from entering the hull when the breech plates are opened to place a torpedo in the tube, by an outside swinging bow cap. The complete procedure is to close the bow cap, then drain the tube, and by means of a small traveling crane place the The bow cap is then turned and air at pressure torpedo in the tube. of 2,800 lbs. to the square inch is admitted behind the torpedo. drives the torpedo out with a rush and as it leaves the tube a small trigger is forced back which sets its tiny compressed air turbines into The torpedo will go forward until the air pressure will no longer drive the turbines. If it has missed its mark its sea-cocks are Otherwise it would float about on the surface, a menace to friend and foe alike. Each of these vessels were supplied with eight torpedoes, four in the tubes and four on racks inside the The space underneath the floor of this forward compartment is taken up by ballast tanks, fuel tanks, room for several air flasks and a storage battery well. The fuel tanks hold 5,000 gallons of oil and the forward battery compartment holds 60-3,500 ampere-hour storage The sides of the shell give space for the lockers Some battery! which contain the bedding and personal effects of the crew. sleep on cots when the weather is good, but in bad weather they sleep in hammocks swung from the shell overhead.

This compartment also contains the wireless apparatus and the underwater signaling apparatus. The latter device consists of two immense thick diaphragms set one on each side of the bow. The diaphragms are set into oscillation by solenoids through which pass a 500-cycle alternating current of about five kilowatts. The sound waves sent through the water travel up to forty miles or more depending on the depth and density of the water through which they travel. The deeper the boat is submerged, the further they can signal. A regular telegraph key is used and by means of the Continental Morse or any other code communication is carried on in a manner similar to Radio. The wireless operator is in charge of the underwater system as well as the radio apparatus.

Through a watertight bulkhead we next enter the brains of the boat. This portion of the interior is known as the General Operating Compartment and it contains a staggering number of air and water guages and valves which control the buoyancy of the hull. One of the largest dials shows the depth at which you are operating. It runs up to 200 feet! There are also large brass wheels controlling the horizontal or diving rudders and the vertical rudder. Another gyrocompass repeater is fastened on the bulkhead in front of the helmsman. A small ladder leads up into the conning tower which is separated

from the main hull by a small watertight hatch which can be closed from beneath in case the conning tower is damaged by shell fire. Up here we see more guages and appliances, also one of the periscopes. You look into an eyepiece similar to a telescope, and by means of large control handles the barrel can be swung around so as to view any portion of the horizon. Objects appear exactly as they do when viewed through a telescope.

The helmsman stands directly under the conning tower and steers under directions from the Captain who, when the vessel is submerged, is stationed always at the periscope. Another larger periscope with eyepiece in the operating chamber is used also to take observations because the upper one is usually pointed dead ahead although it can be swung around to any angle. Besides the helmsman, men are stationed at the diving rudders and Kingston valves which open from the ballast tanks into the sea. Other men operate the pumps. In fact, every individual in the boat has a definite task and is highly trained to do just this and nothing else.

We next enter the electrical compartment which contains the master Gyro-compass. The master compass is carefully installed in a safe place and being non-magnetic can be placed without regard to outside disturbing forces. Electrically operated relay repeaters are distributed throughout the vessel. These repeaters operate in any position and are connected to the master by a flexible armored cable which permits their being moved about if necessary. Here also is the electric stove with its grills and ovens. Food lockers and a sink fill one corner. At the rear of the compartment are the switchboards controlling the charge and discharge of the main storage battery. Underneath the floor is a second set of 60 storage cells.

We now come to the engine room containing the two immense Diesel oil engines and the two generators. The oil engines propel the vessel when operating on the surface and at the same time drive the two electric generators which charge the battery. When operating under the surface the engines are stopped and the dynamos, connected as motors, drive the vessel at a slightly reduced speed. For slow speed the storage battery banks are connected in parallel giving a potential of about 120 volts,-for full speed the banks are connected in series giving The battery is thus discharged evenly. When charging on the surface the battery is ventilated by means of motor driven blowers which drive the gases out into the air. When under water the battery gases are blown into the hull to prevent a dangerous explosive accumulation in one compartment. After a few hours' run underwater the air becomes quite warm, the gases which are rich in sulphuric acid, condense on the cold inner walls of the hull and start It is therefore necessary for the crew to wear both water and acid proof garments.

A trip under the surface is a thing to be remembered. When I was asked if I cared to make a trip I lost no time in dwelling on the delights or possible dangers. We started down the river in the cold gray of the morning with a fast patrol boat just ahead of us to keep our course clear when we were running submerged. Out past the forts

into the open sea we rushed throwing up an immense bow wave, the spray blowing back and whipping across our faces like an icy lash. Pretty soon the order was given to prepare to dive, and I entered the conning tower with the Captain. First, all railings, the wireless masts and aerials came down, the latter being stored into the forward hatch. The crew then went below and made the hatch fast and watertight. a similar manner all other openings were quickly closed, and after a rapid inspection and passing by the Captain we were ready to enter the domain of the codfish. Sufficient water was then taken into our ballast tanks to neutralize the buoyancy of the hull. To look out through the tiny glass ports of the conning tower and see the ocean rise and cover your decks is no pastime for a man with a weak heart. Gradually the water rises over the ports and you are in a world of You can see only a few feet ahead, really not more than ten. Unless in very clear water you can never see your own bow, contrary to the statements made by the men in the stories, neither do the fish come up and smile at you through the glass. When one of these underwater leviathans enters their world the fish beat it.

The ballast tanks are divided into enough compartments to allow the balancing of the boat, because if not exactly balanced we would stand on end and sink down into the mud. I was very glad to see that they had no trouble in obtaining balance. There vessels are, in fact, so delicately balanced that the crew must keep at their stations and not move around else we would describe a very crooked course.

We submerged to about fifteen feet below the surface and then set our periscope to look dead ahead as it was still sticking out into the world above. Off to one side we could see our friend the patrol with her men peering at us with glasses. Dead ahead was the open sea. On the other side was a tug towing in a string of heavily laden barges. Overhead a gradually brightening sky smiled down on us, and all about us was the peaceful calm of the depths. The sudden change from the noisy clatter of the Diesel engines makes all other sounds seem hardly noticeable.

Giving the order to proceed ahead we continued on our course. The electric motors give little if any vibration to the hull. In reality they make no noise which can be heard outside the engine room. slipped along through unchanging green for quite a while and then the Captain asked me if I had looked up yet. Having been trying to pierce a solid wall of water with little success I wondered what I could see by looking up rather than ahead. Such a sight! The undersurface of the water appeared as a stormy sky across which were scurrying flashing patches of brightness. This phenomena was caused by the reflection of the sun on the waves at the surface and our own Looking through the periscope we saw a flock of wild dacks jump from the surface frightened by those queer looking glass eyes rushing at them, and far ahead another pair of periscopes coming towards us almost hidden in a smother of foam. I then went below and using the oscillator tried to find out who they were, but of course they would not identify themselves. However, in the course of a few minutes. I learned that there was an old Marconi Op at the key.

that when we are finally able to reach Mars by Radio an old Marconi Op will answer us. We altered our course to clear him and then dove The Captain told me to keep a sharp lookout ahead as we were going to porpoise, whatever that might be. The next thing I knew we were rushing to the surface at an angle of about thirty-five degrees from the horizontal. Looking ahead I could see the sea become a lighter green and soon a rushing of water was heard as our tower started to emerge from the sea. Suddenly the green became white and then the sun broke into view. Immediately afterward we beheld our own bow rising up out of the water and we were again able to look around over a sparkling blue sea, but only for an instant. bow sunk again into a creamy foam and we observed an immense white crested wave rushing back at us. Instinctively we recoil thinking that we are about to get a soaking but of course the glass keeps the water There is another rush and roar of water, the scene changes Out. the white foam of the water, and then back to a beautiful pale green, and the silence of the depths is about us once more A ride under the river in the subway is so different! We again proceed quietly and shortly afterward come to the surface once to show the patrol where we are are and to shift our course into deeper water. ballast tanks still being full we do not open any of the hatches.

Ordinarily, when a submersible wishes to come to the surface the This takes a few water is driven from the tanks by powerful pumps. However, the Captain desired to make a test of the emergency depth guage. The hull is only made to withstand certain pressures and since the pressure rapidly increases as you sink deeper it is necessary to have some method of quickly bringing the boat to the surface, if the horizontal rudders should refuse to bring the boat up. They therefore carry several air flasks filled with air under terrific pressure to blow the water from the tanks. This causes the vessel to rise at once. can set these valves to open at any depth. He set ours for a trifle less than a hundred feet and we dove down past the danger point. rush and a roar the water was forced from the tanks and we were literally blown out of the water in a smother of foam and spray.

After opening the hatches we started the Diesel engines and proceeded on the surface back to the base. All hands made a rush for the open air as it was getting kind of thick inside. Upon coming to the surface after a prolonged trip under the water you must be very careful. The fresh air acts as an intoxicant and you are liable to become violently seasick or dizzy or both. The decks being still wet and very slippery especially for those with rubber boots, you must be careful not to fall off the deck into the water for if you should you are almost certain to be ground to pieces by the propellors.

Arriving back at the base, we had lunch and then rested for another trip in the afternoon. On the whole I would call a submarine trip a very pleasant and educating experience, but I certainly would not like to be detailed to one of these subsea travelers very long. The excitement soon becomes commonplace and then the discomforts stand out. Men who volunteer for this branch deserve great praise because their life is full of hazards.

The wireless sets in these boats give remarkable satisfaction when we consider the handicap of a very low and short aerial. Reception over several hundred miles is common. Transmission is dependent on the length and height of the aerial.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN By Clarence Cisin

If you think you are really and truly in love—You are not.

If you know and feel that there is only one girl for you, There is still hope.

It is never quite too late until your sentence for life has been pronounced.

If you have any doubts, any forebodings of the future, any deep difference in ideals,

CUT IT OUT.

Somehow, Someplace, Sometime, you will meet THE one, Perhaps.

If you don't-Refuse all substitutes.

To pick the proper mate takes more than a philosopher.

Most people who marry are unconscious fatalists.

An unhappy married man is a common sight and causes no excitement.

A happy matrimonial voyage, having of course the usual squalls and bad weather that ends at the destined port, feeling that on the whole the trip has been a Jelightful one, is quite exceptional.

The exception only proves the rule.

Two landlubbers of love form a poor crew for a deep-sea voyage. It is usually started as an excursion. It ends as most excursions do. Even the most seasoned sailor sometimes becomes seasick because of too much rough weather; ALSO

Continually sailing on smooth seas soon becomes tiresome.

THEREFORE

To secure permanent freedom; To attain an ideal; To be happy REMAIN SINGLE.



H2O-K9. Translation: Head Office Water Dogs.

RADIO PROVIDENT CLUB DEPARTMENT

New York, Nov. 26th, 1917.

To the Members: -

It is with great pleasure the Financial Committee presents the Report of the Radio Provident Club for the fifty weeks ended November 24th, 1917.

Total number of members 140 Less number withdrawn 67	
Profit sharing members	
Number of shares held by 73 remaining members	261
Received from members during year	\$8,122.11
Less amount withdrawn by members	1,460.06
Net amount received from members	6,662.05
Add profits for year on 261 shares	349.78
Total amount to be distributed among 73 members	\$7,011.83
Value of share Nov. 26th, 1917	26.34
Amount received per share	25.00

is equivalent to slightly over 10.7 per cent per year.)
With your co-operation the Marconi Company will continue the
Club for the coming year along the same lines as heretofore. Weekly
payments to begin with the week ending Dec. 15th, 1917.

Those desiring to join will make their remittances weekly to the authorized collector in their department. The investment of such funds will be in the hands of the Company's Committee whose names are affixed hereto.

The following is a comparative statement of the operations of the Club for the past four years:

	1914	1915	1916	1917	
Total deposits	\$4,760.66	\$5,305.50	\$7,128.50	\$8,122.11	
Total withdrawals	2,032,16	2,055.50	2,403.50	1,460.06	
Number of shares held by					
members at end of					
fiscal year	107	130	189	261	
Amount paid in and not					
withdrawn during year	· by				
members	2,728.50	3,250.00	4,725.00	6,662.05	
TOTAL PROFITS	104.86	143.00	177.66	349.78	
Dividend per share	.98	1.10	.94	1.34	
Per cent of dividends	3.92	4.4	3.76	5.36	
	Respectfully submitted,				

M. H. PAYNE, Trustee. DAVID SARNOFF, Chairman.

C. J. ROSS,

E. B. PILLSBURY,

C. H. WALTER,

J. B. DUFFY,

THRIFT

Isn't it immense To think of the year gone by And you're nothing shy. No stationery did you waste

tion You're cultivating a taste For a higher ambition. Science is a wonderful gift Wireless tells us all Are you thinking of thrift

While listening for a call?

forget Begins the fifteenth of December. To keep out of debt

member.

MR. NALLY'S NEW YEAR'S GREETING

At the threshold of the New Year I point with pride to our service flag in honor of the Marconi men who have joined the colors in response to the call of the president; and I earnestly hope that before another year rolls around a victorious peace may be established, and that our absent friends may be returned unharmed.

Coincident with the declaration of war, and pursuant to an arrangement ographer one must be thoroughly previously made with the Government, the operation of our land stations passed under control of the Navy, and the Navy is gradually taking over the operation of our ship stations to the end that the Government may control radio communication for the period of the war.

This, in addition to the manufacture of radio apparatus, is our contribution to the task of winning the war. The earnest co-operative work How you've curtailed your expense those of us who remain at our posts, is a vital prop to the nation,

In bidding Godspeed to our col-And apparatus kept in good condi- leagues who have joined the cotors, and whom we hope in due time to welcome back to our ranks, I would counsel them to put forth their utmost endeavors to serve the Government in the same loyal and efficient way in which they have always discharged their duties here, thus invit-Radio Provident Club you must not ing the favorable notice of their chiefs and reflecting added credit on us.

In the New Year we must, as in the A deposit on pay-days always re- past, bend all our energies to the upholding of the Marconi ideals. I con--Benjamin Beckerman fidently count on your loyal support, and send you my hearty good wishes for you and your families.

Vice President and General Manager

A STENOGRAPHER IN THE MAKING

By J. K. Link

In order to make a good stenfamiliar with the rudiments of the art. Experience which comes through constant practice will teach one how to apply the fundamentals with ease and rapidity. With efficiency in principles one is ready to enter upon the much revered and most essential part of stenography, namely SPEED.

It will be a slow process at first,

but it is one which follows the law of acceleration perhaps more than anything else that I know of. The law in this case, however, needs constant policing in the form of practice. Circumstances may arise which will interrupt the steady uphill climb, but discouragement must not be known to a stenographer in the making.

The key-note of success in shorthand lies in persistent practice. Within a reasonably short time the earnest student will have the satisfaction of knowing that the law has not failed

ASTORIA HIGH POWER

Our copy of the November Service News has just arrived and reminds us that the Marconi Company has not forgotten us even though we have not been heard from for some time.

We were treated to a little excitement on this circuit the latter part of September and the first of October by a ten-day cable interruption betweeen Seattle and Sitka, the first break in over a year. Business was real good for awhile, but some delays on account of poor power service, owing to strike conditions prevailing here just at that time, we managed to take care of the abnormal volume of traffic over the circuit in a very creditable manner. On several of the heaviest days, the number of messages relaved ran over 300.

The new house for the Marine guard has just been completed and the boys are congratulating themselves on having a dry place to get into when old Neptune and Jupiter Pluvius get settled down to business for the winter.

We have just finished husking the pumpkins, have our spud crop all dug

but it is one which follows the law of and stowed away, and as soon as we acceleration perhaps more than anyget the Kraut barrel filled up we can thing else that I know of. The law snap our fingers at the H. C. L. for in this case, however, needs constant the winter at least.

Keeps us fairly busy these days getting ready for inspection. We have had a half dozen inspections already and expecting another one soon. This no doubt accounts for the fact that things are in apple-pie order around here most of the time.



N. Y. Marconi divers

MEMORIES OF WEST AFRICA By C. Sandbach

In 1913 I was in charge of the British government 3 k.w. station at Actra, on the Gold coast, below Liberia.

Wireless often takes one into very strange fields. Have you ever heard of "The White Man's Grave?" This was the name given to the West Coast in the early days of its exploration. In those days, not more than five per cent, of the white men who ventured the exploration of the coast, returned; and those who did return were generally such wrecks as to be invalids for the rest of their lives. What made the coast such a death-bed? From all sides the white man

was face to face with death. agency of a particular species of mosquito and that regular dosing with quinine prevents the malarial germ from increasing in one's blood; but in the early days men were not aware of this. Consequently, a case of malaria generally went from bad worse until the poor unfortunate died.

But there is another disease, carried by another species of mosquito, which is far worse than malaria. This is yellow fever. Generally the victim dies within two days.

Apart from disease, the white man on the coast is always in danger of murdered by the natives. writer had several periences which were not altogether pleasant. Some, for certain reasons, I would not attempt to describe, but to show how far the nigger will go I will tell you of one incident.

There were ten officers in one mess Our dinner hour was 7:30 p. From 5 to 6 we usually played tennis. About 6:10 darkness suddenly came on and we retired to our bungalows for our evening bath and to dress for dinner. One officer's steward boy, while preparing master's bath, remarked: "Massa! You no go chop dem nsh to-night." (Master! You must not eat any fish to-night.)

"Why?" said the officer. Dem cook, he go put something for dem fish. You go chop dem fish, you get sick for belly, you fall down, you go die."

The sum and substance of this was that the cook had a grudge against one of us and in order to kill the one he must needs poison the other nine!

At 7:30 we all sat down to dinner.

One quite ignorant of the above convercan stand malaria these days, now sation. Soup was served and enjoythat medical science has discovered ed, but when the fish was brought on that this dread disease is carried from we were told not to touch it and were one person to another through the informed of its being poisoned. Of course, all the men wanted to shoot the cook at sight, I stopped them and pointed out that as there were other negroes there to bear witness. would cause endless trouble. gested the cook be made to eat the fish. This was agreed to by all, but it was impossible to carry it into effect as the fish could not be forced down the cook's throat. After that, of course, there was no holding the men, and although they did not shoot the cook, he had to be carried to jail on a stretcher.

> Why didn't we leave the affair to the authorities? But for the fact that the boy informant was of a different tribe from the cook, ten of us would now be beyond this world, for it was proved by analysis that the fish contained a deadly poison. Yet, this nigger got only six months in jail. This, to an African nigger, means better food and less work than if he were outside.

> Life in Africa is very monotonous on the whole. One goes through the same routine almost every day. The only variation is an occasional Sunday shooting, leopard or smaller game. There are no lions elephants within 500 miles West Coast.

> At six o'clock in the morning the steward boy brings a cup of tea and a couple of biscuits to the bedside. At about six-fifteen you rise and take the very necessary morning bath. After dressing you lounge about until 7:30, when breakfast is served. then repair to your respective occupations. Eleven o'clock sees back at your bungalow drinking gin and bitters as an appetizer for lunch. Lunch 11:30, then a siesta until be-

tween one and two; back to work us it would have been until four p.m., then afternoon tea. story. Tennis from five to six, followed by the sun-stroke in a very few minutes. As it goes dark, the year round, at about 6:15 there is but one nour each day for recreation. Some prefer golf, others cricket, motoring, horse-riding, cycling, shooting, or, as in a good many cases, lounging around the club drinking whiskey and soda.

The hours between dinner and bedtime were generally spent playing bridge, except when at full moon the men preferred a walk in the cool, evening breeze.

A white-man's bungalow in West Africa consists of a living-room, a bedroom, and a bathroom. The rooms are very spacious and airy. bungalow is built on concrete pillars, six feet high, to keep out the white ants. Μv bungalow mo squito-proof, besides which slept under a mosquito net. Although this made the rooms rather warmer, it was far preferable to being swarmed out with all manner of insects. It isn't altogether pleasant when eating soup to have a flying ant deposit its wings in your plate, or a big moth commit suicide in a like manner. This happens nightly where the bungalows are open. The insects are simply removed to the side of the plate and the course proceeds.

One night, out in the bush, four of us were at dinner when suddenly there was the most terrific yell from the boys outside. In less than half minute a beautiful leopard peeped into the tent.—Oh, No! don't scared! Leopards are cowards at best. The first move we made for a gun, he was off. Had there been only one of ties, others merely swell.

different

Most people,—except those evening bath, then dress for dinner, have lived in snake-infested countries Tennis, by the way, cannot be play- - are scared of snakes. I would not ed until five o'clock. Before then the take a chance with a snake any more sun is so strong it would give you than anyone else, because if he does get one in, it is generally a home run. There are very few snakes that will not get away from a human being if they possibly can. There is one snake in Africa, however,-the Puff Adder, which is very treacherous, inasmuch as at night time he lies coiled up in the middle of the road and if you happen to tread on him-"Good Night!" One night, a friend of mine was riding a bicycle slowly home when he ran over a Puff Adder.—Whip! little later my friend came rushing into my bungalow, white as a sheet. "Whiskey! Ouick!!" The snake had made a snap at him and just caught the back of his coat, tearing a piece of the cloth clean away. I never saw a man more scared in all my life.

I could go on filling pages with little incidents of this kind. However, space will not permit. Such is life on the West Coast of Africa.

SOMETIMES

If times are hard and you feel blue, Think of the others worrying, too; Just because your trials are many, Don't think the rest of us haven't any. Life is made up of smiles and tears, Iovs and sorrows, mixed with fears; And though to us it seems one-sided. Trouble is pretty well divided. If we could look into every heart, We'd find that each one has its part, And those who travel fortune's road Sometimes carry the biggest load.

Some men grow under responsibili-



FIRST WOMAN ENLISTS AS NAVY ELECTRICIAN

The first woman to enlist in the Navy as an electrician has joined the colors. She is Abby Putnam Morrison and she is now an Electrician, 1st. class, in the Navy. She is a member of the wireless class for women. at Hunter's College, New York. In this photograph Miss Morrison is not wearing a navy uniform, but she is wearing the navy insignia of her rank and branch of the service on her sleeve.

Pittsburg Man (telephoning to Long Island from New York)—"Ten cents? Why, in Pittsburgh we can telephone to Hades for a nickel."

Central—"But this is a long distance call."

A PROMISING LAD Henry C. Ching

The subject of this sketch was born of Chinese parents at Honolulu, Aug. Educated in the public schools, he served with the Mutual Telephone Company for a year, and at the age of 14, joined the Marconi service in Honolulu as messenger. He at once took up the study of telegraphy, and being an apt student and an exceptional messenger, promoted, after two years, to be Counter clerk, becoming quickly proficient and popular with patrons. In carrying out his aim to become a Radio operator, he entered the Marconi School at San Francisco last July, and in three months obtained a first grade license, and is now ready for sea.



Remember the man with a level head. He didn't get it from butting in.





IAMES IEROME CURRAN, IR.

Moreni was sunk by a submarine off among the first justices of the Suthe Azores, June 12th, the junior radio preme Court of the United States. officer, James J. Curran, Jr., of New She started on her trip as junior op-York, was so seriously injured that erator on board the Howard, of the he died in a lifeboat a few moments Merchants and Miners' Transportaery, in carrying shells for the use of sole charge of the wireless station about the deck; then, when there was night from half-past one until eight. nothing else to do, he took to the lifeboat—among the last to leave.

Mr. Curran was a graduate of the Marconi school and the Moreni was his first assignment, when she sailed from New York for Spain in May. He was but 21 years old, and had previously been employed by

Dominion Steamship Company and Wells Fargo Express Company, His interest in wireless extended over a period of several years. He was a youth of exemplary character, a lifelong member of St. Peter's Parish on Barclay street, New York, and was held in high esteem by his associates. His bereaved family has our deep sympathy.

GIRL GOES TO SEA AS RADIO OPERATOR

Baltimore has the distinction producing the first woman wireless operator to begin duty on the sea. She is Miss Elizabeth Lansdale Du Val, daughter of Edmund Bryce Du Val.

Miss Du Val comes of an old Marvland family. One of her great-grand-When the American steamship fathers was Judge Gabrie' Du Val. after being pulled out of the water, tion Company. The vessel sailed for He had just completed heroic work Savannah and Jacksonville, and durwhich showed his coolness and brav- ing the trip Miss Du Val will be in the naval gunners, while the shots from one until six o'clock every affrom the submarine were raining ternoon and on morning watch each

> Mr. Spendor-"If woman was given the credit she deserves I don't think man would be quite so prominent in the world's history."

Mrs. Spendor-"I guess you are the right. If she could get all the credit Commercial Cable Company, the Old she wanted he'd be in the poorhouse."



MARCONI BUDS

That the interest of the company in its employees extends to their families, even unto the second generation. is evidenced by Florence Mildred, the bright-eved baby daughter οf I. Α. Hybarger, formerly attached to Marconi station at New Orleans, now in the Naval Reserve. She is 10 months old and tips the scales at 26 pounds. Her eyes and hair are dark brown, just the kind, so her friends say, to make havoc among young and susceptible males, 18 years hence.

We will be glad to reproduce here portraits of Marconi infants under 18 months when taken; and at the close of the year, the Editor will award a cup to the one voted to be the best baby by a committee of envious bachelors and maidens to be selected by the Editor who will act as Chairman. The year ends with April edition.



At Belhaven, N. C., Dec. 12, Wm. T. Taber of the Draughting department, Marconi Works, Aldene, to Alice A. Clark of Belhaven.

MR. M. C. MORRIS IMPROVING

A very cheerful letter was recently received from Mr. Morris at Denver, from which the following is quoted:

have almost completely remodeled; new searchlights and engine (heart) and parts of the new pumps have arrived, but until the pumps are installed complete. I am fully able to navigate mighty well for about a couple of miles a day under my own steam, something I have not done since I saw you last. Six months ago I was on my back in bed with the doctor telling me I was a sick boy and too sick to travel to Denver, but I laughed at him and told him I was thru with his advice and would leave the next day if I had to go as baggage packed in ice; and it is the best move I ever made, altho I am sorry to have hurt Doc's feelings the way I did. He tried to scare me by saying the trip would probably prove fatal. I said all right, kill or cure, that's me, I am tired of lingering. Now weigh 160 1-2 lbs., the most I ever weighed. I want to thank you and the boys, everybody has been extremely thoughtful and kind to me. I enjoy the Service News

and Wireless Age which I receive regularly. Mrs. Morris is with me and improving in health."

NOTES FROM THE WORKS

We are glad to report the recovery of Frank Tartaglio, who was ill in the Elizabeth Hospital for three weeks, and to welcome back a pioneer in charge of the factory grounds for several years.

We also congratulate Bernard Doyle of the Drill Press Gang, 2d, shift, on his convalescence from a severe operation at St. Elizabeth Hospital, and hope soon to see him back at his machine with his smiling, cheerful front.

We are glad to learn from our obliging Editor in the N. Y. Office that the Baby contest does not close until April, as we have so many infant candidates to offer that one of our Stenogs. suggested that one whole page be given up to Factory Buds, for fear some worthy competitor be omitted.

A smoker arranged by the night shift employees at the Factory came off on Sunday evening, Dec. 9, at Progress Hall, Elizabeth, and was a great success. About 125 men were present. Members of the force presented a vaudeville program which was a scream, followed by a buffet supper and general good time. Quite a sum was realized for the band.

PERSONAL MENTION

W. W. Ward who has been for 3 years station manager at Belmar, has entered the service of the Navy as

Superintendent of Plant and Grounds at that station.

Walter E. Wood and Charles J. Weaver are stationed at Belmar station

Arthur Smalley, Chief rigger, Russell Smalley and V. M. Higgins, assistants, at New Brunswick station, have enrolled in the Navy, and will serve there and at Belmar.

Clarence Cisin, who had a miraculous escape when the Navajo was torpedoed and later burned in mid-ocean, and who recently sailed from New York for Genoa on the Albert Watts, has again been rescued, the Watts having been attacked by two submarines and also damaged by fire. Cisin cabled of his safe arrival at Genoa. The extent of the damage to the ship was not stated.



EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Mr. Nally and Mr. Sarnoff have returned from a trip to Cleveland and Chicago.

Messrs. P. C. Ringgold, R. F. Miller, L. B. Stewart and L. E. Taufenback of the Executive office have enrolled in the Navy as Chief petty officers, and will shortly take up their new duties.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB

Constructor Gardner equipped the Southerndown (Br.) with a 1 K.W. set.

Constructor Swett equipped the Rhode Island, a new Texas Oil Company ship, at Bath, Me., with a 2 K.W. 500 cycle panel set.

Operator Barbeau of the Governor Cobb transferred to the Gulfoil when the Cobb laid up.

- P. W. Pratt has returned to the service and has been assigned to the North Star, which has been taken off the Boston-St. John run and is sailing from New York. Flood remains on the Star as senior.
- P. S. Killam has transferred from the Malden to the City of Bangor relieving Operator Martin who went to the Malden.

The City of Athens has transferred to the New York-Savannah run and has been replaced on the Boston-Savannah run by the City of Columbus. Reilly of the Athens transferred to the Columbus at Savannah. George McEwen is senior on the Columbus.

Operator Howard of the Everett has resigned and was relieved by W. F. Norcross, who returns to the service.

The Old Colony and Ransom B. Fuller have been taken over by the Government.

R. G. Philbrook has transferred from the North Star to the City of Augusta.

EASTERN DIVISION

- J. F. Flagg and H. W. Davis, both of the Southern Division, have been assigned as senior and junior respectively to the William Isom.
- J. M. Bassett, formerly of the O. B. Jennings, has taken over J. A. O'-Herin's duties on the Beatrice, the latter now being on leave.

- W. J. Moore, a Canadian Co. operator, was dispatched by rail to Boston to join the Southern Down which is to be operated on a 50-50 basis with the M. I. M. C. Co.
- C. L. Whitney, who had been suspended, was assigned to the Antilla to take the place of C. Nadler who deserted her.

The Princess Anne sailed with H. C. Busholz, who has been on the sick list, in place of W. Gold, who is at present on our waiting list.

- L. J. Michaels, who has been on leave, sailed as senior, and C. Burkhardt, another new-comer, sailed as junior on the Comal in place of her former senior, V. A. Wheeless, who was transferred to the Mohawk, and junior, F. I. Drury, who has been dismissed for refusing to transfer. Wheeless sailed as junior on the Mohawk instead of B. P. Hampe, who is now on the waiting list.
- H. Brudenell is still on the Golaa to which vessel he was assigned in May of this year.
- R. G. Martin, who has been on the waiting list, released the Carolina's junior operator, T. J. Cerio, for Government service.
- V. Zito of the Bayway has been relieved at Baltimore.
- H. V. Griffing of the Pawnee, formerly known as the Harburg, is now on the unassigned list, having been succeeded by H. Newman, who has been on the waiting list, as senior on this ship. G. N. Hill, a new man, sailed as junior.

The Franklin sailed with H. C. Tucker as first and J. B. Jackson as second respectively, both having been formerly in the Southern Division.

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When the Monticello was taken over by the Navy, her senior and junior, J. W. Yaeger and H. Cunfermann, respectively, both returned to the Pacific Coast.

The same was the case when the Government took the Itasca, W. M. Griffith was senior and C. A. Riggs, junior, on this vessel.

The Clara sailed with H. L. Crandall as senior.

The Wacouta was transferred to the Eastern Division with L. V. R. Carmine as first and J. F. Parenti as second operators respectively, both being men from the Pacific Coast.

G. Street was the Pacific Coast operator on the Osage when that vessel was transferred to this Division.

A. B. Gilman, first, and W. A. Collins, second, both returned to the Pacific Coast when the Rappahannock was taken over by the Navy.

G. J. Quinn, formerly junior operator of the Ida, relieved F. H. Gardner on the J. M. Guffey, who is at present on the waiting list.

H. V. Griffing, who has been carried on the unassigned list, and G. Braito, a re-engaged man, have taken the places of R. Pierce, now on leave, and R. H. Hecht, who was released for Government service, senior and junior respectively on the Norman Bridge, a Gulf Division ship.

C. E. Onens, of the Southern Division, has replaced R. S. Scribner, who has been transferred to the Southern Division, on the Shenango.

The Gulfoil sailed with L. R. Barbeau, of the Boston Division, as junior; her senior, J. W. Allen, is on sick leave.

F. W. Payne, formerly senior on the Philadelphi (American Line), will be the operator on the Mobila until the French Co., which is to operate the vessel on a 50-50 basis, places one of their own operators on board. The Philadelphia's junior operator, D. B. Templeton, left that vessel the same time Payne did, as Navy operators have reported on board her.

E. Dynner and D. Malisorf, first and second on the El Siglo, have been transferred to the Apache and Starlite respectively as the El Siglo has been taken over by the Government. Dynner is sailing as junior on the Apache in place of J. E. Doyle, who relieved I. Boa as junior on the Cher-Boa sailed as second on the Comanche with R. D. Giles as senfor whom C. Stellmach relieved on the W. D. Munson. Stellmach was formerly junior on the Liner New York. The senior operator on the New York,, H. Q. Horneij, has gone on leave having stood by the ship until the Navy operators reported on board.

When the Navy operators were assigned to the Madgeburg, her senior operator, F. W. Harper, was transferred to the Owega and her junior, C. A. Schroeder, to the Oakley Curtis.

The Twilite's operator, G. H. Hamilton, sailed as junior with F. W. Harper on the Owega.

H. R. Briggs, a new man in the service, will take the Canadian Co.'s steamer, Lady Sybil, to Halifax.

J. H. Sokutis who has been on leave took W. C. Clarkin's place on the Nacoochee. The latter has resigned.

The Proteus sailed with A. H. Schweider as first and L. J. Gallo as second, both having been on the waiting list.

J. E. Weber, another new man in the service, will assume L. J. Ward's duties as junior on the Satsuma, the latter having been dismissed for sleeping while on duty in the War Zone.

The Waiting List furnished E. Fabian for the Cauto.

A. H. Decker has replaced E. J. Smith as junior on the Owasca, formerly known as the Allamania, Smith having been transferred to the Charles E. Harwood. A new man, G. J. Gray will be the junior on the Charles E. Harwood for the coming half month. H. P. Perry, another new comer has taken Decker's place on the El Capitan, to which vessel the latter was attached before his transfer to the Owasca.

J. R. Conway has been taken off the El Dia, whose fate is unsettled, and assigned as senior with W. R. Mercer as junior to the Zulia in place of its former senior, C. L. Whitney (suspended indefinitely) and junior, E. E. Davis, who has resigned.

M. Schaeffer of the Panuco is at present ill.

When the Nyanza was taken over by the Navy Department, her senior, H. Markoe, was transferred to the Panuco, and her junior, C. L. Mc-Carthy, was sent by rail to Montreal to join the Saranac which had been equipped there.

M. O. Green was assigned to the Virginia at Port Arthur.

The City of Athens sailed with F. J. Doherty and D. G. Ward as first and second respectively, both of the Boston Division.

H. T. Munroe, formerly of the Boston Division, has replaced C. R. MacDavitt, resigned, on the Warrior.

When the Government took over the El Rio, her senior, W. R. Mercer, was transferred to the Zulia, and her junior, R. Y. Sanford, was assigned to the H. H. Rogers, relieving J. B. Swift on that vessel, who was transferred to the Clara

The Tidewater sailed with a new man as junior—E. A. Bloss.

H. E. Fulton was dismissed for not reporting for duty on the Josiah Macy.

P. W. Clement, a new Marconi operator, sailed as junior with E. P. Merrow, formerly of the Benjamin Brewster, as senior on the Susana. M. Kanter took Merrow's place on the Benjamin Brewster.

The San Guglielmo, an Italian Co. vessel, sailed with P. Tragni, a new operator, as junior instead of R. G. Martin, who is now on the waiting list.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Constructor Gerson installed our standard 2 K.W. panel set equipment on the Franklin of the U. S. Shipping Board. He also equipped the steamers El Capitan and Hercules with 1-2 K.W. panel sets.

Harry Helgeson has joined the Naval reserve and been assigned to a submarine chaser going to the war zone.

Miss Elizabeth Duval was assigned to the Howard at Baltimore as junior operator on December 4th. Former Baltimore Station manager H. M. Rodebaugh is senior operator in charge. Miss Duval holds a first grade commercial license.

Dr. Curtis paid us a short visit last month. He is now on the road to full and quick recovery after his opera-

tion. H. G. Hopper is acting as senior on the Kershaw during Curtis' absence.

Constructor Manley equipped the Atlantic Sun with a 1-2 K.W. cargo set at Philadelphia. L. Asadorian and C. Roethlinger were assigned as senior and junior respectively.

Constructor Sinclair equipped the William Isom with a cargo set. Johnny Flagg and H. W. Davis were assigned. They were relieved at Newport News by Naval operators.

Operator J. R. Pell has been assigned to the Borgestad at Baltimore in place of Operator Hannah who resigned.

R. G. Curry relieved H. V. Simmons on the Cubore. Simmons returns to Detroit where the wedding bells are soon to ring.

One trip on the Delaware Sun was enough for E. A. Munch. He has returned to Pittsburgh and says never again!

C. R. Hahn is acting as junior on the Sun. McQuaid is still on the job as senior.

Former operator Rosen and Toepffer of the Santa Maria have been assigned to the Persian at Philadelphia.

Walter Osterloh after a long vacation has been assigned to the Dorchester.

W. F. Vogel has been transferred to the Juniata running out of Baltimore. His place on the Nantucket has been filled by T. S. Brown, a Boston man.

J. H. Weikel has been relieved on the Santa Rita by Navy operators.

Johnny Flagg recently took a short sojourn to Savannah in the interest of the Company.

Mr. Steverink of the Belgian Com-

pany is installing a 2 K.W. panel set and 10" coil auxiliary equipment on the Folkvaard at Baltimore.

Former Superintendent M. C. Morris is now in Denver, Colorado. He informs us that he is feeling fine and well on the road to complete recovery. We all wish him the best of luck and hope he will be with us again before long.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

The Harvester is laid up for the season. S. K. Culbertson has returned home.

The Petoskey finished her season. Operator H. M. Junker is on the unassigned list.

The Favorite, which has been towing vessels on Lake Ontario, was commandeered by the Government. Operator F. H. Weaver was relieved at Montreal and has left for his home in Richmond, Mich.

Gerald Covey, of the Lakewood, has entered the Naval Reserve as Elelectrician first class and is now serving in detention with Constructor E. I. Deighan, at the Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill. Deighan was enlisted as Chief Electrician Radio.

J. F. Born, of the Eastern States, has been transferred to the Lakeland, vice Z. A. Turner, who was called home on account of illness of his father.

The City of Erie has laid up for the season. Operator Fred Elliott was transferred to the Eastern States, which vessel has since gone out of commission. Elliott has returned to his home at Jackson, Mich., preparatory to entering the Naval Reserve.

W. H. Jones, of Ann Arbor No. 6,

has been called into military service.

- A. I. Refvem entered the Naval Reserve on the laying up of his vessel, the City of Cleveland III. Junior Operator C. R. Pardridge has returned to his home.
- R. J. Plaisted has been transferred to the Lakewood on laying up of the City of Buffalo.
- H. E. Peterson has been transferred from the Carolina to the Pere Marquette. H. A. Lebkisher, a new man, relieving Peterson on the Carolina.

The M. A. Bradley laid up for the season. Operator W. E. Carlson has been transferred to the Ann Arbor No. 6.

F. L. Cady is on the unassigned list due to his ship, the Harvey H. Brown, laying up.

The Harry W. Croft arrived at Buffalo on her last trip of the season. Operator H. N. Umbarger has joined the Naval Reserve.

Lieutenant F. H. Mason, former Superintendent of this Division, was a recent visitor at the Cleveland office.

PACIFIC COAST DIVISION

- H. W. Kelley relieved W. P. Giambruno as senior on the Klamath. Mr. Giambruno is now in active service for the Government.
- H. G. Austin, operator and purser on the Matson Steamer Hyades, resigned from our service to take up duties with that Company as a full fledged purser on the Manoa.
- W. J. Erich, formerly senior on the Maui was transferred to the position of operator and purser on the Hyades.
- C. F. Trevatt and H. Cunfermann were temporarily assigned to the Maui

as senior and junior respectively.

- C. F. Trevatt and H. W. Kelley, both West Coast boys, have already been across the War Zone, Trevatt making a trip to England on the War Knight and Kelley a trip to France on the Col. E. L. Drake. Both had the pleasure of witnessing torpedo action and experiencing the thrill of a missed mark. In addition, our worthy Trevatt has also experienced the pleasure of a true-mark and the incidental ducking. Both are again ready for another trip when the opportunity presents itself.
- H. E. Wright and G. R. Mackin have been assigned senior and junior of the Seneca, bound East.
- W. E. Grant was assigned to the Wachusetts of the U. S. S. B. bound for East Coast ports.
- F. Wiese, a Reservist, was recently called into active service. He was replaced by E. M. Sutton as senior on the Willamette.
- H. R. Phillips and F. E. Peterson were assigned senior and junior on the U. S. S. B. Casco bound for East Coast ports.
- A. Seidl and F. A. Killgore are actting senior and junior on the Matsonia bound for the East Coast.

The Wacouta of the U. S. S. B. with operators L. V. R. Carmine and J. F. Parenti is enroute East.

The Santa Inez of W. R. Grace & Company was recently re-equipped at San Francisco with a half kilowatt five hundred cycle set and the new equipments on the Steamers Sagaland, Santa Isabel, Santa Christina, Iris, Santa Alicia and Fred W. Weller are well under way.

MARCONI WIRELESS TELECRAPH CO.

OF AMERICA

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By and for Marconi Employees



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OUR ROLL OF HONOR

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Bence, Clarence E.
Benn, Julius A.
Becchel, George H.
Beraldo, Dewey,
Bevitt, Edwin R.
Biesemeyer, Walter
Blackstone, Herbert W.
Blackstone, Herbert W.
Borch, Alexander A.
Broch, Alexander A.
Broch, Alexander A.
Broch Berneyer, Walter H.
Blackstone, Herbert W.
Blackstone, Herbert W. Bellis, George A. Boseker, Ferd. J.
Bower, Clarence F.
Bowers, Albert F.
Boyle, James M.
Brady, Albert E.
Brandt, Erwin, Maryland California California Wisconsin Brandt, Erwin,
Brennan, Morgan J.
Brown, Everett A.
Bucknam, John R.
Burns, Walter I.
Butterfield, G. W.
Campbell, Alex. A.
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California Hallett, Gena C,
New Jersey Hamilton, Ben B,
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R, New York Harrley, Edwin M. I
New Jersey Harvey, Guy H,
Alaska Hayerkamp, Herman O,
California Harriga D, Leat W. Indiana Maryland Pennsylvanja California Louisiana | Haynes, Robert W. Hecht Royal II. Helig, David J. Texas Illinois Pennsylvania Hemlen, Clinton D. Ohio Heinlen, Clinton D. Helgeson, Harry G. Higgins, Wesley, Hoard, Bonner F. Holden, Harry H. Howard, Edward S. Hopko, Stephen, Hopkins, Sydney K. Hudson, Joel E. Hybarger, Jack A. Ingalls, Herbert E. Isbell, Arthur A. Jackson, Arthur E. Michigan New Jersey California Massachusetts California New York New York Massachusetts Louisiana Massachusetts California Jackson, Arthur E. Jaggers, Homer D. Johnson, Dwight V. Ohio California Illinois California Johnstone, Richard, Jorgensen, Edward T. California Joynes, John T. Julien, Ira F. Michigan Oregon New York Kasner, Henry P. Kent, William P. Pennsylvania Kierstead, Alvin E. New York New York Kay, Samuel R. Ohio New York Kansas Kneale, Charles K. Kraemer, Jacob A. Kreutel, B. G. Krauter, Charles F. Levin, Claude C. New York New York Lindh, Charles A.
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McDonald, Byron C.
McDonald, John E.
McCown, Hubert California California Washington New York California Illinois MacGowan, Hubert, "acGowan, John N. Main, Alfred J. Manahan, Walter J Washington Washington Ohio Alaska Marr, Alvin E. Marthaler, Nicholas J. Washington California Mason, Francis H. Ohio Matheson, William D. Mathews, Ralph H. Mears, Mason H. S. California Illinois South Dakota Meldrum, Herbert J. Massachusetts Michl, Eugene X. Illinois Michl, Eugene X Miller, Robert F. Mock, Orin S. New York California Murray, Eugene M. Morgan, Clarence D. Pennsylvania Morgan, Clarence D.
Massonneau, Reginald C. New York
Marseca, James V.
Moc, Frederick G.
Minners, Arthur J.
New York
New York
New York California Minners, Arthur J.
Vashington Nelson, Ernest I.
Texas Nelson, Francis A.
California Nicholas, Clinton T. Michigan Virginia

Nickels, Lee, Nickerson, H. E. California Massachusetts Ogles, Lucian G. Orloff, Carl, Misson New York Wiscons Oliver, Donald B. Oliver, Walter, Passano, Lucian G. New York Maryla Pendleton Harold A. New You Patchin, Ivan, Peterson, Arthur W. California Peterson, Arthur W Peterson, Kenneth, I bilbrick, J. S. Pohl, Julius A. Powell, Joseph W. Price, Walter E. Powell, Rayden S. Pyle, Howard S. Portman, Joseph T. Raymond, Frank M. California Californi Louisiana New Yor Washington Alask Órego Pennsylvari Hawa Rengo, M. D.
Reynolds, Gordon P.
Riddle, Elmer R.
Ringgold, Paul C. New Jerse Louisian Californi Maryland New York Ringgold, Fau. Ritter, David, Ritter, Harry S. Rodd, Herbert C. Indian Oh Rowe, Glenn S. Roy, Frank M. Louisian Oreg: Roche, Walter J. Schuller, George C New York New Jersey Shecklin, George I Sidnell, Robert G. Silva, Charles, California Oh Massachusett Smalley, Arthur C. Spratley, George M. Smalley, Russell C. New Jerse Oklahom New Jerse Shraney, Russen C. Springer, Ben C. Stevens, Thomas M. Sterling, George E. Sanders, Edgar C. Marylan Main Sanders, Edgar Stelluti, Frank, Louisian New Yor Stelluti, Frank, Stewart, Lewis B. Stone, J. Svendsen, Michael A. Swanson, Howard, Taylor, Albert, Taylor, David M. New Jerse New Yor Ohi Californ Californi Californi Teesdale, Robert, Taufenback, Leslie Tellefson, Elmer M. Californi Wisconsi Thevenet, Clarence S. New Jerse Thompson, Maurice,
Thompson, Wesley C. Connection
Tierney, Matthew C. Massachusetts
Townsend, Percival J. California

" Alanson B. Massachusetts
Wan York Troiano, Joseph, Townsend, George R. New York New York Vandenburg, Charles
Vermilya, Irving,
Valentine, Ray W.
Walden, Myron,
California Massachusetts Valenting Walden, Myron, Walter, Howard Wayer, Charles Pennsylvania California New Jersey New York Weaver, Charles J. West, Howard E. Massachusetts White, Lawrence S. Wiese, Fred T. New York California Wilhelm, Frederick, Washington Wilkinson, Frank (Williams, Hugh E. Wilson, Walter B. Wolfe, Albert E. Wisconsin California Washington California New York Wombacker, Joseph A. Ohio Wilkins, George C Worrall, Joseph A. Wood, Walter E. New York New York Woodford, Richard J. Ward, William W. California New Jersey California Young, Robert I Florida

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FRONTISPIECE

The subject requires no introduction. At last we have prevailed upon our modest instructing engineer to pose for his picture and it is with pleasure that we reproduce it.

Mr. Bucher first became interested in wireless when Mr. Marconi was conducting his experiments in 1898. His interest turned into diligent study and we find him in 1903 as experimental engineer with the DeForest Wireless Telegraph Company. About this time his private experiments proved successful in making records for cross-country wireless. He then took up installing high-power stations in the middle West and on the Gulf coast. At these stations he was able to carry on much experimental work and the cause of radio consequently advanced.

In 1907 Mr. Bucher joined the staff of the United Wireless Telegraph Company as installation and experimental engineer, being largely responsible for the early success of that Company's operations. It was while with the United that the first ship stations of the United States Navy were installed under his guidance—all final tests being made by him. The trips for this purpose are counted among his happiest reminiscences. Cape Hatteras and Tampa Stations were also the work of his hands.

The United Wireless Telegraph Company's School was organized by him in 1909, and for more than two years he held the position of Chief Inspector and Instructing Engineer—a dual position well filled.

To meet the rapid development of radio and the demand for operators, Mr. Bucher saw the opportunity for a private wireless school, and in 1910, in co-operation with the East Side Y. M. C. A., N. Y., the first school of this kind in the country was opened.

The call to the Marconi circle came in 1912, when he joined us as Instructing Engineer, and the majority of Marconi operators have pleasant recollections of his earnest efforts in their behalf.

Through all these years he devoted his energies to long distance experimental work, and results are to be found in the records of the

United States Patent Office at Washington.

His wide and varied experience caused him to be called upon for advice from all over the country. To meet these calls the columns of the Wireless Age claimed his pen, and in 1913 he was appointed Technical Editor of that magazine.

The National Amateur Wireless Association next called upon him to assist in its organization, and with his help thousands of amateurs were able to make progress in their efforts to master the mysteries of the radio art.

On November 1st, 1915, congratulations were in order on the occasion of his marriage. The union has so far been blessed with one child—Marilynne Claire—and her happy cooing is daddy's especial delight.

The Eastern District Y. M. C. A. Radio School was equipped and organized by Mr. Bucher in the fall of 1915, and is still successfully carried on.

The crowning of his many efforts, however, came in 1917—when his now well-known book, "Practical Wireless Telegraphy," was published, and immediately proved to be a best seller. We venture to say that this book is to be found wherever wireless is known. Because of its completeness, it is already recognized as the best practical book on wireless on the market today.

THE HERO OF THE MINNEHAHA

This liner was sunk by contact with a mine sixty-five miles off Bantry Bay, Ireland and forty-three of the crew perished. Captain Claret saved eleven of his men by swimming with them to a raft. Senior Radio Officer Blight, of the English Marconi Company, went down with the ship. The captain made the following statement in regard to Mr. Blight, "In my opinion a most heroic act, which should stand out with any deeds performed during the war, was that of Blight, who deliberately sacrificed his life to send out S. O. S. when the ship was sinking. Immediately after the explosion the ship took a big lurch to starboard, and I realized that she was going down. Blight came to me and calmly asked for orders.. I handed him a piece of paper on which I had hastily scribbled the ships position. He saluted and hurried to the Radio Cabin on the boat deck. I never saw him again. I learned afterwards that he sent out the call, all but the ships name. He was at his key when the ship foundered. The Junior Radio Officer was also lost. I reported the heroic conduct of Blight (who was only 23) to the Marconi Company in London. The survivors landed at Bantry Bay."

MR. NALLY'S TRIBUTE

New York, December 20th, 1917.

Mrs. L. Larson, Box 135, R. F. D. No. 5, Seattle, Washington. Dear Madam.

I have learned with sorrow of the illness and sudden death of your son, and send you my deep sympathy in your great loss. Louis was a manly boy, a son to be proud of; and we held him in high regard. He was efficient, faithful and fearless in emergencies and passed through the most trying ordeals without flinching. He has done his bit nobly for the country. His example will long be remembered in the annals of our company and his spotless character and sunny disposition will be an inspiration to other Marconi men.

Again assuring you of my heartfelt sympathy in your bereavement, I am.

Sincerely yours,

Vice President and General Manager.

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LOUIS J. LARSON

It is with a deep sense of personal loss that we record the sudden death from pneumonia of Louis J. Larson, of Seattle, at Bellevue hospital, New York, after a brief illness. The funeral service was attended by Captain Tucker and Chief Gunner Christ, of the Steamship Orleans, four representatives of the Oriental S. S. Company and General Superintendent Pillsbury. Superintendent Edwards and operator W. S. Fitzpatrick, of the Marconi Company. The interment was at Woodlawn Cemetery.

Mr. Larson was on the Orleans when she was sunk by a submarine, and it was his fortitude in sticking to his key when the sinking ship had been abandoned which made possible the rescue of 50 men. The detailed account of the tragedy was told in his own words in the September issue of this magazine.

Mr. Larson had a very pleasing personality, and modestly but conscientiously performed his duties, and possessed the esteem of his superior officers. On shipboard he was a general favorite. He was one of the most efficient and reliable operators in the Marconi service, and his early death is deeply regretted by the Marconi officials.

PERSONALITY IN SELLING

By Clarence Cisin

Developing a personality in selling is, or should be, the salesman's constant aim. The first step is a frank self analysis. Any other kind tends to overlook, excuse and hide points which are distasteful to us. Analyze your weak points and root them out. Realize your strong points and develop them.

Individuality is the corner stone of personality. Be different from the ordinary every-day medioere salesman. Have a unique attention-gaining introduction. First impressions are very often a great factor of the sale. Make your prospect feel that what you have to say is worth his while to listen to. Be direct and concise, and remember constantly that

by signing your prospect, you are doing him a service.

Have a thorough and complete understanding of your proposition. Be able to talk interestingly and instructively to the prospect who encourages such tactics, and also have the main issue and strong points on your finger tips for the opposite type of prospect who is interested only in the brief stating of the value of the proposition to him.

Avoid antagonizing in your correction of erroneous remarks. The chances of a sale are greatly lessened the moment the prospect feels that you cannot understand his point of view. Agree as much as possible to the opinions of the prospect, and tactfully but firmly correct his misconceptions.

Have a convincing and forceful closing. During your talk, it is usually easy to ascertain the points which are the most interesting to the prospect. An effective summing up of the proposition and an emphasis of the appealing arguments has the tendency to make the prospect feel that he is losing time by delaying.

Radiate vitality. Be alive, up to the minute on all details, enthusi-

astic, confident and persistent.

Believe in yourself, your product and your firm, and WORK. The only possible result is SUCCESS.

THE RADIOTELEGRAPHIST

By Eugene Dynner

I am a Radiotelegraphist—which is synonymous with optimist. We Radiomen form a distinct division of the genus humanum.

We are perhaps the most light-hearted, care-free aggregation of

good fellows that inhabit the earth.

We go to sea in ocean greyhounds which are the result of years of scientific study and represent the combined labor of thousands of men for years; and in old sailing ships which excite our vivid imaginations with the romance of Father Neptune's domains.

We are free: for those who are fettered to desks in offices or benches

in workshops are virtually prisoners-voluntarily so.

We see the world—Mexico, Peru, Japan, India, are all familiar to us. We number among our acquaintances the Venezuelan, the polite Chinaman, the turbaned Turk and the learned Englishman. Prince

and peon; rich man and poor man; yachtsman and fisherman; banker and beggar; priest and heathen—we know them all.

We are cosmopolitan, if anything.

The book of adventure is an open one to us. Wars and the terrors of the sea are nothing in our young lives—for most or us are young. Earthquakes and revolutions; submarines and hurricanes are nonentities in our existence.

Who does not wish to go to some out-of-the-way corner of the world where romance still holds sway? Where the air is filled with the voluptuous fragrance of multi-colored flowers and the enthralling songs of brightly plumed birds: lands of unstained primaeval beauty and loveliness. An island in the South Pacific or the Caribbean, darkest Africa and brightest France: all are within our reach.

And who, but those who travel, know the joy of homecoming after a long voyoge? Distance enhances the love our friends bear for us. As a result our stays at home are full of happiness and pleasure.

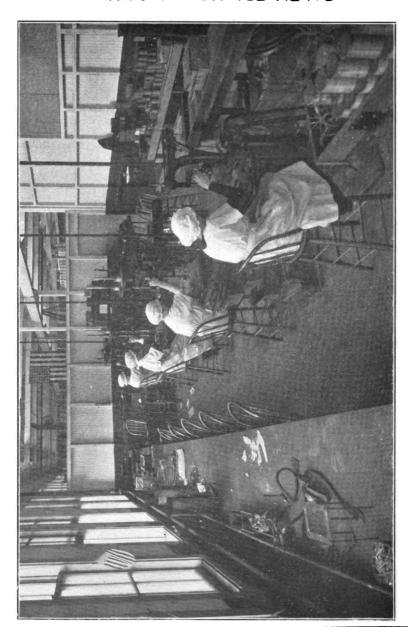
The world is our field: the seas our camp.

I am a Radiotelegraphist—and glad of it.

WOMEN AND ELECTRICITY

When a woman gets too excited	. Controller
If she is sulky and will not speak	. Exciter
If she talks too long	.Interrupter
If her way of thinking is not yours	
If she is willing to come half way	. Meter
If she will come all the way	
If she wants to go further	. Conductor
If she would go still further	. Dispatcher
If she wants to be an angel	
If you think she is unfaithful	
If she is unfaithful	
If she proves your fears are wrong	
If she goes up in the air	
If she wants chocolates	
If she sings wrong	
If she is in the country	
If she is a poor cook	
If her dress unhooks	
If she eats too much	
If she is wrong	
If she is cold to you	
If she gossips too much	Regulator
If she fumes and sputters	
•	

Electrical Experimenter.



A busy corner at the Aldene works

Page Eight

SOME MORE OF GERMAN KULTUR

By Harry S. Parsons



The Rochester and the Orleans were the first two armed American ships to brave the perils of the war zone. The Orleans was reported as missing some time ago, while our ship, the Rochester, managed to get by until November 2nd.

On the trip over the wireless shack, which was on the top or boat deck, was continually awash; and eventually we had to wallow into a Canadian port all but a total wreck. It took us a week or more to straighten out all the difficulties, after which we started across. We finally arrived with cargo intact. Discharging, repairs and taking on ballast consumed a couple of weeks, and on the 26th, of October we left for the good old U. S. A.

The following day we were ordered by a British patrol into a loch in Scotland for safety. We left here on the 28th, arriving at—

Bay on the 29th, where we were formed in a convoy with nine other ships. This whole flotilla left—Bay on the 31st, in charge of five destroyers and an armed yacht. These destroyers escorted us until November 2nd, about 1 a. m. when they left us and the various merchant ships in this convoy, each went their own way.

Our steamer was so speedy that we were soon out of sight of the rest, by the process of elimination. We then proceeded alone without seeing anything of importance until 4:45 p. m. of the same day. I went on the job again about 1 p. m. and contrary to my usual custom decided not to go below until supper was ready. After making this decision I happened to glance at my watch, and remember distinctly it was 4:40 p. m. Five minutes later my chair and I very abruptly started to one-step, and sure that was all for after the explosion all was silent save for the noise The shack was not demolished but its made by escaping steam. good looks were somewhat spoiled, and a life-boat directly in front of it on the starboard side was blown to bits. Nothing remained to tell where this boat had been except the davits. My first thought was to get off the necessary distress signals, but on trying to start motorgenerator found main plant to be out of commission. I then put the receivers up and tried to open the door. This was jammed by the explosion and refused to be moved. By golly; but I learned to feel for these Germans. At last it gave way and when I got out on deck I saw that the ship was

not in great danger of sinking rapidly, as it had appeared from the room. Two of the aerial wires were down, but could have been fixed temporarily had the torpedo struck any other place than the engine-room. The outer shell of the ship had been penetrated, and the torpedo exploded in the engine-room proper, completly wrecking main engine and auxiliaries. The way of our vessel was counteracted, of course, as we were doing a good six knots at the time. One of the remaining wires of the aerial severed a life-belt from its upward motion, and there it hung.

Two of the three remaining life boats had been lowered and the third was being lowered. This was the captains boat and the one to which I had been assigned. There were incidents in connection with abandoning of the vessel that might have proved serious, but in general, what I saw of it went off with nearly as much coolness as a boat drill. sea at the time was very smooth. The captain seeing that several men had entered the boat without clothing, went back to his cabin and got all of his own clothing to cover these sailors, who otherwise would have died from the cold. The captain then came down the ladder, entered the life boat and we pulled away from the sinking ship in the direction of the other boats. After catching up to these the captain redistributed his men to equalize matters. At this time about 40 minutes had elapsed since the disaster, still the submarine did not appear until about five minutes later. When it did come to the surface they opened fire on the ship. The shots were apparently intended for the wireless house, but only two out of ten hit. Later dusk fell and we saw no more of the fast sinking ship or of the other life boats, which had been ordered to scatter when the U-boat opened fire. Two more subs came to the surface and signaled to the third one with their morse lights; the code, however, was a new one to me as I could not read it although I am fairly good on the lights. Our boats were left alone, but believe me through no sentiment. We were nearly 400 miles off the Irish coast in the month of November so why shouldn't the Germans save ammunition.

The morning of the 3rd a sharp breeze sprang up and increased to a gale which continued, with heavy seas, for the next four days and nights

The boat had a small leak at the start which grew worse, necessitating continuous bailing; sitting in the water to rest. To lie down was out of the question as there were twenty-two men in our boat, and as it was three men had to be exposed at all times to accommodate the rest. One of these men could steer, while the other two stood watch at the sheet and tack. Our craft would have been much more comfortable with only eighteen occupants, but still we might just as well have wished for beds and stoves. To make things very pleasant, or rather to break the monotony, we had a spell of rain, hail, and then snow, which with no covering or clothing to speak of added quite a great deal to our hardships. Still it might have been worse. The 2nd, mates boat never reached shore, while the 1st mates had only five survivors out of twelve when they reached land. All of the men that were lost (twenty at sea and two killed in the explosion) were fine specimens of manhood doing their bit in a way that deserved attention, if not applause. It is hardly necessary to describe the number of times we were all but swamped, or to picture the agonies caused by lack of water; but it would be

very unjust to leave out the name of Captain Erik Kokeritz, a pure American, every inch of him, to whom is due the credit for rescuing twenty-one lives for future service to our country. Rudder gone, sailing rig fast breaking up, and knee deep in water Captain Kokeritz steered our rapidly sinking boat with an oar to within hailing distance of an English trawler.

I never will forget how good that trawler looked and although the seas were running between thirty and forty feet high, Captain Stather, of the British Patrol Steamer Scot, and his men, made one clean-cut job of picking us up. Our life boat went down a few minutes after the rescue was effected. Nothing could possibly have exceeded the kindness and attention of the men aboard the Scot. And it is characteristic of the men we are to fight with, to do much and say little. Just one word further in commendation of the Irish people; should I have the misfortune to be torpedoed this next trip, may I have the luck to pass through the same set of circumstances and finally reach Londonderry and my Irish friends.



The Rochester

ALASKA

Splashes from the Frozen North

Again we must apologize for our slowness in joining the rest or our clan in a monthly chat.

Being so far away from everything that looks real civilized, proper mail facilities, and many other things that you chechakos down in God's country enjoy, makes us very apt to be a little neglectful. The Service News for December has just arrived and was most eagerly absorbed by us all.

The fact that Ketchikan was not mentioned made us real peeved so the writer was prompted to write these few lines, so that we won't be disappointed in the next issue.

Winter has set in with all its glory such as bobsled riding, twenty on a sled or more, bear hunting and numerous other sports which help to pass the odd moments we have.

Snow is two feet deep at present and the long hike from the station to town is quite a "Yob."

The staff has changed considerably lately and most of the tellows who were here during Marconi times have either left or got hitched. We hope at the end of this war that we will all be able to have one grand reunion.

Mike Svendsen is leaving the family fold very shortly for sunny California or probably KIE, where he asked to be transferred. We all hate to see Mike go but guess since his "only one" has left town he has no more use for Ketchikan. We hope this change will be for the good.

Roy Powell is still our worthy manager, but better known now as Radio Gunner and two more titles too large to print. He is kept busy keeping the wind on the keys going. Roy hopes some day to be a great mariner as he is studying navigation and can occasionally be seen navigating a toy ship in the bath tub.

Wilhelm is still here and it looks like its impossibe to get rid of him. Guess there's a reason, and it isn't grape nuts. He won't tell, but some day one of these ships from the sunny south is going to bring the question mark.

Lindholm, a former Marconi man of '61, is also with us and had cultivated a growth of hair under his nose that would make a poor imitation of an artists paint brush. On account of our admiration for same it disappeared one day when he went to the barbers for a haircut. He says he had it cut off, but the barber says he didn't see it when he shaved him.

Underwood, also a Marconi man, has arrived to relieve Mike. We hope he will like the snow and cold chickens. The writer has not found out much yet concerning this individual but will get on the job pretty soon.

Wirelessly speaking the circuit between KPB and KDU and KPB and KPC is still kept busy, but lots of new fists have replaced the old ones.

We hope that we will be able to read in the next issue of the Service News a little dope on the other high power stations; and once more we say, in place of "Remember the Alamo" our cry is "Remember Marconi," and after the war let us have one grand reunion.

ZIGZAGGING AT SEA



MARCONI BUDS

That the interest of the company in its employees extends to their families, even unto the second generation, is evidenced by this little nine months old witch, Jean Winifred, daughter of J. C. Conroy, of the M. R. and I. division, at New York, and she makes her doting parent toe the mark.

We will be glad to reproduce here portraits of Marconi infants under 18 months when taken; and at the close of the year, the Editor will award a cup to the one voted to be the best baby, by a committee of envious bachelors and maidens to be selected by the Editor acting as chairman.

How Changing Ship's Course May Elude the Submarine

Zigzagging to elude attacks by submarines has a protective value which it did not possess before ships were armed. Now that the tramp is apt to carry a rapid-fire gun, the U-boat, once it has come within effective range must stay below. In the old days a submarine with fourteen to seventeen knots speed did not hesitate to run down its prey on the surface, and a large proportion of the victims were But when a ship sunk by gunfire. mounts powerful guns, with navytrained gunners behind them, the sinking, even of slow tramps, becomes a difficult and hazardous task.

On sighting an approaching ship the submarine heads to intercept her course, submerges, and then takes an occasional look at her, bringing her periscope above the water for a few seconds only. The U-boat estimates the speed and course of the ship, submerges and lays his course while below so as to bring his boat within torpedo range.

Now, if while the submarine is below the merchant ship changes her course, say, through an angle of 45 dec ans, the former, on coming up for a look at the ship, finds that, instead of converging to meet him, the ship is sailing in a direction entirely different from that on which his calculations were based; his manoeuvre for getting into firing position goes for nothing, and he has to try again. Unless he is satisfied that his guns can greatly outrange the enemy, the Uboat does not dare use his surface speed, and below the surface has not sufficient speed to overhaul the ship. One or two misjudgments of this kind will lose so much time that the ship will have a good chance to pass him and escape.

REMOVAL

Mr. H. M. Short, Resident Inspector of the Affiliated Marconi Companies has removed his office to Woolworth Building, room 1868, N. Y.



D. N. LUCKENBACK SUNK By Jacob Davis

We were enroute from Brooklyn to a port in France. It was my third trip on her to the war zone.

After dinner on October 27th, feeling drowsy. I turned in for awhile. Soon after I heard a loud report, and thinking it was a supmarine shooting at the wireless cabin, I ran out and saw that we were torpedoed without warning. Two life boats on starboard side were smashed. I ran back and closed D. C. line to motorgenerator, but it failed to work. I tested the light circuit, and found it dead. I discovered that the ship's , main power was gone, and having no emergency power supply. I could not send S. O. S. and so reported to the captain.

Seeing that the ship was going down rapidly, I helped lower the life boat on the port side., and heard a man below screaming, who had been scalded by hot water and steam. Then I ran aft and helped throw a raft over the side and was the last one to climb on. The Captain, Mate, and two Engineers were left aboard; they threw a small dory over, and climbed in by means of a rope, the Captain being the last man off the ship.

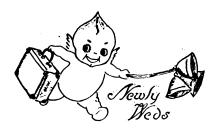
Five minutes later sne went down, stern first. The captain was taken aboard the submarine for about ten minutes. He told us we were torpedoed without warning because we had wireless, and that the submarine commander apologized for smashing the boats. We left the submarine and headed for the nearest land. We, on the raft, climbed in the small dory and life boat, about two hours later.

I was busy bailing for two days, having on only a sweater, a pair of torn trousers and no hat. I was soaking wet from head to foot every time a wave hit us. We were fed on crackers and water and had only about six hours sleep for the two days.

Then we sighted a ship on the horizon. The Chief Engineer stood up with an oar in his hands and a white shirt tied to it, to arouse our rescuer's attention.

In about an hour the ship was alongside. She was under the Danish flag, carried no wireless, and her name was Indien. She was bound for a port in U. S. They threw us a couple of lines and we climbed up a rope ladder. We were given stimulants and proper food and clothing, and in about two weeks the Indien landed us safely in New York, none the worse for our experiences.

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At Belmar, N. J. December 22, Charles J. Weaver to Annie Tousey, daughter of the late George Tousey, President of the American News Company. Prior to the war the groom was Marconi Manager at Sea Gate L. I. and is now Chief Electrician Radio at the Naval Radio Station at Chatham Mass.

At Brooklyn, N. Y. December 27, Captain Richard Douglas, U. S. A. Reserve Force, to Madeline Dabo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Dabo, of Brooklyn. After the ceremony at Plymouth Church, there was a reception at Hotel Margaret. The honeymoon was spent at Atlantic City. The groom is a former Marconi man and is about to leave for France.

STEAMSHIP LINE

HONORS ITSELF

The Oriental Navigation Company of New York announces it has purchased a large plot in Woodlawn Cemetery, in which will be buried the remains of men in its service who may lose their lives on its ships that are sunk on their way to France with food and munitions. The first to be buried there is Louis Larson, wireless hero of the Orleans, sunk off the coast of France. A monument will be placed on the plot.

KAHUKU

The beauty and romantic picturesqueness of the scene was a tangible presence which permeated the atmosphere and stole in on the senses. like the elusive fragrance of flowers, intoxicating, overwhelming. kamani trees spread forth a canopy of green velvet and the ground beneath was carpeted with fallen leaves. In an open space beneath the tress, walled in by the riot of tropical verdure, was spread a luan which would have done justice to one of the ancient kings of Hawaii. had exceeded herself in the creation of a setting and the typically Hawaifeast, laid out in the cool shade of the kamanis harmonized to the fullest extent. The table groaned under its wealth of Hawaiian delicacies, from poi in calabashes to the delectable laulau wrapped in ti leaves. Hula dancers in their rustling grass skirts, swaved rythmically to the melodious notes of an old Hawaiian hula and the key-note of all was a buoyant, effervescent happiness.

Into such a scene were the men from the United States Naval Radio Station at Kahuku, together with a few fortunate friends, ushered on Thanksgiving The occasion of the luau was Dav. the anniversary of a child's birthday; the celebration being given by the child's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Raymond, at their home situated a short distance from the radio station. Mr. Raymond is employed at the station and participation in the luau was due to his generosity. The fair sex was well represented, though not abundantly so, by wives and friends of the men present, and their enjoyment and appreciation was as spontaneous as that of the men. several of those present a luau was a new experience, and they are to be envied, as a new, pleasurable experi-

ence invariably possess a charm which enhances its value, whereas a former, similar experience leaves one's mind less susceptible to the charm though none the less appreciative, in this instance at least.

The sun was sinking behind the Koolau Mountains in golden splendor and purple shadows were softening the rugged outlines of the earth, when the men from the radio station and their guests bid aloha to the luau and its donors and set out for the radio station where the fitting climax of a perfect day was in the course of preparation-turkey and its Thanksgiving Day contemporaries, from mashed potatoes to pumpkin pie and plum pudding. Surely the gods themselves, who dine on ambrosia and honey, must have looked on with jealousy when the festive board was spread and justice was administered in true American style. Even the turkeys, if they had looked down from turkey heaven, could not regret having sacrificed their lives for the occasion.

The dining room was very prettily decorated for the event and the subdued lights shone on many faces happy with life and the pleasure of the moment. Upon completion of the dinner a few moments of relaxation were allowed while floors were being cleared of tables, and tables of the remains of the repast which had so lately graced them. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

An Hawaiian orchestra furnished the music and played only as the Hawaiians can play, with a rythm and accent that is irresistible. Couples drifted from dreamy waltz to lively one-step and then into the appealing fascination of a fox trot until inexorable, old Father Time broke the wings of the butterfly "Pleasure" under his increasing load of golden moments.

A RESOURCEFUL OPERATOR

Superintendent Henderson of New Orleans calls attention to the ingenious work of operator M. H. Hammerly, at the time of the stranding of the S. S. Geo. E. Paddleford recently. Mr. Hammerly's report follows and it may be of value in a similar case.

"October 30th, with a stiff norther blowing, our steering gear went wrong while crossing the bar of the Panuco River, Mexico, and we went on the rocks of the jetty on the south side of the breakwater. Tried for ten minutes to deliver message via station at Tampico but that station was closed at that time of day (1:15 P. M.). Then sent out a general SOS call which was answered by a U. S. Naval ship at Tampico. Reported circumstances and asked immediate assistance. Ship was pounding badly and seas breaking heavily. played such havoc with insulation, radiation would cease at times.

At 2 P. M. dynamo shut down as water reached engine and boiler rooms; crew went down on jetty later in the day and slept there that night. The next morning we returned to the ship, the sea having flattened a bit and everything remaining intact.

Thinking of ways and means to reestablish communication, I dropped on the idea of using the jump spark coil from the ship's motor boat. Using the motor boat and telephone batteries for power, and one gap of the quenched, I established uninterrupted service between the ship and Tampico a distance of nine miles.

The Merritt Chapman Wrecking Company are now trying to salvage us, an operation we expect will be successful.

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OPERATORS TAKE NOTICE

The Director of Naval Communications has issued the following instructions relative to traffic to and from vessels operated by the U. S. Shipping Board.

Traffic to and from vessels operated by the U. S. Shipping Board, concerning business of ships, will be treated as official.

When necessary request ship or station by service to give proper prefix,

Traffic to and from vessels commandeered by the U. S. Shipping Board but permitted to continue their regular service will be treated as regular traffic in the same manner as before they were commandeered.

FACTORY NOTES

The great snowstorm and blizzard the middle of December will long be remembered at the factory. A blanket of heavy snow from 12 to 18 inches deep put the trolleys out of commission early in the evening, and the few men who lived near made such slow and difficult progress that the majority of the Second Shift gladly returned to the shelter and warmth of the factory. In the morning when they sallied forth again trains were infrequent and trolleys did not run for three days. Many were unable to report for days; but a few venturesome and hardy men and women plunged knee deep through the snow arriving spent and exhausted. Fortunately the critical coal situation had not then struck N. Y. and N. I.

After futile efforts to sleep like Chinamen curled up on benches and boxes on the floor, "On the memorable night of the storm," the men organized imprompu military drills and song fests and clog dances, or relieved their minds by leaving witty

or scurrilous notes on the benches where they had wooed in vain the slumber fairies. At length they swarmed down on Chief Officer Sensbach and induced him to unlock the door of Mr. Howlett's restaurant and summon an official from the second floor office to preside at the banquet, while they proceeded to clean out the larder.

Steaming gallons of coffee, concocted in strict Hoover style, guiltless of sugar, were served impartially to the clamoring crowd, while Mr. Walters at the urn, and Mr. Sensbach carving out sandwiches with a practised hand, were ably assisted by Mr. Douglas who calmly demanded a nickel each for minimitive slabs of pie strictly in advance, until a goodly pile of dimes and quarters was stored away to atone for the empty cupboards which greeted the eyes of the proprietor the next morn-But storms and cold have not diminished the energy of the factory Occasional demands Public Service headquarters or diminishing supplies in the coal bins have held the work back slightly, only to leap forward with redoubled energy.

Improvements at the factory are going rapidly forward. Mr. Stein's office is completed and decorated with a handsome new rug, while the main office of stenographers and clerks and the Entrance Hall are getting a new coat of paint and new supply of desks.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

On Saturday before Christmas the Marconi Company tendered an informal luncheon at the Head office to 100 of its New York employees. The main room was tastefully decorated and the affair was most enjoyable. The officials participated and there

was a general exchange of holiday greetings.

Mr. W. A. Winterbottom returned from Buenos Aires recently on the S. S. Vestris.

Mr. A. E. Nicholas, who has been Acting Superintendent of the Great Lakes division of Cleveland for several months, has been appointed Superintendent.

Mr. Wallace succeeds Mr. Miller, Mr. Cockett succeeds Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Eberle succeeds Mr. Taufenback, all these vacancies being due to enlistments in the Navy.

We understand that Mr. Eberle's baby girl has two teeth.

Mr. Nally has returned from a business trip to the National Capital.

Superintendent Edwards has removed his office to 42 Broad Street, New York, where all Eastern division operators should hereafter report.

The offices of the Wireless Press are now located at 25 Elm Street, New York.

The betrothal of Henrietta Pleines, of the Dictation department to James Templeton has been announced. While extending every good wish, we contemplate her departure with keen regret.

The Marconi service flag now contains 235 stars.

The Navy has taken over the high power station at Chatham, Mass., for the period of the war.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB

Constructor Gardner equipped the City of Winchester (Br.) with a coil emergency set.

R. F. Jefferson, a new man, was assigned to the Currier.

The Calvin Austin and Gov. Dingley have been requisitioned for Government service. The Gov. Cobb, operator Gardner, is again in commission on the Portland run.

Operator Whipple was assigned to the Gulfstream, relieving operator Watson for one trip.

The North Land and Calvin Austin were sent to Halifax from Boston as Red Cross relief ships.

F. C. Patch, a new man, was assigned to the E. L. Doheny, Jr., Operator Sullivan, formerly of the Doheny has resigned.

EASTERN DIVISION

R. E. Dale formerly of the Camaguey, is on the unassigned list. S. B. King, a new man, sailed as junior on this vessel, R. W. Hendrickson, the former junior having been promoted to senior.

The Olean sailed with T. J. Cerio as senior, a reengaged man, and G. H. Hamilton as junior, who has peen on the waiting list.

E. Handler of the Pearl Shell is now on the waiting list.

C. W. Sturz, senior of the Nacooche, was dismissed for failing to report on time, and C. C. Langevin, formerly of the Dora, was assigned in his place.

R. G. Martin, junior of the Carolina, formerly of the City of Athens, has resigned and D. G. Ward has assumed his duties.

The Northwestern sailed with J. J. Michaelson of the Brabant, instead of E. Tamburo, the latter having resigned.

R. A. Clarke of the Morro Castle sailed as junior on the City of Athens. C Volmer, formerly of the Caracas, took Clark's place on the Morro Castle.

The Amelia sailed with T. Bowen, formerly of the Anna.

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- C. Cisin and P. Klipp first and second respectively on the Albert Watts are now on the unassigned list, this vessel having been burned at Genoa.
- A. J. Krynski of the Sagua is now on the waiting list.
- J. H. Weikel, a southern division man, was assigned at Baltimore to the Wellington.

The Rochester having been torpedoed. H. S. Parsons is on the unassigned list.

H. A. Carder sailed as junior on the Caracas, E. W. Hawkins being demoted to junior. Carder was formerly on the Kroonland.

A. DeBrosky formerly of the Tanamo, is on the unassigned list, F. E. Zahn remains in charge.

A. Schwartz of the Rio Grande, deserted after accepting assignment. J. M. Harrison, formerly on the waiting list, stood by the Rio Grande for 5 days when he was assigned to the Farima. J. L. Miller, formerly of the Parima taking his place on the Rio Grande.

The Annetta sailed with J. F. Parenti formerly of the Wacouta.

W. L. Hill of the Millinocket sailed on the El Norte in H. C. Bucholtz's place, who has been assigned to the E. L. Doheny.

O. Pfaltz, who has been on the unassigned list, sailed in W. W. Neely's place on the Sabine, the latter having been assigned to the Watuga.

J. J. Kaleta and T. G. Hahn first and second respectively of the Alamo changed places with D. Michaelovitz and J. F. Barstow, first and second respectively on the Iroquois.

The Parthian, sailed with A. De-Brosky.

C. E. Stevens of the Ardmore changed places with G. E. Knudson of the DeSoto.

H. T. Munroe of the Warrior has

been dismissed and H. H. Warner of the Dora assigned in his place.

U. K. Stagg has been transferred to the Anna, as the Moonlite has laid up.

The El Capitan is laid up and her operator, H. P. Perry is now on waiting list.

R. Whisman, of the Coosa, has returned to Frisco and H. Tomasso of the southern division has replaced him.

M. C. Hilgenberg, of the Watuga, has been transferred to the Gulf Division and W. W. Neely, formerly of the Sabine, assigned in his place.

The Wachusetts has been supplied with Navy operators and our operator, W. E. Grant, has been placed on waiting list.

L. V. R. Carmine of the Wacouta has returned to Frisco, as have also H. R. Phillips and F. E. Peterson, first and second respectively of the Casco, and G. A. Jensen, of the torpedoed Actaeon.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

W. P. Grantlin has been assigned to the Nantucket as senior operator. T. M. Brown is at present aboard the Ontario in the capacity of junior.

C. R. Hahn has taken assignment on the Toledo.

J. F. McQuaid thought he would like the Delaware Sun for a permanent job but evidently the ship didn't like him as it turned turtle near Sabine, Texas. McQuaid managed to get away all right but lost his personal effects.

J. R. Pell resigned from the Borgestad at New York.

Horace Hopper is acting as senior operator on the Essex running to Providence.

Constructor Manley installed standard 2 kw equipment on the new steamship Sylvan Arrow at Phila-

delphia. Mr. Manley also installed auxiliary apparatus on the Kasbek.

F. H. Illingworth has resigned from our service and joined the Naval Reserve.

J. W. Harte was relieved on the H. C. Folger by Naval operators.

Constructors Gerson and Manley installed 1 kw 60 cycle equipment on the Chester Sun at Chester, Pa.

Constructor Sinclair equipped the Hatteras new with a ½ kw panel set at Baltimore.

F. R. Smith has returned to our service and been assigned to the Cretan at Philadelphia.

W. Haake, formerly of the Essex

was assigned to the Mielero.

Harry Nicholow is still with us and is now assisting operator Vogel on the Juniata.

R. N. Scribner relieved operator Tomasso on th Paraguay.

J. S. Dodge has been relieved on the Ontario and is now on waiting list.

Operators McQuaid and Hahn were relieved on the Sun by Naval operators.

We are advised that the Eurana arrived safely at a European port and that operators McCauley and Faithful are enjoying themselves.

At present writing Johnny Flagg has not succeeded in getting his ship but has a good land billet for the present. Johnny says after he is ashore for a week or two he is like

a fish out of water.

GULF DIVISION

Albert Krog is still assigned to the C. A. Canfield as senior.

Leo Leighton is aboard the Casiana. The Jalisco has taken up her new run between New Orleans and Mexican ports, with Augusto Lizarraga in charge and G. W. Shuman as junior.

H. McKiernan has been assigned to the reconstructed San Cristobal on

which he has all the comforts of home.

S. L. Parkin was assigned as senior to the J. M. Danziger, December 1st.

R. Pindado remains on the Ponce as senior with R. L. Wolter as junior.

G. W. Pope still remains on the Frederic R. Kellogg.

C. T. Scott, a new employee, is assigned as senior to the Harry Farnum. Scott lost his right arm when he was two years old but apparently this has not impeded his progress in the business world as he holds a medal from the Remington Typewriter Company for writing fifty words per minute for ten consecutive minutes without a mistake. Some record!

W. E. Slauson has re-entered the service and is assigned to the Mascotte.

Bryan Spain remains on the Gene Crawley.

W. K. Storrs is on board the Harold Walker.

C. D. Sweeney is assigned to the Walter Hardcastle.

H. H. Tilley is still residing on his old home the Mexicano.

G. F. Tompkins, is on the Catania. Oliver Treadway has re-entered the service and is in the Havana and Key West run, assigned to the Miami.

A. P. West is on the Tamesi.

J. E. Broussard is again on the Excelsior which has resumed her regular run between New Orleans and Havana. G. J. King is junior.

L. E. Adler is senior on the Mexico and L. E. Brasher is junior.

L. G. Ainley is still assigned to the William Green.

C. M. Alvested, a new employee, is assigned to the San Ramon. He made an excellent showing on his first trip.

P. J. Barkley is senior on the



Olivette with D. W. Jolls as junior, P. J. has been offered a better position on the H. M. Flager but says the old Olivette is his home.

P. A. Bailey is assigned to the Buccaneer.

Joseph Bernert still remains on the Pennant.

- G. A. Braito, a new employee, is junior on the Norman Bridge. H. V. Griffin is senior.
- 'J. A. Burch, late of the tanker Torres is enjoying a three weeks vacation at his home in Valley Mills, Texas.
- A. F. Christiansen is at present on the Panuco.

Richard Clarke is in the Havana and Key West run assigned to the Mascotte.

S. J. Weiss has re-entered the service and been assigned to his old ship the Coahuila. G. T. Davis is with him as junior.

P. R. Ellsworth, a new employee, is assigned to the Pan American.

O. C. Temple is senior on the San Juan with K. J. Fruebing as junior.

E. J. Smith is assigned as senior to the C. E. Harwood with G. J. Gray as junior.

L. V. Grissom is enjoying his trips around Porto Rico on the Marina.

M. H. Hammerley is still high and dry with the G. E. Paddleford. Late advices from Hammerley say that he will stand by this vessel during salvage operations.

R. D. Magann and S. C. Hymel are still on the Chalmette, senior and junior respectively.

G. O. Pederson and C. B. Isaacson are senior and junior respectively of the Herbert C. Wiley.

J. E. Kane has been transferred from the Gulfstream to the Bacoi.

During the month of November this Division installed two ½ kw, 500 cycle panels sets on the Adelheid and Olivant. In December the San Cristo-

bal was equipped and the installation on the Lucia finished. Prospects for the new year look bright. We already have two installation orders and will gladly welcome more.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

The cold weather struck the Great Lakes region earlier than usual this year and caught the Lake vessels unprepared. The majority of the bulk freighters were down bound from the Northern Lakes when a severe storm came up, and all vessels were compelled to put in for shelter. a blow of twenty-four hours, during which the temperature dropped to thirty and forty degrees below zero, the vessels found that ice had formed, which in many places was sixteen and eighteen inches thick, and they were unable to break their way through. Wireless was again used to great advantage in summoning assistance from wrecking tugs and ice breakers, to assist them in breaking their way through the ice field.

The Wyandotte, with a fleet of eight boats, was stuck in the ice for three days off South Last Shoals, Lake Erie, before ice breakers could get to them. The Wyandotte laid up for the season on her arrival at Detroit; operator I. H. Wallace leaving for home.

The Huron laid up at Detroit after a forty-eight hour drive through the ice. Operator J. E. Spencer returned home.

The Conneaut was caught in the ice jam off Toledo, but succeded, after several days of running the ice fields, in reaching Detroit. Operator B. L. Chapman has returned home.

The Alpena was ice bound for several days, off Colchester. She arrived safely at Detroit, where she laid up for the winter.

D. W. Gibbs enlisted in the Naval Reserves.

The F. B. Squires was compelled to lay up for the winter, at Duluth, where she was harboring when the ice set in. This suited C. E. Erickson O. K. as his home is in Duluth.

The C. O. Jenkins was one of the last vessels to reach port to lay up. S. E. Leonard has enlisted in the Naval Reserves.

The Sir Thos. Shaughnessy laid up for the winter, at Cleveland. W. J. Ferris returned to his home.

The W. F. White laid up for the winter at Buffalo. E. D. Ermatinger left for home in Chicago.

The Carl D. Bradley arrived at Lorain, Ohio, where she will put in the winter. Wm. H. Kunner left for home at Ashtabula.

C. H. Heister is at home, after completing the season on the Samuel Mitchell.

H. Kohmtz has returned to his home, at Detroit, after laying up the E. J. Earling.

Chief operator F. S. Fisher, at Chicago, has resigned from the service. Mr. L. L. Lynn succeeds Mr. Fisher.

Mr. S. A. Altman, who has been employed at the Cleveland office for the past four years, has resigned. He is succeeded by Miss N. Balhorn, who is a newcomer, and is progressing fast.

H. A. Lebkisher, a new operator, has been assigned to the Arizona, vice C. S. Swanson.

E. A. Klien, a new man, has relieved operator Kessler on the Missouri.

C. H. Zeller has been assigned to the Illinois, vice E. W. Tarbox.

J. F. Born, who finished the season on the Lakeland, has been transferred to the Chicago district and is now assigned to the Carolina.

PACIFIC COAST DIVISION

A. Hartman, a new man was assigned junior on the China. Hartman is a graduate of the local Marconi school.

W. Griffith is now operator in charge aboard the Schooner C. A. Smith. This vessel has been equipped with type P5 panel set.

M. J. Hankins of our Southern Ferries has been called into active service and is being replaced by Tom Lambert, who intends to settle down. Have we ever heard that before?

W. G. Ludgate has been assigned to the Johanna Smith relieving operator J. M. Lankston, resigned.

The Queen after a short lay-up has again been placed in commission with operators F. Prine and P. Morrison senior and junior respectively.

Dolph Creig assigned as junior operator on the War Sailor several months ago has been shipped back to Seattle overland. He is now on waiting list, looking for another chance to do the War Zone.

C. F. Trevatt, is acting as a sort of handy man through no apparent fault of his own. However, it appears, that he is only allowed one voyage on whatever vessel he may be assigned to, the vessel is then taken over. If this keeps on, we will undoubtedly have to eliminate all further assignments in his behalf.

H. Van Auken was assigned to the newly equipped Sagaland. This vessel is also equipped with one of our ½ kw 500 cycle panel sets.

The San Francisco construction department equipped the following vessels during the month of December:—C. A. Smith, Sagaland, Iris and tug Dreadnaught with ½kw 500 cycle panel sets and the Fred W. Weller and Santa Alicia wah 2kw cycle panel sets.

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Kraemer, Jacob A.
Kreutel, B. G.
Krauter, Charles F.
Levin, Claude C.
Lindh, Charles A.
Livesay, James R. Pennsylvania New York New York Ohio New York Kansas New York New York California Lindh, Charles A.
Livesay, James R.
Loveioy, Loren A.
Lynch, Joseph L.
McDonald, Byron C.
McDonald, John F.
MacGowan, Hubert,
...aeGowan, John N.
Main, Alfred J.
Manahan, Walter J.
Marr, Alvin F.
Marthaler, Nicholas California Washington New York California Illinois Washington Washington Ohio Alaska Washington Marthaler, Nicholas J. California Mason, Francis H.
Matheson, William D.
Mathews, Ralph H. Ohio California Illinois Mears, Mason H. South Dakota Meldrum, Herbert J. Massachusetts Michl, Eugene X. Miller, Robert F. Mock, Orin S. Illinois New York California Murray, Eugene M. Morgan, Clarence D. Pennsylvania New York
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New York Massonneau, Reginald C Moe, Frederick G. Minners, Arthur J. Nelson, Ernest L. Nelson, Francis A. Michigan Virginia California Nicholas, Clinton T. California

Nickels, Lee, Nickerson, H. E. Massachusetts Ogles, Lucian G. Orloff, Carl, Oliver, Donald B. Oliver, Walter, Missouri New York Wisconsin New York Maryland New York Passano, Lucian G. Pendleton Harold A. Patchin, Ivan,
Peterson, Arthur W.
Peterson, Kenneth,
Philbrick, J. S.
Pohl, Julius A.
Powell, Joseph W.
Price, Walter E.
Powell, Rayden S.
Pyle, Howard S.
Pyle, Howard S.
Portman, Joseph T.
Raymond, Frank M.
Rengo, M. D.
Reynolds, Gordon P.
Riddle, Elmer R.
Ringgold, Paul C. Patchin, Ivan, New York Washington Pennsylvania Hawaii New Jersey Ringgold, Paul C. Maryland New York Ritter, David, Ritter, Harry S. Rodd, Herbert C. Rowe, Glenn S. Rodd, Herbert C. Rowe, Glenn S. Roy, Frank M. Roche, Walter J. Schuller, George G. Shecklin, George I Sidnell, Robert G. Silva, Charles, Smalley Arthur C. Oregon New York New Jersey California Massachusetts Smalley, Arthur C. Spratley, George M. Smalley, Russell C. New Jersey Oklahoma New Jersey Iowa Springer, Ben C. Stevens, Thomas M. Sterling, George E. Sanders, Edgar C. Stelluti, Frank, Louisiana New York Stewart, Lewis B. Stone, J. New Jersey New York Svendsen, Michael Swanson, Howard, Taylor, Albert, Taylor, David M. Michael A. Teesdale, Robert, Taufenback, Leslie E Tellefson, Elmer M. Thevenet, Clarence S. Wisconsin New Jersey California Thompson, Maurice, Thompson, Wesley C. Tierney, Matthew C. Connecticut Massachusetts Townsend, Percival J. Massachusetts Tyrell, Alanson B. New York New York Troiano, Joseph, Townsend, George R. townsend, George R. New York Vandenburg, Charles M. California Wermilya, Irving, Valentine, Ray W. Walden, Myron, Walter, Howard N. Weaver, Charles J. West, Howard E. White Lawrence S. Wew York Massachusetts West, Howard E. Wender G. Wenn Versich West, West, Lawrence S. Wew York Wassachusetts West, Lawrence S. Wenn Versical West, West Massachusetts New York California White, Lawrence S. Wiese, Fred T. Washington Wilhelm, Frederick, Wilkinson, Frank (Williams, Hugh E. Wilson, Walter B. Wolfe, Albert E. Wombooker, Lorents Wisconsin Washington Wombacker, Joseph A. New York Wilkins, George C Worrall, Joseph A. Wood, Walter E. New York New York _California Woodford. Richard New Jersey Florida Ward, William W. Young, Robert I

California

Ohio

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California California Louisiana

Alaska

Oregon

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Maryland Maine

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Ohio

FRONTISPIECE

Charles J. Ross, Comptroller of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, was born in Brighton, Ohio, and educated in the public schools of Cleveland. He then, like others in the Marconi service, chose a telegraph office in which to gain his initial experience as a wage earner. At 15 he entered the employ of the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company in Cleveland as messenger, afterwards becoming, in turn, checker, delivery clerk, receiving clerk and operator.

The Cleveland Telephone Company offered excellent opportunities for young men of Ross' caliber and he joined the Telephone Company as a line inspector. Promotion eventually placed him in the chair of the manager of the main exchange, where he served for several years.

He came to New York in 1901 to become auditor and accountant in a large department store. The next five years he spent in department store work, being employed by Simpson-Crawford Company, O'Neill Adams Company and Chapman & Co. During this period he was engaged not only in figuring statistics and striking averages, but in studying men and methods of fitting them to their work.

Public accounting attracted him as a vocation in 1907 and he became connected with the Audit Company of New York. He remained in the employ of this company for several years, acting as auditor, supervisor of business systems and bank examiner. He was afterwards employed by Arthur Young & Co., of New York, accountants and auditors, becoming chief accountant and supervisor of business systems. He left this firm on April 1, 1915 to enter the service of the Marconi Company.

As a public accountant he has audited and systematised more than 100 corporations. These include the International Agricultural Corporation, the Indian Refining Company, the Newport News & Old Point Comfort Street Railway Company and subsidiary companies, the American Cement Company, the Granby Consolidated Mining, Milling and Smelting Company, the Western Savings Fund Society of Philadelphia, the First National Bank of Baltimore, Gimbel Brothers of Philadelphia, Simpson -Crawford Co., Moore & Schley, Dick Brothers & Co., Finley, Barrell & Co., brokers, of New York; the National Light, Heat and Power Company, and the United Textile Corporation. The extent of this work can be better realized when it is understood that each corporation requires a different auditing system and separate systemising method.

Mr. Ross is also Vice President of the Wireless Press, Inc., and Secretary of the Pan-American Wireless Telegraph & Telephone Company. He is an affable gentleman and a wise executive, deeply interested in nature, human nature, brass tacks and literature, and makes friends of all with whom he comes in contact.



SUBMARINE A LA MODE

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

By Clarence Cisin

(Reprinted in Marconi Service News by permission of Leslie's Weekly)

Prelude—

To the S. S. Albert Watts-oil tanker-

"They built me in a hurry and they skimped about the job,

My engines were constructed on a bet.

My body writhes and moans with every single engine throb

But I'm splashing thru the briny waters yet.

I've braved the North Atlantic and I've braved the wintry blasts,

I have tarried in the War Zone for a spell.

I've lost a new propeller and quite nearly lost my masts

And my dynamo's not doing very well.

But I've got real men to sail me,—men whose hearts are strong and true

From the gunners to the lads who scrub the pots.

You may be an ocean liner but don't think I envy you,

I'm quite glad to be—Yours truly—

Albert Watts."

Superstition and hunches are far from exceptional among seamen. But the first-mate on the S. S. Albert Watts, an oil tanker, had often scornfully laughed at those who believed in the "Under the ladder and salt over shoulder" kind of theories. He had made two trips through the War Zone on the Watts and had intended sailing again. The day before we were to sail he reported that it would be necessary to sign another mate

as he had a hunch that the ship would never return. No amount of reasoning would change his decision, and we shipped another first-mate.

We carried a cargo that by comparison, would make a munition factory or train load of dynamite, seem safe and secure as a churchyard in Colorado, submarines included. In our tanks we had 777,240 gallons of gasolene, 120,000 gallons of benzine, and 400,000 gallons of tuel oil.

Fate had been rather unkind to the Watts, as on her maiden trip, she had lost a propeller while in the War Zone and had a serious col-

lision with an English destroyer the same trip.

She was a long, low, rakish-looking craft, with the customary placing

of bridge and cabins aft.

What it took to make speed, the Albert Watts did not have. At nine knots every inch of her writhed and moaned and protested; at ten, a wailing sigh gave promise of a speedy break-down; at eleven,—but why figure on impossibilities.

We pulled out of New York at 6 p.m. the evening of October 29th. It was a dark, gloomy, misty sort of night. Miss Statue of Liberty seemed to be saying, "I hope you make it, but—." In order to cheer things up a bit, some opera singers, traveling incognito, as members of our gun crew, started to sing, to the tune of—As we go marching—

"As we go sailing

And the ship begins to sway You can hear us shouting

The good ship Albert Watts is on its way."

The monitor, guarding New York Harbor, flashed us permission to proceed and, with every light covered and the decks in total darkness, we stole out into the Atlantic. The only thing that stood between us, and our destination (Genoa,) was a little matter of some 4,000 miles and a few submarines. Were we downhearted? No!!

We carried a cargo that for efficient utilization of carrying space, made the New York Interborough, look like amateurs. Before we cleared Sandy Hook our decks were all awash, even though there was not a very heavy sea running, and as we dropped the pilot, he cheerfully remarked, "Well good-by and good-luck. I guess you'll need it."

For the next week and a half we had rough weather as was rough weather. We rolled, pitched, side-stepped and one-stepped in the most approved manner. We did everything but loop the loop. Time and

meals passed as though in a dream.

According to the press reports, which I received by wireless the first few nights out from New York, it was rather hard to foretell, whether, when we arrived at our destination, we'd be greeted by a delegation of spaghetti speed champions, or a long and continuous line up of German Beer Gardens; at the time we all felt strongly in favor of temperance.

Toward the end of the second week, we ran into the most delightful mid-summery weather. What, with a gentle breeze, a clear blue sky, a peaceful ocean glistening in the sunshine, and a steamer chair to loll around in,—who wouldn't sell his farm and go to sea?

We had started without convoy and for the first seventeen days

at sea, saw but two vessels. About a days run from Gibraltar, we sighted a convoy of twenty ships heading for the same destination. They were being escorted by a small converted yacht, mounting guns of little worth or ability against the powerful weapons on a modern U-boat. The vessels were from England and it seemed extremely peculiar and careless to allow so valuable an amount of cargo to be escorted by such inefficient protection.

We had two good-sized guns and a complement of nineteen American gunners. After we had signaled our destination to the commander in charge of the convoy, we were allowed to proceed in their company. Had any enemy submarines appeared at this time, it would have been a simple matter indeed to do enormous damage. However, we arrived safely at Gibraltar the next morning after being at sea twenty days.

One of the always-present incurable humorists, had informed several of the sailors that they would be able to see the Prudential Life Insurance sign upon the Big Rock. As we expected to pass the Rock early in the morning some of the men decided to forego their sleep in order to see it. The incurable one later explained that probably, as a safety measure, the sign had been repainted a war color.

The Mediterranean, during the winter months, is to a submarine, what syncopated music is to a tango lizard. They just naturally feel at home there.

Submarines come sneaking in the night Or hide behind a haze; They send a fake distress call And they thrive on foggy days.

Upon leaving Gibraltar we hugged the Spanish Coast with the greatest affection. Submarine war warnings came in with a persistent regularity that spoke well for German efficiency, which partially explains our fondness for Spanish scenery. Practically every warning said in conclusion, "Beware off Cape Berta." Cape Berta is approximately forty miles from Genoa, along the Italian Coast. The imposing grandeur of the Spanish mountain ranges, varying in exquisite coloring from dark brown to light shades of purple, coupled with the picturesque little villages gleaming snowy white against the mountain background, formed scenery, which for harmonious splendor, is unequaled in any part of the world.

We arrived at Marseilles and dropped anchor awaiting further orders to proceed. As we did not have any passports from the French Customs, we thought is would be impossible to go ashore at this place; but a Frenchman, who came aboard suggested a plan which we decided to try out. He explained that there was only one place where passports and other documents were examined and that if we went ashore that evening with him, attempting to speak as much French as possible, we would undoubtedly be able to pass without trouble. In his company, we walked past the dock officials, loudly exclaiming, "Oui, oui, oui" to each other. I am convinced that the sentry must have been a Chinaman as we were allowed to pass without being stopped or questioned.

Marseilles has, at this time, the most cosmopolitan and interesting group of inhabitants. Soldiers and sailors representing the various

allied countries are rubbing elbows with each other in shops, moving picture houses and cafés. In one café, a French soldier, feeling slightly over-joyful, was rendering classical selections in a remarkably fine voice. The mixed audience showed their appreciation by stamping, hooting and throwing several empty bottles.

We left Marseilles with a small converted yacht as a convoy, for Ville Franche, which is directly on the border line of France and Italy, arriving there the next day. I had picked up two distress calls from ships attacked by submarines and as we drew nearer our destination the

feeling of tense expectancy increased.

Leaving Ville Franche, we joined a convoy of four other merchantmen, all armed, and two Italian destroyers. We made rather a formid-

able group.

Wednesday, November the 28th, made its appearance exactly the same as any other Wednesday might. At 7:45 a.m., we were just about off the much-bewarned Cape Berta. The knowledge that we had only forty miles further to travel, lent an air of false security to the atmosphere. At 8 a.m., a submarine's periscope was sighted by one of the destroyers which immediately opened fire upon it. That was the beginning of the end of a perfect day. Two armed merchantmen began shooting at what appeared to be the wake of a submarine, moving swiftly under water. The destroyer joined in the fray with two large calibre guns and a depth bomb dropped in for luck. Hardly fifty yards astern of us we sighted a submarine running just beneath the surface of the water. It looked like a huge dark animal running wild. Our after guns spoke up with a thunderous crash. We fired six shells in rapid suc-The lookout on the forward gun reported a moving object, directly ahead of us and our forward guns opened fire upon it. The S. S. Westoil, an American oil tanker in our convoy, also commenced shooting and one of their shells struck the water directly above the spot where the submarine had been sighted. Dark smoke rose from the water above this place for the next few minutes. We didn't linger around and look for pieces of wreckage, but it is probable that the U-boat had been struck. The destroyers continued swiftly manoeuvering around us, and the merchantmen kept up an almost continuous firing at every suspicious activity in the water. Cape Berta was making good and living up to her reputation. Around nine o'clock there was a lull in the firing and several of us went below to get our unavoidably delayed breakfast. But the German schedule read differently. We were hardly seated before a severe shock rocked the ship to its very foundations. The vessel felt as if it had struck bottom. A destroyer had dropped a depth bomb in our vicinity and the shock we received was due to its extremely powerful discharge. We decided that breakfast was a pleasant but not an essential duty, and came up on deck again. Undoubtedly there were three or four submarines operating in our locality.

It did not take a great imagination to mentally picture a huge, highly explosive missile, speeding through the water toward the immense quantity of benzine and gasolene we were carrying. The fact that it might arrive at any moment, unseen, unheralded, and assuredly unwelcome,—did not add to the pleasures of the morning. Can you im-

agine yourself schackled to a post on which a mighty steel girder was expected to fall, wondering when it would start? That is, in a greatly moderated sense, the feeling one gets after nearly two hours of continuous shooting at a group of the Kaisers favorites. Three Italian aeroplanes had come to our assistance and were swooping about overhead, occasionally dropping a depth bomb.

At about ten o'clock, we were heading the convoy, and the firing had died away to an occasional shot or two. Suddenly we felt a terriffic explosion. The whole forward part of the ship was lifted into the air as if it were in the clutch of some giant hand and an immense cloud of dark smoke rolled back over the entire ship. The vessel quivered and tingled as if its every seam was about to give way. A heavy washbasin, clamped securely to the wall of my wireless cabin was completely snapped from its pipes, lifted from its fastenings, and thrown upon the floor. A geyser of water from the broken pipe drowned everything in the room. Pictures, lamps, books, and chairs tumbled around the cabin and upon the floor. Fumes of benzine and gasolene penetrated everything. Most of us felt a queer dizziness and breathing was very We had been struck in the forward tanks on the starboard side and the vessel began to sink slowly, taking a heavy starboard list. The ponderous eight inch steel decking was literally ripped apart and pieces of the exploded torpedo flew in all directions. There was a cry of all hands to the life-boats. Everyone expected the gasolene to ignite and there was a mad rush to the boats. The wind was blowing aft, and had fire started, a boiling sea of flames would have made escape impossible. Several of the scamen and firemen commenced to lower their life-boat before the command to abandon ship was given. They succeeded in getting half way down the side of the vessel, when the lines fouled in the davits and they were suspended where the fumes were strongest. Two of them were overcome by the poisonous gas fumes and fell into the water, and the two remaining ones fainted dead way in the life-boat.

The ship, badly damaged and leaking excessively, gradually righted itself and as the sudden rush of air had damped the explosion in the tanks,—the danger for the moment was over.

The two men who had fallen into the water were picked up by a destroyer. We succeeded in hoisting aboard the other men who had been overcome in the life-boat. Their faces were a chalky white with several blotches of purple. By administering artificial respiration they were brought back to a normal condition.

If the torpedo had struck us fifteen yards further astern, it would have entered the engine room and burst the boilers. As we had 150 lbs., of pressure to each square inch of decking, the remains of the ship and its crew, had this happened, would have been too small to mention.

And yet some people don't believe in luck!-

We decided to try and reach our destination and got under way about two hours after the torpedoing. The water around us was covered with gasolene and benzine and as we steamed ahead, we left an over-flowing trail of it upon the waters surface.

The same evening, about 6:30 p.m., we were nearing the harbor of

Genoa. A signal rocket to call a pilot was lit on the starboard side of the vessel, and sparks from it dropped into the water, which immediately caught fire. A serpent of flame, slowly gaining headway began to creep towards us. As the flames spread, a dull red glow illuminated our immediate vicinity throwing a ghastly light upon the strained, tense, faces of the men. The entire crew was lined up on the after poop watching what seemed to be inevitable death, knowing that the flame had only to reach the torpedoed tanks to spread hundreds of thousands of gallons of liquid fire around and upon the vessel. It was like being the chief furnace-tender at your own cremation.

We had been going at slow speed, and, as the fire gained headway, the full speed ahead signal was given. The vessel was also brought up sharply to one side in a zig-zag fashion. The increased churn of the propeller and the sudden swerving of the ship broke the chain of fire.

We explained to the pilot, the danger of taking our ship into the port. The fact that we were likely to flood the harbor with our inflammable, leaking cargo, and expose the other ships and even the town of Genoa itself, to destruction by fire, did not seem to concern or greatly interest him. He apparently understood English very poorly and the gravity of the situation less, as he took us through the nets and we anchored in the center of the harbor. The captain immediately went ashore to try and make arrangements to have the entire crew removed and the ship pumped out at once. Owing to the Italian belief that it is necessary to smoke innumerable cigarettes over countless drinks before rendering any decision, he was forced to return that evening without having accomplished his purpose.

The next morning, Thanksgiving day, we were visited by numerous bum-boats, carriers and officials of every description. It was impossible to keep them away. The captain went ashore again to hasten arrangements for pumping out the cargo, and as the Italian government needed it badly at that time for their aeroplanes and motor transports, it seems strange that they did not take some immediate action to save what we had left of it.

Around noon-time, the third assistant engineer and I started for shore to get a real Thanksgiving dinner. A young Italian lad about fifteen years old, selling fruit and wine, approached the vessel on its starboard side, near the exploded tanks. He lit a cigarette, and carelessly threw his lighted match into the water, about ten feet from the side of the vessel. The water immediately caught fire and reached the tanks. In a second there was a sing-song rumble, like a symphony orchestra of fifty kettle drums growing louder and louder as the fire gained headway in the tanks. A mass of flame shot upwards, reaching to the top of the masts and enveloping the entire forward part of the ship. The boy who had lit the match was burned to a crisp. One of our seamen, became confused by the flames and extreme heat, and jumped overboard on the starboard side. Later when picked up, his remains were hardly recognizable. The rest of the crew rushed aft and fell over each other in their haste to dive overboard. One man, a Porto Rican, hesitated about taking the dive. The third mate seeing this shouted-"Jump you Porto Rican swamp hound," and gave him a helping



Incineration of the Watts at Genoa

shove. The vessels in the harbor kept up a continuous blast of whistles, the naval station sounded its danger siren, and the bells of the city were ringing violently. Small boats of all descriptions same hurrying out to us and picked up the members of our crew who were swimming around in the water. Some of the men picked up by the life-boats, were almost crazed by the experience. Their faces were distorted with fear and had the expression of men who had lost all conciousness of their true being. My mascot, a little fox terrier pup, seeing the rest jump overboard, took a running leap into the water and was rescued.

Our lively trip of over 4,000 miles was wasted, a two-million dollar cargo destroyed, much needed supplies for our Allies delayed, and our

ship a total loss.

Conditions in Genoa, regarding food, coal, and other necessities are really pitiful, coal selling at about \$140.00 a ton. It might just as well have been \$1,040.00 as practically no one could afford to use it. The bed-rooms gave one a good idea of how Peary must have felt in his North Pole explorations.

During the first meal ashore, sugar was asked for. The proprietress of the restaurant did some hand gymnastics, and exclaimed "Madonna," accompanied by rolling of eyes and an emotional quiver or two of body. Butter has the same effect when mentioned. White bread is a dead language. When more food was requested the waiter informed us that "police say so much each peoples," and with an apologizing shrug walked away. Our daily after-dinner query was—"When do we eat?"

The town is overrun with inspectors. There are inspectors of bag-

gage, tobacco, jewelry, meats, sugar, etc., etc. The only inspector we didn't run into was an inspector of inspectors. They'll probably have some as soon as they think of it. If half of the inspectors were put to work tilling the soil, there would be no necessity for food shortage, or if put into active service, they would make a formidable army by themselves.

Most of the people in Genoa feel that anything that is worth doing is worth doing slowly. And they do it—slowly. They are behind the times in almost everything. As far as they are concerned, modern efficiency, is something that is mixed in a drink. They are, however, very hospitable and courteous, with a decided leaning toward cafés, moustaches, cigarettes and drinks.

We left Italy after stopping there nine days, traveling across the border to France, and sailed from Bordeaux on the French liner Chicago. Our voyage home was welcomely uneventful.

Almost every evening, some opera singers, still traveling incognito, as members of our crew, scared away enemy submarines by singing, to the tune of—As we go marching—

"As we go sailing
And the ship begins to sway
You can hear us shouting
The good ship Albert Watts has passed away."

MARCONI BUDS

That the interest of the company in its employees extends to their families, even unto the second generation, is evidenced by this chubby youngster Robert Roy White, whose father Laurance S. White of the M. R. & I. department at N. Y. challenges the entire system to beat. Robert is 17 months old and is equally proud of his daddy.

We will be glad to reproduce here portraits of Marconi infants under 18 months when taken; and at the close of the year, the Editor will award a cup to the one voted to be the best baby by a committee of envious bachelors and maidens to be selected by the Editor who will act as Chairman. The year ends with April edition.



BRASS TACKS, DRIVEN BY C. J. ROSS



YOU

If the word of our Lord as its written is true In millions of bibles for all and for you, If the word of our Lord as its written is true Then what do you think of the creature called YOU?

It's so easy to doubt, it's so simple to pray When there is no reply to the prayers, that you say If you'd just hear a tick or a tap in the wall You'd think that perhaps someone had heard your call. But the tick doesn't come, nor the tap don't relieve The phantom of doubt, so you just must believe, Just lie in the dark and into space stare And hope, if you can, that He hears you—out there. I've a thought in my mind that has made me believe; I will tell it to you—It may make you believe The words that you don't understand—that you've read; Just suppose for a moment, my friend, that you're dead. What do you think of it now that you're dead, And six feet of earth is piled high on your head. And a mantle of dampness is all 'round you there, And a box of rough wood is all meets your stare. Just suppose that the soul that you never quite found Doesn't leave your cold clay when you're put in the ground, And you know you're boxed and they fast the last screw, That you've nothing to do-but to think the thing through. What do you think of those words roughly said Heaped in cold scorn on somebody's head? What do you think of that underhand deed Which caused so much anguish and made those hearts bleed? What do you think of those dollars you got That brought you soft beds and left victims a cot? Man's law could not reach you, the way it was read, But what do you think of it now that you're dead? What do you think of that wild, startled look Which spreads o'er the face of the girl you forsook? And the words that you spoke when she started to cry, Would you speak them again if your tongue were not dry? What do you think of that job you obtained Through the twist of a fact, and a co-worker blamed? Much power it brought you-to others distress, And now that you're dead, do you call it success? What do you think of it now that you're bound, In a little black suit way down in the ground,

And endless eternity drifts o'er your head,
What do you think of it now that you're dead?

If the word of our Lord as its written is true
In millions of bibles for all and for you,
If the word of our Lord as its written is true

If the word of our Lord as its written is true Then what do you think of the creature called YOU?

PERILS OF THE SEA

The S.S. Mobila, (Fr.) had a trying experience on her recent attempt to make the run to France. Frank W. Payne, her Radio officer, tells the following story.

"We left New York with a convoy which proved too fast for us. Our top speed was $9\frac{1}{2}$ knots and we were soon left behind. Nasty weather set in and the convoy scattered. Our main engine broke down and we had to rig up sails and slowly make our way into Halifax, developing a leak on the way.

"We reached Halifax the day before the explosion and wired to New York for instructions regarding repairs. At the time of the explosion we were at the dock and I was in my bunk. The explosion snapped our lines and we drifted into the stream, but having steam up, we were quickly under control. On gaining the deck I found the greatest confusion everywhere. When we re-docked the ship I went ashore and assisted in transferring injured men from a tugboat to an ambulance. They were just being landed from a ship in the harbor. One was a wireless operator, and he died while being transferred. I think he was a foreigner.

"Finding that on account of the explosion our repairs would be delayed two or three months, our captain decided to return to New York, and the entire crew volunteered to take the ship back, temporary repairs having been made to the engine, and the leak stopped. Our return trip, which consumed 5 days, was decidedly unpleasant. We should have made the passage in 21/2 days. We ran into a continuous storm with awful seas, and bitter cold which soon enveloped the ship in ice. In the wireless cabin the water was waist deep, the dynamo was flooded and we had no auxiliary power. The old leak opened up and all hands, including yours truly, were compelled to bale water from the fire room into the engine room where the pumps could reach it. We had no sleep or food for 3 days. At one time we gave her but 4 hours to remain afloat. We approached Sandy Hook in a fearful gale during a dark night and had to lay off till daylight, when we managed to wallow alongside a dock in South Brooklyn and get assistance from a wrecking tug with powerful pumps. We will soon be on our way again to France, hoping for more favorable weather conditions. What I think of the North Atlantic when it gets its back up, would not look well in print."



WIRELESS WOMEN

Elizabeth Lonsdale Du Val

I have been asked so often how it happened that I ever thought of taking up wireless. Well, I heard, through a friend, that women were taking this course to help out in the war by joining the Naval Reserves. They were to hold positions in land stations relieving the men for ship stations. I called to see a Lieutenant of the Naval Reserves, and was told that this was true.

I started my studies at the Southern Wireless Institute. In a few weeks I was run into by an automobile truck, losing the use of my right hand for a month. I am not sorry for this, however, because I immediately learned to write and use the wireless key with my left hand as well as my right.

The hardest part came when the family moved to our summer home on South River, and I stayed in town during the hot weather, complet-

ing the course in four months.

I took the examination at the Custom House and received a first grade commercial license. On applying for the promised position was told that there was no such opening for women. I then wrote to Secretary Daniels and received a very discouraging letter from him. While waiting for something to turn up I took a course in wire, at the same time keeping in touch with my wireless. I had my license and wanted to use it, so the next best thing, I thought, was to try to get on one of the Merchants and Miners steamships. Superintendent Chapman of the Marconi Co—Baltimore—took it up with the main office in New York and was told that although they had never employed a woman as wireless operator they were willing to give me a trial.

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My first trip was to Jacksonville, on the S. S. Howard. I find the work most interesting but business very dull as there are so few messages to send or receive.

We happened to be in Jacksonville during the first snow storm there for twenty-one years. On our return trip we struck ice at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay and found it impossible to run further than New Point, the ice there being two feet thick. Here we stayed all night and the most of the following morning. I was on duty from 1:30 to 8:30 a.m., and had the full benefit of the moonlight and sunrise on that great expanse of ice, there being nothing in sight but three British schooners which were within talking distance. I could well imagine myself with some exploring party in the Arctic regions and it seemed queer to see some of the men from one of the ships climb down and walk around on the ice out there in the middle of the Bay.

One night we struck a terrible storm between Baltimore and Savannah. We rolled quite a little and it was as much as one could do to walk on deck without being blown off. About 8:30 p.m., there was quite a crash on the upper deck and the wireless outfit was put out of commission. One of the life-boats had broken loose, knocking down the lead and disconnecting the aerial. The ship was stopped but it was impossible for anyone to go on the upper deck to make repairs, in that gale. The next morning, when we reached Savannah, I went with Mr. Rodebaugh, the senior operator, to help make repairs as I am very anxious to learn all the ins and outs of the business and want to do my part.

So far I have made four trips and have not yet had the pleasure of being seasick. The reason for this, I reckon, is because I always have loved the water.

WHEN THE WAR WILL END

"Absolute knowledge have I none But my aunts, sister's washerwoman's son Heard a policeman on his beat Say to a laborer on the street, That he got a letter just last week, Written in Latin, or maybe Greek, From a Chinese cook in Timbuctoo, Saying that the negroes in Cuba knew Of a colored man in a Texas town Who got it straight from a circus clown That a man from the Klondike heard the news From a gang of South Americans About someone from Borneo, · Who saw someone who claimed to know Of a swell society female Whose mother-in-law would undertake To prove that her seventh husband's niece Had stated in a printed piece That she had a son who has a friend Who knew just when the war would end."

EASY LESSONS IN FLYING

An interesting letter has been received from an American in the Flying Squadron stationed abroad, the censor not permitting the div-

ulging of locations.

"Since writing last I have finished my elementary flying training and have been transferred here for advanced flying in a scout squadron, This is a single-seated fighter for fighting tifteen to twenty thousand feet up. They may transfer me to something else later. We had our elementary flying at Doncaster, after leaving the ground school at Oxford and going to machine gun school at Grantham. The 41st, T. S. R. F. C., (Training Squadron Royal Flying Corps) was equipped with Rumpteres Farman pushers; a pusher has the propeller behind. started off with a joy ride for about fifteen minutes just to get used to After that I did not go up for three or four weeks but one morning the instructor took me up in a dual control machine for instruction. It was too windy for me to try and fly the machine in the air; but just where we lauded was fairly quiet and so every time we made a circuit of the aerodrome the instructor would put the nose of the machine down, shut off the engine and then give me control of the machine to take to the ground in a glide and land, and this gave me a chance to get in six or eight landings for about forty-five minutes in the morning and fifteen in the afternoon, until it was necessary to stop on account of the mist. The next favorable time, which was two or three days later, he took me up for an hour's landing and in addition, flying the machine in the air, and finally making one or two take offs. He would of course wave his hands for me to push the nose up when I got going too fast, or down when I started to stall the machine, or to bring the right or left wing up or down. One is usually forgetful of something when one is beginning. After forty-five minutes on another flight he said he would send me up solo the next time. So later in the day he took me up in a solo machine, which was one identical with the dual except they are equipped with a seventy horse-power engine instead of an eighty. After twenty-five minutes in this machine to get me used to it he got out and told me to make a circuit by myself, which I did. A man's first solo is a rather ticklish piece of business and he often "gets the wind up" as they say here, (instead of getting rattled,) and carries an undercarriage away or breaks a few wires on landing. However, I finished my two hours solo and ten landings, the required amount for elementary flying, without a mishap. At first one feels a little nervous, to say the least, and even forgets which way to pull the controls when one wants to increase or slow down the speed. However, if one don't jerk the controls one has lots of time to figure it out or correct a mis-On landing we put the nose down until we are making about sixty-five miles an hour on the air speed indicator and throttle the motor all the way down and let the machine glide about fifty-five miles an hour. Several yards above the ground we gradually flatten out, slowing down, and if we have done everything right we strike the ground without a jar; but if we flatten too soon, or too tlate, or have one wing low when we strike, if we are lucky, we simply bounce but usually smash up an

undercarriage. Very different from the scout machines here which land at seventy to one hundred miles an hour. But taking things all in all there are very few men hurt. I don't know just when we are going to fly here. The squadron is full and it may be several weeks before it comes to my turn, but they may push the Americans through ahead. In fact they have started some of them through already."

FACTORY NOTES

Thursday evening, January 31st, was a historic night in the annals of the Marconi Wireless Band. Last July a few of the men at the works interested in music, proposed that they bring their several instruments together and practise both for the cultivation of their musical talent and for the social hour together. Under the direction of Mr. James Emery and Mr. Arthur Osmun the band was formally organized.

The members under the leadership of Mr. Osmun have been practising faithfully and on January 31st, the band made its first public appearance at Arcanum hall, in Elizabeth. A most delightful musical followed and the men of the works, and their wives and friends mingled and became acquainted; and all agreed when the last strains of Home Sweet Home were rendered, that it was indeed the end of a perfect day. The guests of honor were the officials of the Company. It was such an evening as will long be remembered. Messrs. Stein and Benson could not conceal the pride they took in the band's achievement.

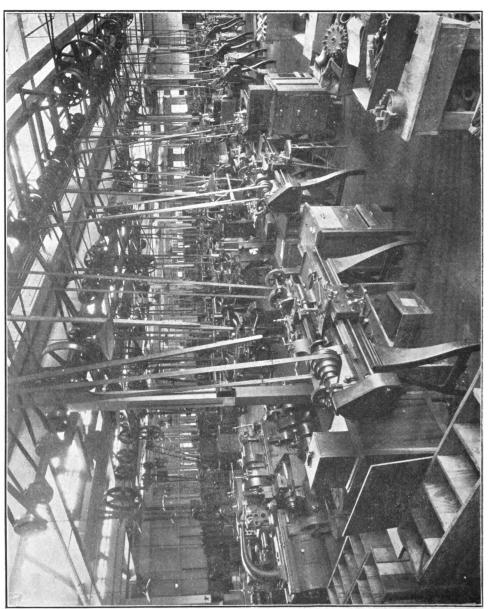
Mr. Collins speaking for the band in a few well-chosen words thanked all present for their patronage, and especially the officials of the Company for the encouragement and assistance given the band, and placed the band at the Company's service at any time.

DROWNING ACCIDENT

We regret to record the death by drowning of operator A. C. Zoutendyk of the Belgian Company, attached to the Dutch ship Winterswyk, in Baltimore harbor. He had been ashore together with 15 other officers from Dutch ships, to attend a meeting for arranging a soccer game to be played on Christmas day. They left the pier in a motor boat after midnight, in fair weather, and apparently struck a log and capsized. A tugboat went to their rescue and saved nine of the party. The missing bodies were recovered two days later. The six victims were buried in Baltimore. all operators from the Dutch ships in the harbor being present.

WAIL OF THE WITLESS

My Tuesdays are meatless, My Wednesdays are wheatless. I'm getting more eatless each day, My home it is heatless, My bed it is sheetless, They are all being sent to the Y. M. The bar rooms are treatless. My coffee is sweetless. Each day I get poorer tho' wiser, My stockings are feetless, My trousers are seatless, By Gosh, I do hate that old Kaiser. I am losing my fat. Now, What think you of that. I am actually thin and bony, Put it down in my log, That now for my grog, I must go for Egg Nog to Samoni. Anonymous.



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Miss Elise Cwen

CHEER UP:

By J. R. Link

It's easy enough to be cheerful and gay
When things are a'goin' right,
It's a cinch to be happy
When your future seems rosy and bright.

But when the clouds begin to darken And troubles loom up ahead, Don't give up the ship, just hearken, Sail on, anchor not with a heart of lead.

For there's many a man worse off than you

Keeps on sailing in spite of the winds, Cheer up, chap; you can make it, too, But,—its going up with a smile, that wins.

NOTICE

New York employees are requested to inform Mr. Payne of any change in residence address in order that the insurance and other records may be kept up to date.

CODE INSTRUCTRESS

Miss Elise Owen is the first woman in the United States to pass the test of the Board of Education for the position of Code Instructor in the "Buzzer"classes to be instituted for men entering the Signal Corps. U.S. Superintendent Jenkins of the Board of Education says: "Miss Owen impressed me as possessing exceptional ability, poise and dignity. a splendid operator. She passed a brilliant examination, securing a 100 per cent. rating. Men selected for the national army and showing technical ability, qualifying for buzzer work, will have it count on applications for commissions in the Signal Corps."

BETROTHAL

The engagement is announced of Alma V. Lawson, Telephone operator head office, to Robert F. Miller, Chief Electrician Radio, U. S. Navy. Miss Lawson has served Marconi valiantly for 5 years, and has won the blue ribbon for efficiency.

Mr. Miller only recently enlisted after yeoman service at Head office dating back to United Wireless days. They are being smothered with good wishes.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Vice President Bottomley, accompanied by Mrs. Bottomley sailed for Porto Rico recently per S. S. Carolina.

Mr. E. M. Thurston has left us after 14 years service to engage in other business. Everybody wishes

him success. Mr. L. H. Cullman succeeds him.

A shower party was given for Miss Lawson recently in which about 50 of the staff participated. She was nearly smothered in packages, and a happy evening was spent enjoying a buffet supper, followed by dancing and a general good time.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB

Superintendent Nicholls recently made a trip to South Wellfleet in the interests of the Company.

Constructor Swett re-equipped the E. L. Doheny, Jr., with a 2 KW standard set at Providence.

The Belfast has laid up and operator Barber is on the waiting list.

J. S. Dodge, who comes from the Southern Division has been assigned to the Calvin Austin.

The Governor Cobb has been transferred to the Boston-Yarmouth service while the Northland is undergoing repairs. Operator Gardner has transferred to the Camden which takes the Cobb's place on the Portland run.

Operator Pratt of the North Star has been dismissed from the service. S. C. Tennery, a New York man, is now junior on the Star.

Operators Eastman and Platt of the City of Rome have been temporarily relieved by operators Grant and Wells.

H. B. Whipple has transferred to the Currier relieving operator Jefferson, who is making a trip across.

EASTERN DIVISION

J. C. Kephart of the Evelyn is now on the waiting list.

H. Ades, junior on the Cascapedia, sailed on the Sagua as junior; H. V. Griffing, of the Norman Bridge, sailed as senior on the Sagua; G. M. Braito,

junior on the Norman Bridge, has resigned.

D. R. Kell, of the Olinda, sailed on the Texas Co's New York.

The E. F. Cragin, new equipment, sailed with J. P. Hunter, a Southern Division man.

M. L. Bergin, senior of the St. Louis, sailed as senior on the Santa Anna, a new equipment; A. Darlington, junior on the St. Louis, took H. T. Solway's place as senior on the Korona; L. F. Muck, a new man, served as junior for a few days on the Santa Anna, but is now junior on the Madison, taking S. C. Tennery's place who sailed on the North Star in place of P. W. Pratt, a Boston Division man, who was dismissed for failing to join the steamer to which he had been assigned.

J. Poppele, senior of the Osage, sailed as senior on the Santa Elena; W. J. Quinn, junior on the Osage, was transferred to the Pioneer as junior.

The Coamo sailed with F. A. Schneider as junior,

J. G. Woltall, of the Paraiso, took G. S. Kirtley's place as junior on the Corning for four days and was then placed on the Perfection; Kirtley sailed as junior on the Caloria.

J. F. Flagg took J. A. Quinlan's place on the Republic, Quinlan sailing on the Bella, new equipment.

- O. Pfaltz, of the Sabine, sailed in J. H. Weikle's place on the Wellington, the latter having resigned on account of being drafted; J. Feingersh sailed as junior on the Alamo in place of J. F. Barstow who sailed on the Sabine.
- P. T. Brown, a re-engaged man, sailed as junior on the Crofton Hall in K. E. Smith's place who has resigned.
- J. P. Huckaby, of the Ruth E. Merrill, sailed on the Monterey in place of L. G. McKellops.



N. Steward, senior of the Paulsboro, is now on the waiting list; the junior, R. Venegas, has been dismissed for intoxication in an American sailor's uniform in England.

D. C. Smith sailed as senior and C. L. Diderich, formerly junior on the Corning, sailed as junior on the Santiago; its former operator, G. Lipsyte, sailed as junior on the Cushing replacing T. L. Dakin, who was transferred to the Apache as junior when her former junior, E. Dynner, was dismissed for too frequent detention by the Department of Justice; G. O. Pedersen, a Gulf Division man, sailed as senior on the Cushing in R. Pierce's place, the latter being on the waiting list at present.

J. Houlberg, formerly junior on the Nassovia, has been placed on the Brammel Point as junior, P. Lesch-

horn, having resigned.

S. Gaskey, senior of the Deepwater, has resigned; P. E. Riese, formerly of the Rio Grande, sailed as senior on the Deepwater; R. S. Savage, of the Santa Paulo, took Riese's place on the Rio Grande.

J. F. Furst, formerly of the Munplace, after serving for three months

on the El Capitan, resigned.

J. T. Crosby failed to report for duty on the James Cudahy and has therefore been dismissed from the service of the Company.

J. S. Spinale, of the Florida and H. R. Lee of the Daylite have re-

signed.

S. Cresse, formerly of the Owasco, sailed on the Senola.

- C. E. Stevens, of the DeSoto, sailed on the Mobila.
- G. L. VanAuken, of the Caddo, has returned to the Pacific Coast; he is replaced by J. J. Voss, also of the Pacific Coast.
- H. Decker, junior on the Owasco, is at present on the unassigned list.
 - G. D. Richardson, formerly of the

Seneca, sailed on the Tanamo.

E. J. Smith, senior of the Charles E. Harwood, sailed as junior on the Ascutney in place of L. Walters who has resigned; G. Gray, junior on the Charles E. Harwood, is now on the waiting list of the Gulf Division.

J. O. Johnson and J. S. Killgore, senior and junior respectively on the Wilhelmina, and H. E. Wright and G. R. Macken, senior and junior respectively on the Seneca, Pacific Coast ship, have all returned to the Pacific Coast.

W. C. Bahls, a new man, sailed as

junior on the Gulflight.

G. O. Pedersen and M. Dreyfus, senior and junior respectively on the Herbert G. Wylie, are at present on the waiting list.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Constructor Manley installed standard KW panel set equipment on the new steamship Santa Ana at Philadelphia. The Edward F. Craigin was also equipped with a ½ KW panel set.

John Canfield has been assigned to

the Cretan as junior.

- J. W. Harte relieved R. Rosen as senior on the Persian at Philadelphia. Rosen has been transferred to the Black Hawk as junior relieving J. W. Casebeer who has been called into Government service.
- U. K. Stagg, of New York, was assigned to the Borgstad at his home port.
- J. S. Spinale, formerly of the Augusta has resigned.

A. A. Angell was assigned to the Augusta at New Orleans.

Earl August and H. R. Butt of the Norlina and Alamance have returned from the war zone and both report pleasant voyages.

J. M. Bassett of the Beatrice rides to and from his ship in his new automobile. He says he is going to try

and find some way to take the machine with him every trip.

We have heard of the death of Constructor Gerson's father. Mr. Gerson has our deepest sympathy in his bereavement.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

The severe cold weather which has prevailed in the Great Lakes Region for the past thirty days has made ice conditions such that vessels plying on Lake Michigan have been compelled to lay up, this being the first instance on record that vessels in the Chicago District have had to lay up on account of ice.

The Alabama has been stuck in the ice off Grand Haven for three weeks. Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to break her way back to Grand Haven. Food and supplies are taken across the ice for the crew remaining on board. Mr. L. L. Lynn, Chief operator of the Lake Michigan District who was assigned to the Alabama was relieved by operator I. F. Born.

The Arizona, Georgia, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, with operators H. A. Lebkisher, J. F. Born, R. W. Eling, W. J. Ferris and E. Prenzel were compelled to lay up.

The Ashtabula laid up for the winter at Ashtabula. Operator Jas. Whalen has returned to his home at Detroit.

The Maitland laid up at Ashtabula and operator Otto Berg returned to his home at Gallatin, Mo.

PACIFIC COAST DIVISION

O. Wihl, formerly the operator on the Motorship Nuuanu, was assigned as operator in charge of the Steamer Ernest H. Meyers relieving E. I. Pynchon, who has been assigned to the Santa Isabel of the W. R. Grace Co.

J. M. Heiligenthal, a new man and coming from Milwaukee, was assigned as junior aboard the Beaver.

J. Spatafore was assigned as

junior on the Celilo.

J. W. Morrow, formerly of the Wahkeena, which suffered severely in a storm off the coast of Mexico, has been assigned as senior on the Colusa relieving J. Dickerson.

K. D. Dogan, a new man in the service has been assigned as jurior on the Colusa relieving P. U. Clark who

has resigned.

G. A. Jensen who has experienced the delights of being submarined about 900 miles off the coast of Spain, was assigned to the Johanna Smith, relieving W. G. Ludgate who has been called into active service.

G. L. Van Auken is now acting operator in charge of the Lidvard,

(Nor.)

C. Hemenway was assigned as junior on the Lurline, relieving H. Cunferman who has been assigned to the Oil Tanker Asuncion.

T. Bradley, who has proven his worth in the coastwise trade, was assigned to the Manoa as junior.

G. C. Owen was assigned as junior on the Steamer Multnomah. Owen is a new man in the service, also a graduate of the S. F. Marconi School.

R. Diamond, formerly of the Colusa, was assigned as operator in charge of

the Santa Rita of the Grace Co. F. T. Cookson, a new man in the

service, also a graduate of the S. F. Marconi School, was assigned as

junior on the Wapama.

The San Francisco Construction department has equipped the following vessels: The Lidvard, with a 2 KW 500 cycle panel set; the Santa Isabel and Tug Undaunted, with ½ KW 500 cycle panel sets; the Coronado, of the U. S. S. B., has been equipped with a Canadian Marconi ½ KW 240 cycle, cabinet type set.

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Hoard, Bonner F. California Holden, Harry H. Massachusetts Howard, Edward S. California Hopko, Stephen, New York Hopkins, Sydney K. New York Hudson, Joel E. Massachusetts Hybarger, Jack A. Louisiana Illingsworth, Fred. H. Pennsylvania Ingalls, Herbert E. Massachusetts Isbell, Arthur A. California Jackson, Arthur E. Ohio Jaggers, Homer D. California Johnson, Dwight V. Illinois California Johnstone, Richard, Jorgensen, Edward T. California Joynes, John T. Michigan Julien, Ira F. Oregon Kasner, Henry P. New York Keefe, Geo. M. Michigan Kent, William P. Pennsylvania Kierstead, Alvin E. New York Kay, Samuel R. New York Kneale, Charles K. Ohio Knieriemen, Joseph, New Jersey Kraemer, Jacob A. New York Kraft, Edwin A. Washington Kreutel, B. G. Kansas Krauter, Charles F. New York Levin, Claude C. New York Lewis, J. B. New Jersey Lindh, Charles A. California Lissner, J. A. California Livesay, James R. California Logue, Wylie G. Texas Lovejoy, Loren A. Washington Ludgate, Wallace G. Jr., Wash. Lynch, Joseph L. New York McDonald, Byron C. California McDonald, John E. Illinois MacGowan, Hubert, Washington macGowan, John N. Washington Main, Alfred J. Ohio Manahan, Walter J. Alaska Manning, P. H. New York Marr, Alvin E. Washington Marthaler, Nicholas J. California Mason, Francis H. Ohio Matheson, William D. California Mathews, George P. Pennsylvania Illinois Mathews, Ralph H. McCarthy, Chas. L. California Maryland McCauley, Thos. E. Mears, Mason H. South Dakota Meldrum, Herbert I. Massachusetts Michl, Eugene X. Illinois New York Miller, Robert F. Mock, Orin S. California Moore, Wm. V. New York Murray, Eugene M. Pennsylvania Morgan, Clarence D. New York Massonneau, Reginald C. New York Maresca, James V. New Jersey Moe, Frederick G. New York Minners, Arthur J. New York Muir, Alfred B. New Jersey Myers, William, Hawaii Neely, James T. Pennsylvania Nelson, Edgar C. California Nelson, Ernest L. Michigan Nelson, Francis A. Virginia Neumann, Walter E. Maryland Nichols, Clinton T. California Nickels, Lee, California Nickerson, H. E. Massachusetts O'Day, Howard H. Maryland Ogles, Lucian G. Missouri New York Orloff, Carl. Oliver, Donald B. Wisconsin New York Oliver, Walter, Passano, Lucian W. Maryland Pendleton, Harold A. New York Patchin, Ivan. Ohio Peterson, Arthur W. California California Peterson, Kenneth, l'hilbrick, J. S. California Pohl, Julius A. Louisiana Powell, Joseph W. New York Price, Walter E. Washington Powell, Rayden S. Alaska Putnam, T. W. Ohio Pyle, Howard S. Oregon Portman, Joseph T. Pennsylvania



Rawley, Palmer B. Pennsylvania Raymond, Frank M. Hawaii Rengo, M. D. New Jersey Reynolds, Gordon P. Louisiana Riddle, Elmer R. California Ringgold, Paul C. Maryland Ritter, David, New York Ritter, Harry S. Indiana Ohio Roberts, H. P. Ohio Rodd, Herbert C. Ross, Burt J. Ohio Rowe, Glenn S. Louisiana Roy, Frank M. Oregon Roche, Walter J. New York New Jersey Schuller, George C. Seidel, Alexander, California Shaw, F. W. California Shecklin, George F. California Sidnell, Robert G. Ohio Simson, Alva G. Washington Silva, Charles, Massachusetts Smalley, Arthur C. New Jersey Oklahoma Spratley, George M. Smalley, Russell C. New Jersey Spenser, Edward R. California Springer, Ben C. Iowa Maryland Stevens, Thomas M. Sterling, George E. Maine Sanders, Edgar C. Louisiana Stelluti, Frank, New York Stewart, Lewis B. Ohio New Jersey Stone, J. New York Svendsen, Michael A. Swanson, Howard, Ohio California Talbot, Norman D. Taylor, Albert, California Taylor, David M. California Teesdale, Robert, California Taufenback, Leslie E. California Wisconsin Tellefson, Elmer M.

Thevenet, Clarence S. Thompson, Maurice, Thompson, Wesley C. Ticknor, Reginald, Tierney, Matthew C. Massachusetts Townsend, Percival J. Troiano, Joseph, Tyrell, Alanson B. Townsend, George R. Uhalt, William J. Vandenburg, Charles M. California Valentine, Ray W. Vermilya, Irving, Villareal, Dewey R. Walden, Myron, Walter, Howard N. Walters, Leslie, Ward, Donald G. Weaver, Charles J. Weikel, John H. Werlein, E. Wesighan, A. West, Howard E. Wexler, Bernard, White, Laurance S. Whitehouse, F. Wiese, Fred T. Wilhelm, Frederick, Wilkinson, Frank O. Williams, Hugh E. Wilson, Walter B. Wolfe, Albert E. Wombacker, Joseph A. Wilkins, George C. Worrall, Joseph A. Wood, Walter E. Woodford, Richard J. Ward, William W. Young, Robert I.

California Connecticut Washington California New York Massachusetts New York Louisiana Pennsylvania Massachusetts Florida California New Jersey Massachusetts Maine New York Pennsylvania Illinois New Jersey Massachusetts Pennsylvania New York New Jersey California Washington Wisconsin California Washington California New York Ohio New York New York California New Jersev Florida



MR. BOTTOMLEY STARTS THE BALL

New York, February 18th, 1918.

The Treasury Department of the United States has appointed the Marconi Wireless Company of America an authorized agent of the department for the sale of War Savings and Thrift Stamps, and stamps of the denomination of twenty-five cents and five dollars, payable in 1923, purchasable now at about four dollars, will be on sale at the Head office and offices of the various divisions, also at Aldene, N. J., and Elm Street, New York.

I cannot too highly advocate and recommend the practice of thrift generally, and more especially at the present time.

All our great men who have risen from a small degree have done so through the exercise of thrift, and we who remain in the mediocre class are there because we have spent instead of saving. Thrift saving is not taking or keeping money from capital or income, so much as saving where expenditure is unnecessary. As a man said when he refused to go into a "Jack-Pot" at a poker game, "It is not what you make but what you save."

My last week's saving is shown as follows:

This saving of \$1.20 is now in War Thrift Stamps.

ing last weeks saving is shown as remained	
On Monday my wife and two daughters went to a knitting class. I called for them in the evening and walked ten blocks.	.05
On coming out from the class my wife suggested we walk home,	
the evening being fine.	.20
Saved	.25
On Tuesday I went to the club and saw a very nice portion on the menu for 75 cents. I said to myself "No meat in war times for lunch" and I took an equally nice portion of fish for 55 cents.	
Saved	.20
On the way back to the office I stepped into the Mirror Candy Store, intending to buy a pound of candy for 75 cents, but I re- membered this is Lent, and said "no candy during Lent."	
Saved	.75
Total saving for week,	\$1.20

All of us, with advantage to ourselves, can do likewise, and I strongly urge every man, woman or child, connected with the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, to at once procure and fill as rapidly as possible a thrift saving card. My motto is—"Every stamp annexed to this card is a dent in the Hindenburg Line."

Hottomley

Vice President, Secretary & Treasurer.

WAR-SAVINGS STAMPS

IN OFFERING War Savings Stamps to the public the United States Government has made immediately available for every man, woman, and child in the country a profitable, simple, and secure investment.

What They Are.

War-Savings Stamps are the answer of a great democracy to the demand of a democratic form of government security. They are "Little baby bonds." Like Liberty Bonds, they have behind them the entire resources of the Government and the people of the United States. They have the additional advantage that they steadily increase in value from the date of purchase until the date of maturity, and this increase is guaranteed by the Government. These stamps are issued in two denominations, the 25-cent stamp and the \$5 stamp.

For convenience of investors a Thrift Card is furnished to all purchasers of the 25-cent stamps. This card has spaces for 16 stamps. When all the spaces have been filled the Thrift Card may be exchanged for a \$5 stamp at post offices, banks, or other authorized agencies by adding 12 cents in cash prior to February 1, 1918, and 1 cent additional each month thereafter. Those who prefer may buy a \$5 stamp outright. These will be on sale from December 3, 1917, until January 31, 1918, for \$4.12. They automatically increase in value a cent a month every month thereafter until January 1, 1923, when the United States will pay \$5 at any post office or at the Treasury in Washington for each stamp affixed to a War-Savings Certificate. When you purchase a \$5 stamp, you must attach it to an engraved folder known as a War-Savings Certificate which bears the name of the purchaser and can be cashed only by the person whose name appears upon the certificate, except in case of death or disability. This certificate contains twenty spaces. If these are all filled with War-Savings Stamps between December 3, 1917, and January 31, 1918, the cost to the

purchaser will be \$82.40, and on January 1, 1923, the Government will pay the owner of the certificate \$100—a net profit to the holder of \$17.60. This is based on an interest rate of 4 per cent. compounded quarterly from January 2, 1918. The amount of War-Savings Stamps sol 1 to any one person at any one time shall not exceed \$100 (maturity value), and no person may hold such stamps or War-Savings Certificates to an aggregate amount exceeding \$1,000 (maturity value).

If the holder of a War-Savings Certificate finds it necessary to realize cash on it before January 2, 1918, he may upon giving 10 day's written notice to any money-order post office receive for each stamp affixed to his certificate the amount paid therefor plus 1 cent for each calendar month after the month of purchase of each stamp. A registered certificate may be redeemed, however, only at the post office where registered.

In other words, the plan is simple, straighforward, and certain. The holder of the certificates can not lose and is certain to gain. He is buying the safest security in the world in the most convenient form in which the security of a great Government has ever been offered to its people.

Why You Should Buy Them.

The main reason for the purchase of War-Savings Stamps is because your country is at war. Your Country needs every penny which every man, woman, and child can save and lend in order to feed, clothe, arm, and equip the soldiers and sailors of America and to win this righteous war in defense of American honor and the cause of democracy throughout the world. If we are to win the war, we must win it as united people. The savings of every man, woman, and child are necessary if we are to hasten the victorious ending of the war. War Savers are Life Savers.

A single strand in the cables which uphold the great Brooklyn Suspension Bridge is not very strong, but thousands of these strands bound together uphold one of the great thoroughfares of the world.

When our fathers and sons and brothers were called by our Country to take up arms in her defense, you did not hear an individual soldier refuse to serve because his service alone would not win the war. Each man was ready to do his part. The great army thus formed is going forward to face the fire of battle and to risk everything for the safety and security of our homes and our families, and for the very existence of our Country. These are the men for whom you are asked to save and lend your dollars. A Country worth fighting for is a Country worth saving for. To save money is to save life. Buy War-Savings Stamps at post offices, banks, trust companies, or other authorized agencies, and strike a blow for our Country.

Secretary of the Treasury.

THE TORPEDOING OF THE ACTAEON

By G. A. Jensen



Our third encounter with submarines within a month which ended disastrously for us, occurred two days aften leaving France for the U. S. We left Bordeaux in ballast and when about thirty miles off shore a hydroplane flew overhead and alighted in the water ahead of us. The observer reported a submarine about twenty miles ahead and warned us to give it a wide berth which we did with pleasure.

Two days later when about 400 miles from France shortly after 7 p.m., we were torpedoed without warning of any kind.

At the time we thought we were practically out of the real danger zone but to our sorrow later found we had a submarine on each side. The torpedo struck in the after part of the ship and sent things flying in all directions in the wireless room.

I was on watch at the time, having relieved the junior operator J. A. Atkins, at 6 p.m.

The ships dynamo was put out of commission by the concussion. Realizing our main set was useless we started testing our emergency set to send distress as we were without convoy and alone. The ship started sinking so rapidly that all hands were ordered to take to the boats immediately. When the last boat was about to leave I went back on deck and slid down the rope falls together with the two men who lowered the boat. When a short distance from the ship a submarine appeared out of the briny deep and started towards us, and while approaching he Morsed with a light to another submarine some distance away. His wireless masts were stepped and his guns trained on us. About twelve of the crew were on deck with automatics in their hands.

When within hailing distance they ordered the nearest boat to come alongside. Being true apostles of the safety first propaganda, the boats started off in different directions bound for nowhere in particular, their object being merely to get as far away from those submarines in as little time as possible.

When torpedoed we were about 150 miles from the nearest land with very threatening weather. The following morning found us battling with a gale which continued until after we were picked up. We sighted land (after sailing 36 hours) which we thought was Portugal, but it proved to be Spain. Shortly afterwards we sighted a small Spanish coasting steamer which we signaled and were taken aboard half frozen and nearly famished.

We landed in a Spanish port the following day, and were taken in charge by the American Consul, given clothes and later sent back to

the United States on a Spanish passenger ship.

Unfortunately all of our boats did not fare as well as we did, some of the crew dying from exposure and thirst before being picked up, and although the official list is not known as yet, the number lost were few considering the trying conditions under which our ship was lost. One boat containing 19 Navy gunners and 5 of our crew has not yet been accounted for.

GOING DOWN



There is a law that for every effect there must be a cause. In the case of the Alamance the effect may have been due to the fact that the second mate took the skipper's black kitten ashore one night and with the aid of his shoe made the poor kitty disappear up a dark alley. The poor kitty never returned aboard. Again, the effect may have been due to numerous improvements made in the rooms of the officers, including Sparks, there being a superstition among mariners that improvements in their rooms will never do the ship any good.

Whatever the cause, the effects may be traced through a chain of minor mishaps to the climax, the torpedoing of the S. S. Alamance on February 5th, 1918, just off the Irish coast. In port, considerable difficulty was experience in taking fuel oil aboard;

and in the middle of the trip the cabin boy nearly died of heart disease; while just outside of the war zone our steering gear carried away and we had to heave to for a few hours till the gear was repaired.

We were in a convoy of 25 ships, escorted by a large British cruiser. At the beginning of the trip we were next to the last ship in the second line, but just before we entered the war zone the positions of several ships were changed, and we were then the second ship in the third line.

On the morning of the fifth we sighted the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, and during the day entered the Irish Sea. Having come so far safely and being then inside, everyone felt secure and gave no more thought to Fritz and his highly explosive toys. Lest some wiseacre nod his head knowingly, I will add that the convoy was still in formation and was zigzaging. We were surrounded by destroyers, light cruisers, and trawlers, also we were highly "cauliflowered" in the latest American fashion, and carried four inch guns mounted fore and aft, with a gun crew to man them.

I was sitting in the Radio Cabin writing, when I heard a tremendous roar and felt the ship give a lurch to port. I remember being thankful that the door had not jammed and lost no time moving out of the room. I ran to the next door aft, which was the entrance to my room, but found it jammed so I ran back to the Radio Cabin and climbed through a cubbyhole which connected my room with the Radio Cabin. It didn't take long for me to get into sweaters and coats and get on deck again. I then ran up to the bridge but finding no one there I went to the main deck just in time to see one of the boats smashed up, spilling several men into the water. Going up to the lower bridge I found the Captain and was told that there was no need of getting out an S. O. S. Both of the starboard boats had been smashed by the seas but the two on the port side were intact, not having been harmed by the torpedo which hit almost under one of them. I hopped into one of these lifeboats and helped to pull away from the ship. We were pulling over to a light cruiser which had stopped for us, but on sighting two men in the water a little distance from us we turned and pulled over, but were beaten to them by a small boat sent out from the cruiser. came alongside us and we climbed aboard, setting the lifeboat adrift. The two men picked up in the water were also put aboard the trawler and proved to be the second mate and a seaman. While they were changing their clothes I went out on deck and watched the good ship sinking, slowly at first and then faster and faster, till the stern was completely under; then she stood on end for a minute and dropped out of sight. As soon as the men had changed their clothes for dry ones given them by the crew of the trawler, we were transferred to the cruiser. There we found the rest of the officers and crew. The officers including myself, were given the use of the officers wardroom. A supper of canned willie and hardtack with tea was served, sugar and butter being included. During the night hot whiskies were served regularly to those who wanted them. Next morning a breakfast of fried canned willie and ham, hardtack, butter and sugar was served. Just before dinner we ran alongside the landing stage of Liverpool and were landed. The ship's company's agent put us up at various hotels after the Alien officers had gone through their usual red tape, and for nine days we lived on fish and chips, without sugar and only a little butter for the war bread. In closing I will say that it was a very happy party that stepped ashore in New York.

Harrey R. Butt.

PAN-AMERICAN WIRELESS

The Pan-American Wireless Telegraph & Telephone Company recently incorporated in the United States, has for its main purpose the closer linking together of the Americas by means of the modern method of communication—radio telegraphy and telephoning.

Its position in the wireless world is most exceptional, having secured the rights to practically all of the valuable radio patents existing to-day. Every possible scientific advantage therefore will be enjoyed by the Pan-American Wireless Telegraph & Telephone Company.

Primarily its activities will be directed to the rendering of a firstclass telegraph service direct between North and South America, to be followed later with extensions to the smaller territories of Central America, Mexico and the West Indies.

By its close association with the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, connection will be made with California, Hawaii, Japan, China and the East Indies and also via New York with Great Britain and Ireland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, France, Spain and Italy. The result of this wireless competition will be a reduction in telegraphic charges and the encouragement of a much freer telegraphic intercourse between the countries so connected.

The general idea of an "All American" commercial wireless service between the South American countries and the United States has been discussed regularly at Pan-American and Scientific Conferences for several years past. The need for such additional means of communication has been long apparent. Brazil and Uruguay have always been totally isolated from the United States telegraphically, except by means of British owned cables, which first cross the Atlantic before connecting with other cables to the United States. The telegraph rates from this country have in consequence been excessively high, and to-day the tariff from the United States to Brazil is considerably higher than that to Argentine.

It remained for Mr. E. J. Nally, Vice President and General Manager of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America to co-ordinate the various interested factions in such a manner that the completed plan and articles of incorporation were approved by our State and Navy Departments. By this remarkable association of wireless interests, the new Pan-American Company is priviledged to utilize the latest Marconi, Fleming and Weagant patents, covering the most sensitive receiving devices known to-day, and also the latest developments of the Poulsen Arc transmitter, which has been largely adopted by the United States Navy in its long distance sending stations.

In addition to the use of practically all valuable wireless patents, the new company is assisted by a combination of the ablest radio and telegraph engineers in the world. The Company's President and General Manager, Mr. E. J. Nally, who is also Vice President and General Manager of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, is a pioneer in the communication service of the United States, having

entered the service of the Western Union when a boy, remaining until he retired as Vice President and General Manager of the Postal Telegraph Company in 1914, to take charge of the American Marconi Company's affairs. Mr. Nally has inaugurated successful long distance wireless services to the Hawaiian Islands and Japan, and also through Alaska. A direct service to Great Britain was interrupted by the war, as was also a further service between the United States and Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Russia.

No telegraph or cable company ever commenced operations under such favorable circumstances, nor was ever the cry for more adequate means of communication more urgent than at present.



EXEUNT THE SCHUYLKILL

By D. C. Smith

The American steamer Schuylkill owned by the Greek Line left New York bound for Piraeus, Greece, on the 13th, of October. Speaking for myself and a few others of the crew, we would have been better satisfied if the good ship had delayed her departure until the morning of the 14th, but what can one expect with a one-eyed black cat aboard!

It was agreed after sailing that the cat should live because he might counteract the ill-omen of our sailing on the 13th. Now I believe that the cat must have been born on the 13th of the month.

We were 21 days going to Gibraltar and after having an English gun and two English gunners put aboard at that place we left on the 13th day for Oran on the north coast of Africa in the province of Algeria.

After arriving at Oran O.K. I decided to see the town. I saw about twenty dollars worth of the place and then decided that Africa wasn't as uncivilized as it was cracked up to be. One can't buy gold bricks in Oran, but one can buy 5 franc notes for five dollars without half trying.

We left Oran without convoy on the evening of the 20th, intending to be in Algiers the next day. I stayed on watch until 5:30 a.m., for two reasons, namely; to pick up submarine warnings and also to figure out a new process by which I could extract money from the skipper to see Algiers when we arrived there.

I came off watch at 5:30 and after hanging all my clothes on a hook in back of the door I turned in. Well the clothes that were on the hook and a few others are on the bottom of the Mediterranean but my B. V. D.s I still have.

The torpedo hit us amidship right abreast the radio room, just an hour and 20 minutes after I turned in. The explosion must have occurred at least 15 feet under the water as the greater part of damage was done to the hull, and the interior of the ship was practically intact except for a few of the partitions that were blown down. The table that the instruments were on was blown down and the instruments were scattered all over the floor. I didn't waste any time in seeing what damage was done but beat it over to where the companionway leading to the deck was and found that it had been blown away. I found a piece of wreckage that I could stand on and then pulled myself up on deck.

The ship had started to list immediately after the explosion and when I reached the deck she had begun to straighten up but was settling fast. Two life-boats had been blown away and the one that I was assigned to was tipped over as it was being lowered.

The usual amount of nervousness prevailed and I was doing my share and a little more of some one else's. After everyone was clear of the ship two of the fellows righted the lifeboat and pulled some of us in. A French destroyer was on the horizon and the submarine after trying to ram the life-boat that later picked us up passed about three feet from me as I was hanging on to a piece of lumber, started to come up and then apparently seeing the destroyer quickly submerged and disappeared among the floating wreckage.

The French destroyer and also an American patrol boat came circling in and picked up the crew. The French boat that picked us up took us into a small town called Tenez that we had passed earlier in the morning. We were treated very kindly there and found that the French people tho' they didn't have anything themselves would gladly give what they did have to anyone that needed it more than they.

We were sent by the French Government over the mountains in big auto trucks to a little town called Orleansville, from there taking the train to Algiers where we saw the American consul and were supplied with what clothes could be bought for us. Then is the time to wish for

an American tailor. We were in Algiers three days and left on a French troop-ship for Marseilles. We arrived in Marseilles at night and left the next night for Bordeaux to take ship for New York.

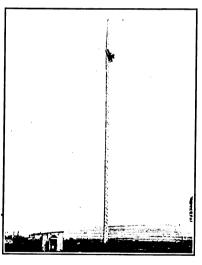
When we arrived in New York on the 14th of December there was no one any more convinced that Sherman was right than I; and another thing that I was sure of was that "Its a great life if you don't weaken."

A THRILLER

This most extraordinary and remarkable photo shows a British seaplane caught in the steel girders of a wireless tower over 300 feet high. The plane while emerging from a thick mist hit the tower and was caught firmly in the steel lattice work. The pilot, who was stunned, was flung from his seat and fell on one of the planes, where he lay unconscious over 300 feet from the ground. The seaplane's engines

were wedged into the interstices of the girders so that the body of the machine stuck out at right angles.

A small party blueiackets were at work painting the tower. One of them. a seaman of the Naval Reserve named Rath, climbed up the inside of the tower until he reached the machine. and



then crawled out onto the ordinary plane to hold the pilot until help came. Two more men, ordinary seamen Knoulton and deckhand Abbott, passed a rope out to him. which Rath secured to the body of the pilot, and lowered him to safety. The gallantry o f these men is accentuated by the fact that the mast was badly

damaged and might have collapsed at any moment. The damaged seaplane was only held in a horizontal position by the engine being jammed between the girders, and at the height of 300 feet, the wind caused the mast and the machine to sway, threatening to fall. The pilot owes his preservation to the intrepid gallantry of these men, who while alive to the dangers they ran, performed the rescue without regard for personal safety. The Albert medal will probably be awarded them for their bravery.

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EIFFEL TOWER

The place of honor this month is adorned by a picture of the tower which carries the loftiest radio station in the world. The tower was built by Alexandre Gustave Eiffel, a noted French engineer for the world's fair in 1889 and stands in the Champ de-Mars, in Paris. It is 984 feet high and is built of iron frame work. The general form is that of a concave pyramid. The base consists of iour inverted piers set at the angles of a square of 336 feet. The piers are connected on thhe sides of the square by huge arches. After rising about 600 feet, the four piers are merged into one. There are three platforms at different heights; the top one over 900 feet from the ground, is surrounded by a balcony and covered with a glass pavilion 54 feet square. Above this rises the lantern which is fitted for scientific observations.

In an underground chamber at the base, the French Government has established a high power radio station for over-seas traffic. The antenna consisting of six wires is attached near the top of the tower, and the wires radiate to supports near the base. The range of the station is very great.

HAVE YOU FOUND HAPPINESS?

Kings have tried to command it; Explorers have sought to discover it;

Wealth has tried to purchase it;
And still it lies within a stones throw of everyone.

Happiness is definable—

It is the diffusion of an exhilarating warmth that flows from the heart. It is the answering echo to a laugh of happiness. It is the mental re-action of a deed bringing joy to others.

Vital essentials for the creation of happiness are—

Human understanding—which is simply sympathetic humanness, and A true heart—which is an honest belief in yourself.

By making a chum of happiness, you make a stranger of misery.

If you are an ice-berg, move to the north pole.

Physical suffering is no more real anguish than physical joy is true

happiness.

If you would suffer agonies untold, cause suffering to some one you love,—a careless word, an uncalled for comment, a scornful look, a deliberate insult, or any of a hundred little things that are often said and done,—invariably have a boomerang effect.

Why pick the thorns, when roses grow upon the same bush?

Why spend a holiday on Barren Island when the fare is the same to Manhattan Beach?

Every day is a holiday to the man who is happy.

Even undertakers can't bury love—and love is happiness—and happiness is making others happy. Try it.

Clarence Cisin.

WRECK OF THE OLIVETTE

P. T. Barkley.

ance, I was called by Junior Operator possible under aola, United Fruit Company, The Mitchell. latter came to our assistance, arriving about 7:00 A. M., and after failing to pull us off, stood by to take passengers until about 9:30 A. M., when had a tug on the way from Havana and would transfer passengers to her.

All passengers were safely transferred about 10:00 A. M. Some thirty minutes later the Captain personally instructed both operators to get all valuables together, as vessel was liable to break in two at any moment. At about 10:45 A. M., he ordered all the crew, excepting those absolutely I told operator needed to leave. Bailey to go below and leave with the rest of crew. At this stage Bailey offered his services and was willing to stand by; I told him it wasn't necessary. He got away on third or fourth boat.

Those remaing were Captain Sharpley, first and second officers, Chief Engineer with some of his men and At 1:00 P. M., the Captain again gave me the option of leaving. At about 2 P. M., all hands abandoned vessel.

The following day the Captain, seas were unable to do so.

On the 14th we were successful and latives.

sent a message to the agent at Havana, requesting Supermtendent Spencer to come out on the next tug and The Olivette grounded at 4:55 A. M., commence dismantling. 1 immediately January 12th, east of Cojimar some started on our apparatus in an endeavor twenty miles from Havana; a strong to save as much as possible, and acwesterly wind was blowing, with companied same on barge to Havana. thick mist and rain, and a strong cur- The following afternoon all our apparatus was dismantled; the aerial Upon Captain's request for assist- also saved. I received every assistance the Bailey. Our calls were answered by from Chief Officer Harrigan, Second Morro Castle, Havana, and S. S. Six- Officer Blair and U. S. Mail Clerk

BETROTHAL

The engagement is announced of our Captain informed Sixaola by Miss Marge E. Kehnle, of the Pubwireless that he could proceed as we lishing department, to Mr. William Gelrath of Montreal, formerly Brooklyn.

IN MEMORIAM

ARTHUR JAMES JACKSON

On or about the 27th, of July, the steamship Shimosa foundered off the English coast and Arthur James Jackson, Radio officer, went down with the ship. No details of the disaster have come to hand.

Mr. Jackson although a British subject, was in the service of the American Marconi Company, and was highly esteemed by its officials. He was born in Somersetshire, and was a large-hearted boy, fond of the country, deeply interested in plant and animal life, a keen sportsman and fisherman, and a great student. desire for sea life impelled him to study wireless, and after joining the Marconi service he was assigned to several important ships. He was a Officers, Chief Engineer, Purser and fine fellow to work with and endeared Mail Clerk Mitchell attempted to himself to those about him by his board the Olivette but owing to heavy generous nature and kindly manner. We extend deep sympathy to his re-



LOSS OF THE HARRY LUCKENBACH

When the Harry Luckenbach was torpedoed on the sixth of January, Radio officer Alfred B. Robinson went down with his ship. The assault was so unexpected, the destruction so complete and the vessel sunk so quickly, that the survivors were unable to give any details of the catastrophe. Mr. Robinson was born in Keighley, Yorkshire, England, November 22, 1895. He took up wireless study in Manchester, at 18, and on graduation came to America, where he decided to settle, entering the Marconi service in January, 1915, his first trip as a wireless man being in South America. He was a youth of fine principles and genial temperament, and was well-liked by his associates. He performed his duties efficiently and fearlessly under trying conditions, and rendered valuable services to the country and its allied nations in the conduct of the war. Our deep sympathy is extended to his family.

SUCCESS

When success in life, not by indulgence, ease and comfort in their youth and middle age, but by presistent honesty, industry, loyalty, veracity, sobriety and punctuality; by living within their income and by not developing credulity; by all the time providing for the worst and the unexpected while hoping and working for the best.





DIANA UVEDALE TYSON

JOHN WATSON CAMPBELL, Jr.



ANNA LOUISE EBERLE



HAMILTON BEATTIE DUFFY

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WARREN C. MAIR

MARCONI BUDS

We present this month, as a finish to the contest, a flock of beauties which we defy any Wireless Company in the world to beat, bar none. They are native born sons and daughters, and this is true of the entire aggregation of young huskies who have adorned these pages in the last twelve months. We are proud of the whole bunch, and next month the winner of the cup will be announced.

John Watson Campbell, Jr., is the son of a young man bearing the same name, who is Receiving Clerk at the Aldene Works. The kid is 4 months old, tips the beam at 17½ pounds, and is the proud possessor of one tooth.

Diana Uvedale Tyson is descended from Norman Tyson, of the bookkeeping department, Head office. She is 13 months old, weighs 20 lbs. 70z., displays 4 perfect teeth, has not been guilty of colic, and her daddy is confident she will win, hands down.

Anna Louise Eberle's proud parent is William R. Eberle, head bookkeeper, Head office. Anna is six months old, weighs 18 pounds, has two teeth and is pronounced perfect by all her admirers. She is blessed with a sunny disposition and never cries, except sometimes.

Hamilton Beattie Duffy, aged 13 months, is the young hopeful of J. B. Duffy, Assistant to the Superintendent of the Eastern division. He is already a clever athlete, and now in training as a boxer. His

pa will back him against all comers.

Edwin P. Greenwell is the son of A. M. Greenwell, Manager Marine station, Astoria, Oregon. He is 17 months old, very fond of roses, and is already quite proficient in listening in. When things go wrong in the interior department, the static he produces is distinctly audible.

Warren C. Mair who boasts of 12 months, is the handsome cherub of G. C. Mair, of the draughting department, at the Aldene Works. In

the opinion of his family he is destined for the presidency.

STUBBORN FACTS

Marconi

Apparatus:

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G. W. Nicholls.

JAPANESE TELEGRAPHS

There are at present over 20,050 miles of telegraph line in use in Japan (compared to 19,627 miles in 1916), representing 101, 480 miles of wire; over 40,000,000 messages are transmitted annually.

A NAVAL RADIO HERO

When the Army transport Antilles was torpedoed, Operator C. L. Ausburne, of New York, stuck to his post and went down with the ship. The Secretary of the Navy has written a letter to the operators family commending his devotion to duty.

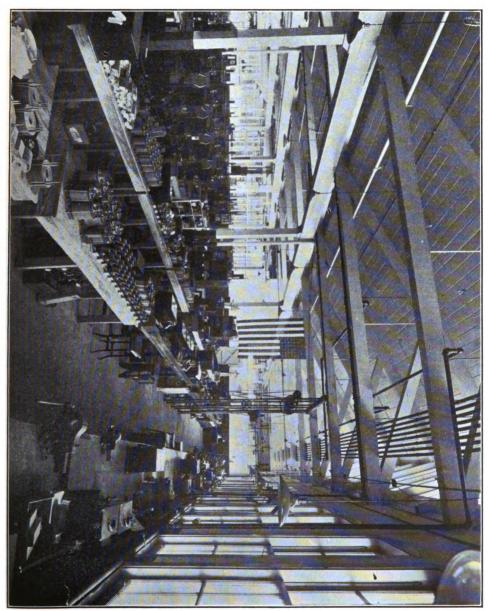
ON THE WING

Orin S. Mock and J. Russell Livesay, of the Pacific division, and now serving on the U. S. S., B. Aeolus, (formerly the Grosser Kurfurst), sailed from New York recently on their third trip through the war zone. They report plenty of distress calls, but no subs have disturbed the even tenor of their way.

MR. DOOLEY ON OPPORCHUNITY

"Opporchunity knocks at iviry man's dure wanst. On some men's dures it hammers till it breaks down the dure an' thin it goes in an' wakes him up, if he's asleep, an' afterwards it wurrks f'r him as a night watchman. On the other men's dures it knocks an' runs away, an' on the dures iv some other men it knocks an' whin they come out it hits them over th' head with an axe. But iviry man has an opporchunity."

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PERSONAL

Eitaro Yokoyama, Engineer, of the Electro-Technical Laboratory, Electrical Exploitation Bureau, Ministry of Communications, Tokyo, who has been traveling in Europe, Canada and America for 18 months, in the interests of his department, sailed for home from Seattle, March 4, on the Katori Maru. He visited all the prominent high power stations, and being a deep student and modest, genial gentleman he has left a train of cordial friends behind. Mr. Yokoyama has been decorated by the Emperor for his research work.



EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Mr. Nally and Mr. Sarnoff have returned from a business trip to Washington.

Mr. Sarnoff, sailed on the Mexico recently for Cuba, to be absent about three weeks. Mrs. Sarnoff accompanied him.

W. P. Kelland, of Baltimore, was a recent New York visitor.

Mr. Weagant, Mr. Everett and Mr. Ogden, have returned from Florida, where they have been engaged in research work.

The Marconi Institute has been formed to operate schools of Radio Instruction throughout the country for the purpose of training operators for the army, navy and merchant marine. Branches are already in operation in New York, Cleveland, and San Francisco, and will shortly be opened in Chicago and Boston. Mr. Nally is president.

The Marconi Institute in collaboration with the Victor Talking Machine Co., has placed on the market a complete set of phonograph records giving a course of home instruction in Radio receiving, and traffic routine. The records were made by Mr. H. Chadwick, Traffic instructor at the New York branch of the institute.

Miss M. E. Foss, of the Publishing department has resigned to resume her studies.

tudics.

EASTERN DIVISION

T. Bowen, formerly of the Amelia, sailed as junior on the Westoil. He was replaced on the Amelia by J. Boa, formerly of the El Norte. W. H. Nussbaum, formerly second on the Concho, sailed in Boa's place on the El Norte. W. R. Mercer, junior of the Esperanza, relieved E. C. Stephens on the S. V. Harkness. Stephens sailed as junior on the S. V. Harkness.

C. R. Crosby of the Kiowa is now on the sick list.

J. F. Barstow, formerly of the Sabine, sailed on the Florida. W. K. Storrs who has been on the waiting list sailed in Bartow's place on the Sabine.

A. G. Berg, formerly of the Santa Barbara, stood by the Northland for three days, and was finally assigned to the Daylite. L. J. Michaels, first on the Comal, and D. Carruthers, of the Navahoe, sailed as first and second respectively on the Northland. H. McGuire who has been on the waiting list sailed in place of Michaels on the Comal.

J. H. Weikel was assigned to the Plymouth by Mr. Chapman when W. F. C. Hertz, its former operator, was transferred to the Shenango, to take the place of C. E. Onens, who is at present on the waiting list.

E. T. Erickson, first, and G. O. Potts, second, on the Pleiades have both been placed on the unassigned list: Potts, however, has subsequently

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sailed on the California as junior instead of S. J. Levinsky, its former junior, who has sailed as junior on the Saskatoon. A. Cruttenden, formerly of the Mundelta sailed as senior on the Saskatoon. W. L. Clement has been replaced as senior on the California by R. E. Dale, formerly of the E. L. Doheny, a Gulf Division steamer.

The San Giorgio sailed with R. G. Martin, a re-engaged operator.

M. Cohen, of the Lackawanna, has replaced H. McGuire on the Charles Pratt.

C. Stellmach, formerly of the W. D. Munson, sailed as senior, and E. D. Hallett, a new man, sailed as junior on the Momus.

C. W. Wood, of the waiting list, has relieved R. S. Savage on the Rio Grande, the latter returning to Frisco.

When the Saruga was torpedoed and sunk, her senior, W. J. Neel, and junior, S. J. Kulikowski, were placed on the unassigned list.

The junior operator on the Carolina, G. Burkhart, has exchanged places with the junior on the City of Montgomery, H. Koehler.

The Craster Hall sailed with a junior operator assigned at Baltimore, N. Brudenell.

H. R. Wolfe, a Navy operator but new to our service, sailed as junior on the Antilla.

W. L. Clement, formerly first on the California, sailed on the Ocamo.

When the Baton Rouge laid up, G. B. DeLaHunt was placed on the unassigned list.

The same thing was done with T. Peskin when the Sunlite laid up.

J. B. Jackson, the junior of the Franklin, is now on the waiting list; and the senior, H. A. Tucker, has been dismissed.

C. L. McCarthy, of the Saranac, has resigned to enter the Government Service.

Navy operators having been furnished to the Yadkin, D. Levin is now on the waiting list.

H. C. Bucholz, former junior of the E. L. Doheny, is sick in Scotland. J. P. Drummond, an English Co.'s operator was supplied in England.

The Borgestad, a Southern Division vessel, sailed with J. P. Hunter.

T. L. Dakin sailed on the DeSoto, of the Pacific Coast.

Clarence Cisin, whose pet pastime appears to be toying with torpedoes and with burning ships, and whose contributions to the Service News have been so acceptable to its readers, has resigned, to enlist in the Navy.

It is with much satisfaction that we record the rescue of operators Cecil S. Carter of New York, and J. B. Murphy of Brooklyn, from the wreck of the Florizel. No details have yet reached us.

J. A. Atkins, of the Pacific division, who was rescued from the Actaeon where he was serving as junior, passed through New York recently on his way home.

H. T. Munroe, who was shown in the February Service News as being dismissed from the steamer Warrior, has been exonerated and reinstated.

GULF DIVISION

L. E. Adler and L. E. Brasher, senior and junior respectively on the Mexico, have been sojourning at Vera Cruz for the last two months, owing to this vessel being taken over by the Mexican Government. We understand, however, she is now bound for New Orleans.

C. M. Alvested is still assigned to the San Ramon, and is keeping up the good work.

P. J. Barkley who is now senior on the Mascotte, was senior on the Olivette at the time she ran ashore on the Cuban coast. He gives an in-

teresting account of his experience in another part of this issue.

P. A. Bailey, who was junior on the Olivette when she was wrecked, is now on the San Cristobal.

J. E. Broussard, the old standby for the Excelsior, is making one trip

on the Coahuila.

H. C. Bucholz, who was assigned to the Ed. L. Doheny as junior, was removed to the hospital on the vessel's arrival in Scotland. We hope by this time he is on the road to recovery.

A. F. Christiansen of the Panuco is having a well-deserved vacation of four weeks, as his vessel it at present laid up at Mobile.

R. Clark is junior on the Mascotte.

C. A. Coe, is assigned to the Harold Walker.

W. G. Colby, a new man, is on the tug Tormentor.

G. E. Englebrecht has succeeded H. H. Tilly on the Mexicano.

O. C. Temple and K. J. Fruebing are still on the San Juan.

L. V. Grissom still remains on the Marina in Porto Rican waters.

M. H. Hammerley is standing by the G. E. Paddleford during salvage operations.

P. A. T. Hendrix, a new man, is assigned to the Tamesi.

S. N. Hill and R. L. Wolter, are senior and junior respectively of the Ponce.

W. L. Hillie is assigned to the Torres in place of J. A. Burch, who has left our service.

E. Hulsemann in on the tug Pan American. He is one of the youngest operators in this division, and from all reports is making good.

R. D. Magann and S. C. Hymel, are still traveling between New Orleans and Havana on their old home, the Chalmette.

J. E. Kane is assigned to the Bacoi.

G. J. King is junior on the Excelsior.

W. J. King has been assigned to

the Pennant on account of Bernet being removed as an alien enemy.

A. Krog seems to be contented on the C. A. Canfield.

Leo Leighton is still assigned to the yaoht Casiana, which vessel is doing station duty at Tampico.

A. Lizarraga and G. W. Shuman, are still assigned to the Jalisco as senior and junior respectively.

H. M. Neely, a new man in this Division, is on the William Green.

S. L. Parkin is still assigned to the I. M. Danziger.

F. C. Patch is aboard the Ed. L. Doheny, Jr.

C. J. Scott, the one armed typist is still on the Harry Farnum.

W. E. Slauson who just returned from Key West, has been assigned to the Coahuila.

C. D. Sweeney is on the Walter Hardcastle.

G. F. Thompkins is assigned to the Catania.

S. J. Weiss, is on the XLCR, as The new way of spelling Excelsior is an invention of our Division Traveling Inspector, J. E. Broussard.

A. P. West is assigned to the Buccaneer.

F. E. Zahn is on the Frederick R. Kellogg.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Constructor Manley, installed 1 k.w., 60 cycle equipment on the Desdemona at Philadelphia.

Operators Osterloh and Baskin were detached from the Dorchester, when the ship laid up at Philadelphia.

J. P. Hunter, was assigned to the Borgestad at New York.

Harvey R. Butt, formerly of the torpedoed steamer Alamance, has returned to Baltimore. He had an exciting trip but is anxious to return to the zone.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Operator J. H. McCauley on account of the death of his father.

J. B. Jackson, has been assigned to the new steamship Santore. Constructor Sinclair equipped her with a ½ k.w., Canadian cabinet set.

J. H. Weikel, has been assigned to the Plymouth as junior.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

No one has ever sung the praises of the Great Lakes in the News so far, so in this issue, (if the editor will let us), we are going to try to tell the ocean-going readers of the Service News, of the charms of the Great Lakes. Some operators say they prefer salt water, but before the war there were a number of men from cur district who would operate in the Gulf or Eastern division during the winter months, when the Lakes were closed to navigation, and return with the opening of traffic in the spring, usually about April 15. They said they liked the coast, but the Lakes were better.

The opening of navigation this



Personnel of Cleveland

Top row—left to right, H. C. Rodd, formerly of S. Y. Nokomis; Lieut. F. H. Mason, former Supt., H. D. Cromer, C. P. O., Geo. Grostick, former Mgr., Mackinae, I'd, H. K. Trump, a recruit, R. G. Sidnell, opr, R. S. Smith yeoman.

season will find the Lakes Division with more jobs on its roster for distribution than ever before. Most of the newly-equipped vessels will make long trips from Buffalo to Duluth, or Cleveland to Duluth, or Buffalo to Chicago. Those trips take from three days to a week to make.

It is claimed that during the coldest part of the season our office cat, Pheobe, says that there wasn't any coldest part, that it was all cold, Lake Erie and several other lakes being completely frozen over. Rumor has it thus, but we did not brave the cold and wint'ry blasts to prove it.

Vesselmen are commencing work on refitting ships already. It takes a month or more to put a freighter into shape after a winter's hibernating. Passenger vessels take longer still, for the reason that all fixtures and furniture is removed, and the interior must be painted and renovated.

Vesselmen predict a phenomenal traffic on the Lakes this year. The reason assigned is the oft-heard one of railroad congestion. It is expected that the bulk freighters will have more than they can handle. Total tonnage is reduced somewhat this year, but most of the freighters are too long to be of use to the Shipping Board on the coast.

There will be a greater number of equipments on the Great Lakes this year than ever before, because of the several fleets of freight vessels which have signed contracts for equipments.

For several reasons only a few freighters were equipped, but our Superintendent, Mr. Nicholas, has lined up a number of previously skeptical vessel owners and the freight ships will have the ½ k.w. cargo sets this summer.

The Marconi Institute for the Cleveland district has opened in the Lenox Building, Prospect at East Ninth St.

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The Instructing Engineer-in-charge is Mr. Adelbert J. Gogel. He has been in the radio field for nearly ten years, and comes to as from Toledo, where he was constructing and designing engineer for the W. B. Duck Company. Mr. Gogel is an associate member of the Institute of Radio Engineers and an experienced theory man. We look for a large number of experts soon under the new school system.

KAHUKU

Mr. Nally has given much attention to the beautifying of the unattractive, treefess plot where the Marconi station is located on the beach, exposed to strong and continuous trade winds, heavily laden with salt spray from the breakers on the near-by reefs. Hundreds of trees and shrubs recommended by the Territorial Forestry department, were planted a year ago.

Most of the iron wood trees on the east side have had a very substantial growth, averaging about eight feet high, some of them twelve. Those on the south side and the lower sections on the north side were killed by the salt water, but have been replaced, and are now doing well. Those around the cottage, power house, operating building and hotel are mostly doing very well.

A new row of trees is also thriving along the East side of the road, from the main gate to the Sand-Blast House. The hibiscus shrubbery does not thrive in the salt air. Some of the crotons are doing very well. In another year the tree growth and shrubbery will make a most decided change in the heretofore bleak appearance. Many new small trees have been set out and reset.

PACIFIC DIVISION

A. H. Doty, formerly of the Idaho, has been called into active service.

C. Heck, Junior Operator of the Rose City, was relieved by C. J. Phillips, a new man in the service, and a graduate of the Marconi Institute. Mr. Heck's relief was due to illness, but he is now back again on his old assignment.

E. R. Spenser, formerly in charge of the Columbia, has been called into active service.

J. A. Gilliland, has been assigned as junior aboard the Celilo, relieving J. A. Spatafore, who has resigned from our service. Mr. Gilliland is a new man in our service, also a graduate from the Marconi Institute.

H. L. Johnson, has been assigned as operator in charge of the Cabrillo, relieving T. Lambert, who was taken sick a short time after his assignment to that steamer.

C. F. Trevatt, formerly in charge of the Iris, has been assigned to Bolinas. We are expecting to hear most any time that Mr. Trevatt has taken a partner to accompany him through life.

The San Francisco Construction Department during the month of February equipped the A. C. Bedford with a 2 k.w., panel set.

MAKING CERTAIN

Little Esther was saying her bedtime prayers and in conclusion, asked: "Please, dear God, make San Francisco the capitol of California."

"Why did you ask that, Esther?" interrogated her mother.

"Because I wrote it on my examination paper that way."



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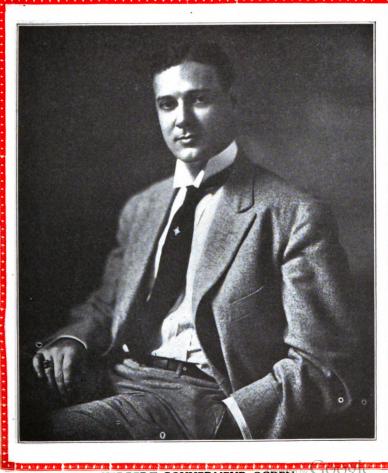
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Ludgate, Wallace California California Texas Washington Ludgate, Wallace Lynch, Joseph L. Wash. New York

McDonald, Byron C. California McDonald, John E. Illinois MacGowan, Hubert, Washington ...acGowan, John N. Washington Main, Alfred J. Ohio New Jersey Manner, A. J. Manner, A. R. New Jersey Manahan, Walter I. Alaska Manning, P. H. New York Marr, Alvin E. Washington Marthaler, Nicholas J. California Mason, Francis H. Ohio Matheson, William D. California Mathews, George P. Pennsylvania Mathews, Ralph H. Illinois McCarthy, Chas. L. California McCauley, Thos. E. Maryland Mears, Mason H. South Dakota Meldrum, Herbert J. Massachusetts Michl, Eugene X. Illinois Miller, Robert F. New York Mock, Orin S. California Moore, Wm. V. New York Morgan, Samuel, New Jersey Murray, Eugene M. Pennsylvania Morgan, Clarence D. New York Massonneau, Reginald C. New York Maresca, James V. New Jersey New York Minners, Arthur J. Muir, Alfred B. New Jersey Myers, William, Hawaii Neely, James T. Pennsylvania Nelson, Edgar C. California Nelson, Ernest L. Michigan Nelson, Francis A. Virginia Neumann, Walter E. Maryland Nichols, Clinton T. California California Nickels, Lee. Nickerson, H. E. Massachusetts O'Day, Howard H. Maryland Ogles, Lucian G. Missouri Orloff, Carl, New York Oliver, Donald B. Wisconsin Oliver, Walter, New York Passano, Lucian W. Maryland Pendleton, Harold A. New York Patchin, Ivan, Ohio



California Peterson, Arthur W. California Peterson, Kenneth, California Philbrick, J. S. Louisiana Pohl, Julius A. Powell, Joseph W. New York Price, Walter E. Washington Powell, Rayden S. Alaska Putnam, T. W. Ohio Pyle, Howard S. Oregon Pennsylvania Portman, Joseph T. Quinby, E. J. New Jersey Rawley, Palmer B. Pennsylvania Raymond, Frank M. Hawaii Rengo, M. D. New Jersey Reynolds, Gordon P. Louisiana Maryland Ringgold, Paul C. New York Ritter, David, Ritter, Harry S. Indiana Roberts, II. P. Ohio Ohio Rodd, Herbert C. Ross, Burt J. Ohio Rowe, Glenn S. Louisiana Roy, Frank M. Oregon New York Roche, Walter J. Schmitt, Lawrence R. Ohio Schuller, George C. New Jersey Seidel, Alexander, California Shaw, F. W. California Shecklin, George F. California Sidnell, Robert G. Ohio Simson, Alva G. Washington New Jersey Smalley, Arthur C Spratley, George M. Oklahoma Smalley, Russell C. New Jersey Smith, Alan P. Maryland California Spenser, Edward R. Springer, Ben C. Iowa Stevens, Thomas M. Maryland Sterling, George E. Maine Stewart, Lewis B. New York Sanders, Edgar C. Louisiana Stelluti, Frank, New York Stewart, Lewis B. Ohio Stone, J. New Jersey Svendsen, Michael A. New York Swanson, Howard, Ohio California Talbot, Norman D.

Taylor, Albert, Taylor, David M. Teesdale, Robert, Taufenback, Leslie E. Tellefson, Elmer M. Thevenet, Clarence S. Thompson, Maurice, Thompson, Wesley C. Ticknor, Reginald, Tierney, Matthew C. Massachusetts Townsend, Percival J. Troiano, Joseph, Trostle, Clayton, Tyrell, Alanson B. Massachusetts Townsend, George R. Uhalt, William J. Vandenburg, Charles M. California Pennsylvania Valentine, Ray W. Vermilya, Irving, Massachusetts Villareal, Dewey R. Walden, Myron, Walter, Howard N. Walters, Leslie, Massachusetts Ward, Donald G. Weber, John E. Weaver, Charles J. Pennsylvania Weikel, John H. Werlein, E. Werner, Edward A. Wesighan, A. West, Howard E. Massachusetts Pennsylvania Wexler, Bernard, White, Laurance S. Whitehouse, F. Wiese, Fred T. Wilhelm, Frederick, Wilkinson, Frank O. Williams, Hugh E. Wilson, Walter B. Wolfe, Albert E. Wright, Roscal C. Wombacker, Joseph A. Wilkins, George C. Worrall, Joseph A. Wood, Walter E. Woodford, Richard Ward, William W. Young, Robert I.

California

California

California

California

Wisconsin

California

California

New York

California

New York

Louisiana

Florida

Maine

Illinois

California

New Jersey

New York

California

Wisconsin

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New York

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Indiana

Jersey Florida

Ohio New York New York California

Washington

New Jersey

Washington

California

New Jersey

New York

New York

New Jersey

Connecticut

Washington

FRONTISPIECE

We take pleasure in introducing to our readers this month Mr. Herbert Gouverneur Ogden, Attorney and Counselor at Law, the new head of our recently enlarged Legal Department, who has been with us since December, 1917. Mr. Ogden comes to us well-equipped, by education and experience, to take over the work of this department, which includes intricate patent matters relating to research and development work in the radio field. He was born in Newark, N. J., forty-four years ago, and comes of Revolutionary stock, counting among his direct ancestors a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Ogden's boyhood was spent in Washington, D. C., and after having passed through the public schools and the Washington High School, he graduated from Cornell University in 1896 with the degree of Mechanical and Electrical Engineer, but with the intention of fitting himself to become a patent lawyer instead of an engineer.

Returning to Washington, he entered the office of a prominent firm of patent lawyers and attended the law lectures at night at George Washington University, graduating in 1898, and then took a post-graduate degree in law at the Georgetown University in 1900, and the next year a special course in patent law. He was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia in 1901 and admitted in the State and Federal Courts in New York in 1905.

It is a curious coincidence that while in Washington in 1899 the firm with which Mr. Ogden was associated was requested by Mr. Betts, to make a report on the scope of the original Marconi patent, and Mr. Ogden was called upon to make the actual search, which had an important bearing on the subsequent successful litigation under this patent. This was his first initiation into wireless, which came at the very threshold of the art.

Coming to New York in 1902 as a patent lawyer, he kept up his interest in wireless and while in business for himself in 1910 he was appointed New York counsel for the National Electric Signaling Company, and was engaged largely in wireless litigation. In 1915, after a settlement of the litigation with the Marconi Company, which he was instrumental in bringing about, he became a member of the firm of Sheffield & Betts, the Marconi Company's counsel, and was engaged in work for the Marconi Company, so that he is not by any means a stranger to our executives.

When not engaged in patent work and wireless matters, Mr. Ogden delights to work on his farm at Stamford. The Ogden's have five children, three of whom go to the District school, and they are allowed to run loose on the farm, so to speak. Mrs. Ogden, is said to be a fine farmer. When this country declared war on Germany, Mr. Ogden turned his business, temporarily, over to one of his former partners, and engaged in productive work on his farm and in war work under the direction of the Governor's Council of Defense in Connecticut, in increasing food production; but at the call of the Marconi Company he dropped his plow, figuratively speaking, and returned to assist in the great work our Company is doing not only for its own interests but for the nation.

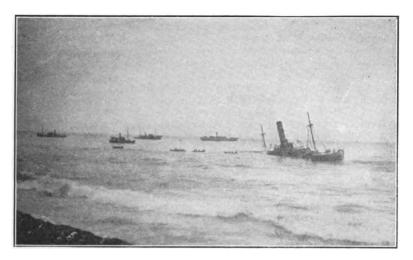


AN OCEAN HORROR

By Cecil S. Carter

Such were the ghastly headlines in the St. John's (N. F.) newspapers Monday, February 25. Groups of people in the streets were discussing the loss of the Florizel off Cappyhaden, 13 miles east of Cape Race; and well they might, for she was the only connecting link with outer world, since the Germans sunk her sister ship, the Stephano, off Nantucket, in 1916; although there is an unreliable railway which meanders across the island and sometimes connects with a ferry to Cape Breton. More serious, however, was the frightful loss of life, 94 souls perishing out of a total of 138, while the sufferings of the survivors were beyond description.

We sailed from St. John's Saturday night, little dreaming that the majority of the ships company would perish before dawn. I turned in soon after being relieved at 2 in the morning and soon fell asleep.



A succession of sickening thuds brought me to my feet and I heard an S.O.S. call on the pony wire connecting with the radio cabin. Jumping into my uniform, shoes and overcoat I ran to the radio cabin, but how I got there I do not know. Heavy seas were breaking over the decks, smashing and carrying away everything movable including boats. I sent the junior operator, Murphy, to the captain to get a position report, which he brought me under conditions of great peril. I sent out the message which read "S.O.S. Florizel ashore near Cape Race, fast going to pieces."

The power set worked for about ten minutes, when the power failed, the lights went out and I was able to use the auxiliary gear for a short time, when a huge comber crashed down on the cabin, and the gear was put out of commission, as the masts went by the board. Hearing a call from Murphy I rushed outside only to meet a terrific sea and a cry to hold on, which 7 or 8 of us did to the rail on the lee side of the cabin. This was about the blackest moment in all my experience. While the Florizel pounded on the rocks, huge volumes of water crashed down on her; and with dead bodies floating around, the deck filled with wreckage, and groans and calls for help which could not be answered, the sight was one I never wish to see again. After half an hour the cries ceased, for alas! the voices were stilled in death.

As the temperature was freezing and we were drenched, we, with great difficulty entered the radio cabin. Stragglers joined us until about 40 people were crowded into the room, only 8 feet square. The last arrival reported the captain's cabin, bridge and smoking room swept away. These superstructures carried about 50 souls to eternity. The radio cabin door was next washed away and we replaced it with a piece of carpet. We were packed like sardines, half clothed, wet, hungry, thirsty and expected every moment to be our last. This continued for

27 hours. Sunday afternoon the wind shifted and things looked a bit more hopeful. One poor chap, a returned soldier whose wife and child had been washed from his arms, died Sunday night from exposure and grief, and the re-opening of old wounds, which bled freely. Towards night we sighted two steamers and our spirits rose, only to fall as they drew off on account of darkness and high seas, which made rescue work too precarious. Once more we faced a night vigil, and started it by singing "Nearer, my God, to thee," which the darkness and surroundings rendered most pathetic. Then we sang "John Brown's body." Hope revived later on when I managed to signal the Prospero with a flash lamp, telling her how many were on board alive. (When I got ashore I learned that the watchers on the beach believed that we had all perished.) The Prospero told us that they had launched one boat, but it was capsized and the occupants nearly drowned; and that they would try again at daybreak.

At the first streak of dawn the rescue work started in earnest. The picture gives a very good idea of it. The small boats are dories—flat-bottomed boats which will ride almost any sea—and it was in these dories that the rescue work was accomplished. One dory was anchored near the wreck, a line being passed on board, and this line enabled the dories to maintain their position while the survivors leaped 4 or 5 feet into the nearest one. If one made a bad jump, a cold bath was the result, as the seamen were too busy managing the dory to assist. All who went overboard, however, were fished out. Great praise is due the heroic rescuers who worked under the most perilous conditions.

After being taken on board the rescue ships we received every attention and were put to bed. Five hours later we were landed back in St. John's where ambulances and nurses met us. Some of the survivors were badly beaten up and several went to the hospital, with broken arms and ribs, and frostbite. The third officer's face was terribly lacerated and he had to undergo a very serious operation, his nose being fractured and his lip badly cut. Murphy and I were detained in St. John's to testify at the inquiry held by the crown; but beyond the severe shaking up we got, I don't think we can grumble, and it is needless to say that we are thankful to be alive.

IT WORKS WHILE YOU SLEEP

Few realize how fast interest accumulates. Here is a concrete example worthy the consideration of all our readers.

A woman walked up to the savings window of the Minnesota Loan & Trust Company yesterday and presented a pass book dated 1891, containing a single entry, one for \$2,850.

"I want to withdraw what I have coming to me," she said.

The teller figured a minute and asked her whether she wanted currency or a check. His pen never sputtered as he wrote a check for \$7,349.16, covering initial deposits and accrued interest of \$4,499.16. Interest for the period had been compounded quarterly, part of the time at 4 per cent and part at $3\frac{1}{2}$.

GUATEMALA PROSTRATE

The following quotation from a letter from a resident in Gaztemala written soon after the earthquake, reveals some of the horrors of which

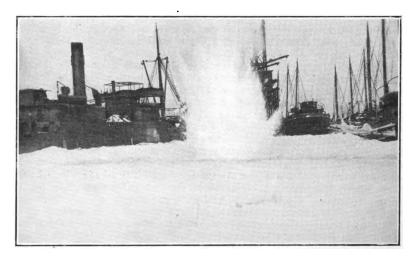
Dame Nature is capable:

"We had an awful time here. The British legation and our house are complete ruins, and we are living in tents in the legation garden. None of us was hurt in any way, but we all thought we were going to Kingdom come! We had four goes of it; the 25th December, the 29th December, the 3rd January and the 24th January. On the 25th December we were having a quiet (!) Christmas dinner with the Young's when at about 10:30 down came most of the house, before we dared get out. You can imagine how my wife and I flew home to the kid, whom we found outside in the middle of the patio. On our way home houses fell about our ears, but thoughts of the boy led us on in oblivion (thank God) of the danger we were running. Then at about 11 p.m. we had such a rattle, our dining room fell flat in the patio at our very feet. We then caught up the kid in a blanket and did a Marathon to the open space in front of the legation, where we remained for an hour or so. During all that time the earth shook like a huge great jelly, and we felt like the poverbial flies. If we had not been conscious of the possibilities, indeed the imminent danger of being hurled to the infinite on a mass of cinders and lava, or adversely of being let down to --Australia or New Caledonia, or some such ungodly place, the whole experience would have been rather amusing. The loss of life was very small, considering the extent of damage. Really the town is one heap of debris, and I only know one house which withstood the shocks, and a very few that will be habitable even when the roofs are put back and the walls strengthened with re-inforced concrete.

Christmas night we slept eventually (at about 2 a.m.) in beds on the Legation lawn, and when at dawn I awoke, sore in mind and body, dressed in a dinner jacket, etc., well, really, it felt like old times. next day was spent in salvaging operations, between the shocks. felt something like a huge game of snapdragon—running into one's house and snatching one's things, a pair of trousers, a top hat, a boot. a razor, etc., and in the excitement one brought out the most ridiculous things, dust bins, door mats, shoe scrapers, a cocktail shaker, my wife's curling tongs! All these were placed in the middle of the street. It was most exciting as there was always the possibility of the whole house collapsing on one like a pack of cards, or else the entrance falling in and one becoming a prisoner. The idea was to make a rush, grab the first thing to hand, and out again. We were none of us in our best form on December 26th, after the happenings of Christmas day, and the shock we had when we saw the houses falling, and thought of the kid in charge of three useless servants. We were all prone to little attacks of nerves, and even now, if you drop something behind us suddenly, we positively jump. You will never believe what really happened here till you see it. There is not a church of any sort, which is available for even a most temporary service. They are all completely ruined. The Grand hotel has lost its top story, and the Imperial is-well, just an uninhabitable

ruin. So likewise is the Railway station, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. the Palace, the Postoffice, Hospital, Cemetery, and this latter is deserving of a description by a more worthy pen than mine, but you can imagine what happened to those miles, almost, of walls in which the poor were buried, seven tiers high. These all fell down, as did the elaborate mansoleums of the rich, and as the doctor said who was charged with cleaning it up and burning the 12,000 bodies, he had to dispute with the dogs and buzzards for the bones. No grave above ground was intact. I went to see it, a few days after. It was a pitiable sight; and to think that it was the only thing that had been well done, and cared for in Guatemala. It was a melancholy and triste affair. I could tell you lots more, had I time. One poor lady on the point of confinement fled from her bed at 11 p.m. to the Central Park and passed the night there in a straight back chair, with her two year old boy with bronchitis and a temperature of 40 degrees. It was all so very like the horrors of the retreat through Serbia that it seemed quite natural. Then there was the mix-up in the hospital and the asylum, but the possibilities of tragedy and light opera were never more potent than on that night. With all that I have put on 10 pounds weight, and was never more fit. Carrying on war work in a house made of old doors and windows, zinc, wood, rags, and any old thing!

Best regards.



A REMINDER OF WINTER
Steamer Ruth ice-bound at Searsport, Maine, released by use of dynamite.

PAN-AMERICAN WIRELESS PROJECT

Plan to Link Up Every Portion of Western Hemisphere in Commercial Communication

The wonders of wireless telegraphy have been made the subject of many a poetical dissertation, but the theme is one of which we never tire, because something new is always being planned or achieved.

It was to marvel when the first telegraphic communication without the aid of wires was established, but the skeptical sneered at the suggestion that any practical use could be made of the device, and, of course, were absolutely certain it could never have the range of line telegraphy.

From little more than a pretentious scientific toy, wireless was soon installed on ships, and it was thought to be of inestimable benefit to mankind if it could only serve the purpose of calling for aid when a vessel struck upon the rocks or was foundering anywhere near a coast.

Bit by bit the plants were improved until first the seas and then the oceans were spanned. Messages to ships in midocean could be relayed to stations on the opposite side, and that seemed wonderful until it was found possible to communicate from one hemisphere to another without the aid of vessels at sea. From this it was only a step to sending wireless messages all 'round the globe; men at a station in the midpacific talking to New York, London, Berlin, Tokio, Melbourne and Alaska.

With this the force of science could no further go, and all that remained was for commercial enterprise so to extend its operations as to cover the whole globe with radio stations working on a business basis. Science had proved that the thing could be done, and it was for commerce to make wider and wider uses of the invention.

Of the many recent commercial extensions of wireless perhaps the most important project is that of the Pan-American Wireless Telegraph and Telephone Company, which seeks to establish communication between the United States, Mexico, Central and South America.

With such a concern in successful operation, Pan-Americanism will be advanced as it could have been by no other means. The various republics will be brought into the most intimate touch with one another, and if better knowledge is the basis of better understanding, and better understanding of better friendship, the Americas may become more united than ever through the unifying of wireless communication.

There could be no more favorable time than the present for such an undertaking. Cut off as is the Western world from communication through trade with Europe, it has immediate need of taking every advantage of its commercial self-sufficiency. This hemisphere is a world unto itself, and, if necessary, can live unto itself so far as trade and commerce are concerned. The war having presented that necessity, nothing can assist in the work of demonstrating how self-contained we are like more immediate communication of our wants and resources.

It may well be, if this is to prove a very long war, the Americas will foster mutual trade on a basis undreamed of in the days of peace, and to this much desired result the Pan-American wireless system can contribute very largely.

More closely welded together by commerce, we will be more of one

mind on those world problems of mutual concern, and, as the essentially peaceful hemisphere, we may be promoting the universal concord of mankind.

A world united by wireless may prove more united than it could be by any other means.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

SOME TOW

The Lurline left Honolulu for San Francisco at noon on the 16th of February. At 9 a.m., on the 18th we received a message from the Sacramento (U. S. M. V.) saying that their engines were disabled beyond repair, their wireless was unable to communicate with Honolulu, and they were helpless and needed assistance. Their position was about 750 miles from Honolulu. Ours was about 500 miles from Honolulu. We replied giving our position and approximate time of our arrival in their position. At 12:45 p.m., we got a message from the Sacramento saying that they were drifting about one and one half miles to the westward per hour and giving their noon position. At 3 p.m., took a code message from the Sacramento for relay to Pearl Harbor.

At 11:30 the next day we got the Sacramento in tow, telling them that we would take them down to the San Francisco and Honolulu track where the Manoa would soon be along and could take charge of them. At 8:45 p.m., we received word from Pearl Harbor which advised us to try to get the Manoa to take the Sacramento in tow and bring to Honolulu.

At 11:15 p.m., we got a message from the Manoa which said that they would take the Sacramento in tow, so we got on a new course, steering for the Manoa. On the 20th, at 2:15 a.m., we sent word to Pearl Harbor telling agents that we would meet the Manoa and transfer the tow. At 4:15 a.m., we got word from Pearl Harbor which gave orders to Lurline to proceed to Honolulu with the tow. Our course was again changed, this time for Honolulu. At 10 p.m., we received word from the Manoa which advised us that they had received a message from San Francisco telling the Manoa to take the Sacramento from the Lurline and tow to Honolulu, allowing the Lurline to proceed to San Francisco. At 10:15 p.m., we told the Manoa that we could not reach San Francisco with what fuel we had, so must return to Honolulu, and would keep on going.

On the 21st, at 12:45 a.m., we got a radio from Pearl Harbor telling us to transfer the Sacramento to the Manoa. At 11 a.m., we informed Pearl Harbor of the necessity of returning to Honolulu for fuel oil, and advising that we would keep the Sacramento in tow. From this time until our arrival at Honolulu we were in constant communication with shore station.

At noon on the 22nd, the Manoa passed us at a distance of about one fourth mile. We arrived at Honolulu about 2 p.m., on the 23rd, and took fuel which caused a loss of three hours, and at 7:30 we were again on our way to San Francisco. There was considerable trouble with static on the 18th and 19th, but it grew less and we were out of

communication very little at any time with Honolulu. The total of messages handled by this station was 37 sent and 33 received or 70 messages altogether.

F. I. THROOP, Operator in charge.

MRS. DUGAN'S DISCOVERY

Wan day win I was after rummagin' in me cellar Oi found wan dozen champagne bottles goin' t' waste, and t'was a pity t' see thim go t' waste. Oi tuck a look at thim and Oi seen they was all in good condition, excipt they was full of champagne water. Puttin' the twilve bottles t' wan soide O' procured a cork screw and houldin' the bottle tight between me knees—which Oi had covered wid rosin t' prevent th' bottle slippin'—O' drew out the cork.

Oi laid th' cork t' wan soide an' emtied th' contints ov th' bottle

down th' drain, excipt wan small tumblerful, which Oi drank.

Oi thin removed th' cork from another bottle, an' emptied th' contints down the drain, excipt a small tumblerful which Oi drank.

Oi thin removed th' cork from another bottle, an' emptied th' contints down th' drain, excipt a small tumblerful which Oi drank.

Oi thin removed th' cork from the cork an' emptied th' drain down th' contints, excipt a small tumbler which Oi drank.

Oi thin removed another drain from th' contints,—and emptied th' small cork down th' tumblerful, excipt a bottle, which Oi drank

Oi thin bottled another small remove—from th' tumbler—excipt a small corkful—which Oi drained—and continued th' drink down th' bottle

Oi thin tanked a bump from 'nother bottle an' Oi mean Oi dranked a kump—Oi mean Oi cackled a—Oi mean Oi conkled—Oi—Oi well, anyhow, Oi did it t' all thim twilve bottles.

MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA Executive Office

To each and every employee of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America:

You country is to-day engaged in an unexampled struggle for liberty, not only for this country, but for the whole World, and everyone, of either sex, should do everything possible to aid and support the Government.

Two Liberty Loans have already been offered to and subscribed for by the American public. The Third Liberty Loan will be issued early in April, and it is my desire and the desire of each member of the Executive of this company that everyone should use his or her best effort to take at least one Liberty Bond of \$50. Subscriptions must be made prior to May 1st.

Jay Cooke, one of our greatest bankers and financiers, in 1863, at which time this country was in dire straits on another liberty fight, having first staked everything he had in the World on the security of the American Government, issued the following:

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS AND CAPITALISTS!

"You have a solemn duty to perform to your Government and to posterity.

Our gallant army and navy must be supported by every man and woman who have any means, large or small, at their control. The United States Government, to which we owe our prosperity as a nation, security of person and property of every sort, calls on each individual to rally to its support—not with donations or gifts—tho' who could withhold them—but with subscriptions to her loans, based on the best security in the World."

I cannot add anything to the sentiment which is conveyed by these few words, and it should touch the heart of every person reading it.

Jay Cooke adds:

"Your nearest patriotic Bank or Banker will supply this loan, on which so much depends."

I will go a little further than that and say my company will supply the necessary funds to purchase any amount of bonds subscribed for by its employees and same can be repaid on a weekly, semi-monthly or monthly basis at the radio of \$1.00 per week for each \$50 Bond (deducted, if desired, from wages checks).

Further, to encourage subscriptions, I would say should any person become ill and thereby financially distressed, that the money paid in will be refunded.

Do not sit by the fire warming yourself when your country calls you to action in the greatest crisis the world has ever seen.

tomley

Vice-President and Treasurer.

THE FIRST WOMAN RADIO OPERATOR SENT TO SEA

In our January issue Baltimore laid claim to the sending of the first woman operator to sea, the date being December, 1917. This has been challenged, and research into the archives reveals its inaccuracy. Back in 1910, Mrs. Tucker was assigned to the Indianapolis, running out of Seattle. In 1912, Miss Mabel Kelso was assigned to the Mariposa, plying beteween Seattle and Alaska; and during the same year Mrs. Sickles was detailed to the Roanoke, also in the Pacific division. Also in 1912, Miss Graynella Packer was placed on the Clyde Liner Mohawk, and in 1917, Miss Elizabeth L. Du Val entered service on the Merchants and Miners liner Howard. This we believe, brings the American record up to date. Now lets hear from our foreign contemporaries.

S.O.S. OF THE S. S. KERSHAW

On Wednesday, March the 12th, we were calmly and peacefully sailing along headed for Boston and I was copying press from Naa, (Arlington). At 10:38 p.m., we received a terrific jolt. At 10:40 another staggering bump was felt, and the ship shivered from stem to stern. Immediately I was called to the pilot-house and ordered by the Captain to send the S.O.S. Newport, R. I., answered immediately and said that he would inform the Scott Wrecking Company at once. ashore at Montauk Point. By this time the poor Kershaw was lurching violently from side to side, and continued to do so for two hours. First I sent the S.O.S. while Mr. Muldoon held the coupling handle, as the iolts made it revolve. Then he sent the S.O.S., while I held the coupling, and answered phone messages from the pilot-house. The jolts had become so violent that several times I was thrown away from the telephone onto the sending panel, but got back each time, with no injuries to the panel. Mr. Muldoon, then went to the pilot-house to work the Morse lamp with a boat, which was coming from Georgica Life-Saving Station. He stayed there until morning working the lamp. I tied the coupling handle with a rope, and continued my watch steadily until 3 p.m., the following day, when my nineteen hour watch ended. Meantime I had got Fire Island and he said he was sending us the Revenue Cutters, Ranger and Tuscarora. These arrived at 10 a.m., on the thirteenth and took most of our passengers off in their boats. The rest we sent ashore, to Georgica Life-Saving Station, by means of the breeches buoy. Went on watch again at 8 p.m., on the thirteenth as usual, and sent messages to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston, by order of the Captain, informing the Merchants and Miner's offices in these places of the accident.

At 2 a.m., on the 14th, went to bed as usual, and in the morning Mr Muldoon called me at 7:30 saying "Get up quick." I jumped out of bed on the floor, landing in 8 inches of water. This stimulated my desire to get dressed quickly and see what was doing, so I went into the wireless room immediately and saw Mr. Muldoon coming back from the pilot-house with a message and a wave about fifteen feet high seemed to be pushing him. It knocked him into the wireless room flat on the floor, and flooded the place, putting the apparatus out of commission, and filling the room with water almost to the motor-generator.

We went to the Captain's room to report this to him and then stayed there until 1 o'clock, when I returned to the Radio room and drove out a plug in the floor, which I had put there in 1914, to fill up a hole. This drained the room of water. I washed the salt from the apparatus, and rubbed it with vaseline to dry it. It then worked fine. I had just reported it fixed, when the first mate ordered me into the last of the life-saver's boats, which was just leaving the ship. Descending the swaying rope-ladder into this motor boat, I was ashore in six minutes. We were welcomed by the people of East Hampton, who under the auspices of the Red Cross, had prepared coffee and sandwiches for us in a little pavilion on the beach, and we warmed up by oil stoves. They gave us a dinner at the East Hampton Hotel, and at 6.04 p.m.,

we left for Boston by train, arriving at New York about 10:30 in our wet clothes. Next morning we landed in Providence at 5:30, had breakfast aboard the Gloucester, and about noon continued our trip by train to Boston.

Mr. Muldoon stuck to his duties continuously for 19 hours without sleep, working the Morse lamp all night, and helping me in the wireless room in the morning, after which he assisted the others down below.

with their work

Captain McDorman handled the wreck with great skill and it was due to his efficient management that every one was saved, and as far as I know no one received a scratch. It is expected that the ship will be hauled off without serious damage.

Otto E. Curtis.

THE MARCONI INSTITUTE

25 Elm Street, New York

In order to keep pace with the growing demand for expert radio telegraphists, the Marconi Company has recently completed its new school known as the Marconi Institute.

The object of this article is to give our readers a brief account of the new Institute and so enable them to appreciate the efforts of the company to serve the nation in its time of need by placing at the disposal of those entering various branches of the radio naval military service, the best equipped institution of its kind in the country.

Both day and evening sessions are held.

The hours of the day class are from 10 A.M. to 12 noon and from 1 P.M. to 4:30 P.M., Saturdays from 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon. The evening classes hold sessions from 7:30 P.M. to 9:45 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive.

There will be established a third class, to convene at 3:30 P.M. and close at 7 P.M. This will provide instruction for men who are unable

to attend at other hours during the day.

Under the present arrangement, technical instruction in the day class is given from 10 A.M. to 12 noon Monday to Friday; code instruction from 1 P.M. to 4:30 P.M. Monday to Friday, and Saturday from 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon, with the exception of a half-hour traffic class which is held on Wednesday from 3:30 P.M. to 4 P.M.

In the evening class technical instruction is given Monday and Thursday from 7:30 to 9:45 P.M. Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday are

devoted to code and traffic instruction.

The code room, which can accommodate 275 students, is divided into three sections, beginners, intermediate and advanced.

The beginners room is arranged so that the necessary individual instruction can be given, the arrangement being such that any two, three, or six students may work together. Here students must attain a speed of six words per minute before being placed in the intermediate division.

The intermediate section is comprised of 4 tables accommodating 60 students, arranged according to speeds from 8 to 18 words per minute.

The advanced section contains six divisions, and accommodates in all 165 students. Here pupils are placed according to their particular needs, whether it be sending or receiving practice. Weekly tests show the students' progress.

Head telephones which are energized by special motors are provided, the apparatus giving a perfect reproduction of wireless telegraph signals.

All tables are connected to the master-table so that the instructor is enabled to supervise the entire school. He is able to communicate with any section of the school by merely changing a telephone plug. Control of the motors, pitch and strength of signals, is also in his hands.

The students' tables are equipped with transmitting keys, enabling

them to communicate with one another.

Call letters of prominent ship and shore stations are assigned to the various tables and traffic is dispatched after the method employed at commercial stations.

In addition, a Wheatstone automatic transmitter is in daily use. By means of this device messages which have previously been perforated on tape are automatically sent to the class at any desired speed. This apparatus is a duplicate of that employed at the high power transmitting stations for sending press and commercial messages to ships.

One of the features of the Marconi Institute is its class devoted to instruction in the dispatch of wireless traffic. The instructors in this department are especially qualified through years of practical and extended experience.

Students are taught thoroughly the regulations of the International Telegraphic Convention, and also the special regulations issued by the Bureau of Navigation and the Naval Communication Service.

Laboratory Equipment

The Institute is supplied with the most advanced types of wireless telegraph apparatus developed by commercial wireless companies The equipment consists in part, of:

- (1) A 2-k.w., 500 cycle quenched gap panel transmitting set with all accessory apparatus for its commercial operation.
 - (2) A standard ½-k.w., 500 cycle transmitting set.
 - (3) A ½-k.w., 500 cycle submarine set.
 - (4) A 1-k.w., airplane set.
 - (5) A 1/4-k.w., 500 cycle cargo type transmitting set.
 - (6) A 2-k.w., 240 cycle disc discharger transmitting set.
- (7) A 1-k.w., non-synchronous rotary transmitting set with switch-board and all auxiliary appliances.
 - (8) Standard auxiliary or emergency transmitter for use on ships.
- (9) A complete storage battery installation with switch-boards and all accessory apparatus for instruction in the maintenance and care of storage cells.
- (10) Several of the latest types of receiving tuners employed in commercial service.
 - (11) A Marconi Direction Finder Set complete.
- (12) Numerous types of wavemeters, decremeters, and special parts of both transmitting apparatus.

Experimental apparatus is constructed by students as part of the



course. Those who show special ability in conducting experiments are encouraged to make further investigations into radio telegraphic measurements, thereby fitting themselves for advanced work. Special instruction is given in the theory and practical operation of the vacuum tube.

Examinations

The final examinations of the Institute are suited to the particular branch of radio telegraphy which the student desires to enter. In the technical examination a passing mark of 75 per cent is required and in the examination covering radio traffic a rating of not less than 80 per cent is required. At the completion of the course a certificate is issued to the student upon which is recorded the number of hours he has attended, his rating in the theory of both radio and radio traffic, and his knowledge of American morse and continental telegraph codes.

Graduates of the code division must be able to transmit and receive at a speed of twenty words a minute in the Continental Morse telegraph code.

The Instructing Staff at present is as follows:

E. E. Bucher, Director of Instruction.

Ralph Batcher, Instructor in Elementary Electricity and Magnetism

H. Chadwick, Advanced Code and Traffic Instructor.

C. Sandbach, Advanced Code and Traffic Instructor.

G. Lathrop, Elementory Code and Traffic Instructor.

Miss E. Reading, Assistant Instructor.

The training staff will shortly be increased to fourteen men.

The directors of the Institute believe that for the present it can serve the country in no more effective and patriotic manner than by freely offering counsel and aid to technical schools in process of forming radio classes to assist our government.

The Institute stands ready to help all such schools in every possible way, particularly in outlining a definite classroom course for technical and code instruction. This is not an entirely new function of the Institute; it has acted in a similar advisory capacity to training schools throughout the world, particularly since the United States entered the war.

MARCONI BUDS

For twelve months the Editor has been floundering in a sea of doubt, as to the awarding of the trophy cup. Each one of the entrants has appeared to him as possessing some special qualification as a prize winner, and as each new face appeared in these pages, the Editor has become more and more befuddled, until at the close of the contest he finds himself up a tree. He has been unable to induce any Marconyites to serve on the committee he had relied on to assist in selecting the best baby. Finally a committee consented to serve on condition that their names should not be divulged. Several sessions were held but an agreement on any one baby was out of the question. The sessions were at first inharmonious, but scenes of acrimony and hair-pulling followed and session after session broke up in disorder, until finally an agreement





THE WINNER

was reached that is was impossible to agree, when it was moved and duly seconded that the names of the entrants be put in a hat, and the winner drawn by one of the committee who should be blindfolded. By this method peace and harmony were restored; and, after shaking hands all around, the Editor's hat was placed on the table, the names of the entrants were inscribed on slips, which were placed in the hat and thoroughly shaken. Miss—— was securely blindfolded, and under the watchful eyes of the others of the committee, drew forth the name of Ruth Heisel, daughter of Mr. Gus Heisel, of the Commercial department. She was declared the champion Marconi bud, and the winner of the contest. The Editor only regrets that there are not cups enough to go around, as he is convinced that each baby is the best.

Distance not only lends enchantment, but even more often it lends courage.

THE CALL OF W DOUBLE I

The winter sun has settled. Darkness is creeping near, The moon slips behind a cold black cloud, Denying the world of her cheer. A sentry stands faithful to duty, As out through the limitless sky, Crashes the call from loval America, The call of W double I. It speaks, and the whole world listens, And in the far off city of Rome, A happy American sailor, Hears the call from his Home sweet Home. It comes to the listening German, As the eagles own warning cry, And he shudders as he hears that warning. The call of W double I. The Frenchman hears and is comforted, For he knows that it speaks with power, He knows that aid is coming, Though he knows not the day nor hour. The load on his heart is lighter, As he settles back with a sigh, It comes to his ears as music. The call of W double I. Out on the wind swept ocean, The sailor hears the call, He knows it comes from America, The grandest land of all. He grasps its high pitched music. As it crashes through the sky, 'Tis to him as the songs of angels, The call of W double I. In distant cold Alaska, A soldiers eyes grow bright, As he murmurs, "Yep, that's him calling, And he's coming good to-night." And he sits and listens closely, With that stern look in his eye, For he knows, 'tis the voice of Old Glory, The call of W double I. The moon comes out from her hiding, And smiles her praising cheer, On the land of free America. Whose call she too must hear. The clouds roll away to the southward, The stars peep down from the sky, And the whole world stops to listen,

The call of W double I.

H. R. Webster, U. S. Navy.

FACTORY NOTES

Friday evening, March 15th, was another historic day in the development of our manufacturing department, at Roselle Park, when the new westerly addition to the factory was dedicated. This extension is a duplicate in style and construction of the easterly addition, completed less than a year ago and which was described in a former edition of the Service News. It contains about 25,000 square feet of floor space, which has been urgently needed to take care of the work on hand.

The employees of the factory took advantage of this opportunity to hold a reception and dance in honor of the Works Manager, Mr. Stein, and the General Foreman, Mr. Benson. Mr. F. C. Newell, Jr., the chief draftsman, was chairman of the committee of arrangments, and in eloquent speech paid tribute to the personalities of the two guests of honor, and took occasion to express on behalf of the men of the Works in all departments, their hearty desire to co-operate with Mr. Stein and Mr. Benson in the great work which they are so ably carrying out.

Following Mr. Newell's address, which was heartily applauded, Mr. Zimmerman, of the inspection department, presented Messers, Stein and Benson with a souvenir of the occasion, and also seconded Mr. Newell in all the good things he had said for the guests.

Following these formalities was the dance and interspersed between dance numbers were a number of entertaining features, such as vocal selections rendered by men in the factory, and an exhibition of magic by Mr. S. Esposito. Following the entertainment, refreshments were served by Mr. Howlett.

Our own Marconi Band did itself

proud on this occasion, rendering the entire musical program. This occasion will long be remembered by every employee, who with his family, was present, for the reason that it gave an opportunity for the men and their families to meet socially. Such was the good time enjoyed that there is a spirit abroad in the factory looking for the next opportunity to have a similar celebration.



January 28, at the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, N. Y., A. D. Mc-Kenzie, of the Engineering staff at the Marconi Works, to Beatrice Wolley, of Brooklyn, formerly of the Auditing department at the Marconi Works.

Every time a woman sees a mirror she pauses to reflect.

Purchasing Agent—"Does everything one buys go to the buyer?"

Comptroller—"Decidedly, Martin."
P. A.—"Then how is it that when
a person buys coal it goes to the
cellar?"

PERSONAL

Samuel Campbell for 4 years in charge of the H. P. Station at Chatham, Mass., is now on special work at H. O., N. Y., the Chatham station having been taken over by the Navy for war purposes.

Clarence Cisin the operator who bears a charmed life, has resigned and entered the Navy as Ensign, sailing for the war zone on one of the Dutch ships recently command-

eered at New York.

K. Kambara, Secretary to Depa tment of Communications, Tokyo, is in New York, and will visit various cities in the interests of his department.

B. J. Ross, Jr., formerly one of the storekeepers, at the Works, who enlisted recently in the Navy, has been commissioned Chief boatswains mate, and is attached to a patrol boat in New York waters.



EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Mr. Nally sailed for South America April 17th, on the S. S. Carillo, accompanied by Mr. Winterbottom, on business of the Pan-American Wireless Company, to be absent several weeks.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB

The set on the Belfast, scheduled with the Camden to replace the White Flyers on the New York run this season, has been re-located by Constructor Swett.

Storage battery sets to operate the main sets were installed on the Maihar and Port Philip.

Constructor Gardner equipped the Anglo- Chilean with a coil set.

Operators Entwistle and Dodge of the Calvin Austin were relieved by Navy operators at Philadelphia.

Sargent was relieved by Navy operators on the Newton, and transferred to the Malden, temporarily relieving Martin who went to the Gov. Dingley.

H. T. Munroe was assigned to the

Currier for the New York District, relieving Whipple.

Operators Walter and Sullivan, new men, were assigned to the Gov. Dingley. Sullivan was called into service with the Signal Corps after being in our service only a few days.

The shipping Board has requisitioned the Gov. Cobb and operators Barber and Travis have lost their home. Philbrook will be unhappy to learn of the discontinuance of the Yarmouth service, as he had been casting anxious glances at the Cobb in anticipation of a much hoped for vacancy.

EASTERN DIVISION

J. Boa, the Amelia's operator, is now on the waiting list. He has been replaced by H. C. Scher,

B. J. Harvey, of the El Valle, sailed on the Sabine, replacing W. K. Storrs, who was dismissed for failing to report direct to the El Valle. R. J. Preis, of the Creole takes Harvey's place on the El Valle.

Preis is succeeded by G. W. Pope as junior on the Creole; and L. R. Schmitt, its senior, having resigned to join the Naval Reserves, has been replaced by J. C. Stewart, formerly of the Santa Rosalia.

H. Ely, formerly junior on the Santa Rosalia, has been transferred to the Gulf Division.

W. J. Neel, junior on the Huron, has replaced L. D. Payne on the Morro Castle. H. T. Williams sailed in Neel's place on the Huron.

J. J. Michaelson, of the Northwestern, has returned to San Francisco.

J. R. Churchill sailed on the F. Q. Barstow instead of G. W. Pope, who is at present in a hospital at Baton Rouge.

H. McGuire and H. J. Decker, senior and junior respectively of the Comal, have been relieved by F. E.

Leach and R. W. Culbert, who sailed as first and second respectively on said ship.

The Satsuma is at present without operators, P. Harrison, senior, being on one month's leave, and J. E. Weber, junior, having resigned to join the Navy.

The Santa Isabel was transferred from the Pacific Coast Division with E. I. Pynchon, a Pacific Coast man, as operator.

H. W. Davis, of the Margaret has resigned to join the Naval Reserves.

After the unfortunate catastrophe which disabled the Susquehanna, her operator, R. C. Thomas, was transferred to the F. W. Weller.

The Apache's junior, R. F. Guy, has resigned. He has been replaced by H. D. Taylor.

The Cascapedia, a Canadian Co. steamer, sailed with L. D. Payne as junior.

When Navy operators were furnished on the Silver Shell, her senior operator, H. J. Liggett, resigned to join the Signal Corps, and her junior, R. C. Wright, resigned on account of being called for service in the National Army.

P. Veneman, the junior of the Algonquin, was promoted to senior when F. W. Rosenquist was removel; P. Tragni relieved Veneman as junior.

P. W. Clement, of the Susanna replaced D. Carruthers as junior on the Northland.

J. A. Quinlan arrived in New York on the Rochambeau, the Bella, on which vessel he sailed for France., having been taken over in France by the U. S. Government.

When the Florizel was lost at sea, C. S. Carter and B. J. Murphy, first and second respectively, were placed on the unassigned list.

The Sinola was sold to the French Government; her operator, C. E. Stevens, returned to New York on the Rochambeau, and relieved W. Elfenbein on the Munrio, the latter resigning on account of some misunderstanding he had entertained in regard to the new wage schedule.

J. F. Diehl and W. Cox, senior and junior respectively on the Dayton, have both resigned. The vessel is at present laid up at Baltimore.

H. J. Decker has relieved J. Feingersh as junior on the Alamo. Feingersh sailed on the Standard II.

When the Pioneer was supplied with Naval operators. E. Meyer, first, and W. J. Quinn, second, were placed on the waiting list and the unassigned list respectively.

W. W. Redfern sailed as junior on the Cherokee instead of J. E. Boyle, who has been dismissed for failing to report on sailing day.

The J. S. Whitney's operator, T. J. Alderman, has been transferred to the Gulf Division.

C. C. Langevin, senior, and J. Sokutis, junior, have been transferred to the Brazos and the Great Lakes Division respectively. They have been replaced on the Nacoochee by C. L. Jones, formerly of the Polarine, and W. J. Quinn as fiirst and second respectively.

When Langevin was placed on the Brazos as senior, L. F. Kendall was demoted to junior and E. Fabian, its former junior, was removed.

H. Wiswell was removed from the Polarine where he served as junior when Navy operators were supplied.

The Owega is at present without an operator, F. W. Harper having been loaned to Elwell & Co., for a trip on the Cape Ann.

G. A. Marsh, formerly of the Charybdis, sailed as senior on the Weathersfield, a Canadian Co., ship. W. A. Slack was sent from Montreal to sail as junior on this vessel.

The Trinidadian sailed with R. Preece.

H. T. Munroe was assigned to the Currier when H. B. Whipple resigned.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Constructor Manley installed a 2 k.w. 500 panel set on the Broad Arrow, at Camden.

Constructor Sinclair installed a ½ Canadian cabinet set on the Santore, at Baltimore.

H. T. Monroe relieved T. S. Brown for one trip on the Ontario.

L. H. Graves relieved A. A. Angell on the Augusta.

Constructor Gerson resigned to enter the Government Service, at Newport News.

Carl Rutland, clerk at the Philadelphia office resigned. He was relieved by C. Owens and he in turn by F. Atlee. Owens says nothing like ship life.

The Kershaw, of the M. & M. T. Co., was beached about 20 miles from Montauk Point. Operators O. E. Curtis and J. J. Muldoon took a ride in the breeches buoy and landed safely. Their personal effects were left behind. Otto is mourning the apparent loss of his "Ionic relay." Latest reports from the M. & M. T. Co., say that the ship will be saved and taken to Boston.

C. Owens relieved F. Atlee on the Grecian.

O. E. Curtis relieved W. P. Grantlin on the Nantucket owing to the illness of the latters mother, who has since died. Grantlin has our deepest sympathy.

L. Assadorian was assigned to the new steamer Sabine Sun.

L. Ainley relieved C. R. Hahn on the Toledo.

W. Osterloh took the Meade from Newbort News to Boston.

GULF DIVISION

Senior operator Adler, late of the Mexico is confined to his home with a mysterious illness. We understand that he is to have an X-ray examination and we all hope for the best. Junior operator Brasher has succeeded him and McCann has rentered the service as junior on the Mexico.

Operator Bailey seems to have at last found a home on the San Cristobal. For a man with short experience he is possibly better than a lot of the older ones as his records on the San Cristobal show four to five hundred miles in the daytime in Mexican waters with 2 k.w. nonsynchronous set. We have been advised privately that he sports a motor boat while lying in Tuxpam; by the way, this is furnished by the Steamship Company.

We understand the P. J. Barkley, of the Key West Division is to substitute Q.C. for P.J., Q.C. meaning quick change. Barkley has been assigned to the Miami twice and also to the Mascotte twice; all within twenty-five days time.

Senior operator Broussard, of the Excelsior has as junior, H. Ely, who is from the Eastern Division.

Operator Christiansen remains on the Panuco.

Operator Coe is on the Harold Walker.

Temple and Fruebing are still doing their bit on the San Juan.

Operator Grissom is on the Marina in Porto Rican waters.

Operator Davis, after being on the unassigned list for five days, has been assigned to the Miami at Key West.

Operator de Bellefeuille, an old Marconite from the Pacific coast, has been assigned to the Mexicano.

Operator Hammerley is still standing by the Geo. E. Paddleford which

is ashore on the Tampico jetties.

Hill and Wolter remain on the Ponce.

Operator Hille has been transferred to the Coahuila from the Torres.

Operator P. E. Cassels, late of the Joseph R. Parrott has resigned to enter the aviation service.

J. P. Leahan, a new employee, is assigned to the Danziger relieving Clement, who required medical attention.

The Southern Division is no longer in a class by itself, the Gulf Division now having a woman wireless operator, Miss Lena Michalsen, who has been assigned to the Tamesi. To make things a little more homelike she is fortunate in having her daddy, master of the vessel.

We are sorry to report that operator Zapata, of the Spanish vessel Aragon, which is controlled by the Belgium affiliated company, died at the Marine hospital, March 14th, after long suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis.

Sickness seems to be very prevalant of late in the Gulf Division. Operator Pindado, of the Gene Crawley, was taken to the Marine hospital on his arrival from Mexico as a passenger on the Tamesi. Pindado has been suffering from severe hemorrhages and we hope that now that he is to get the proper treatment, he will soon be with us again.

A. R. Russell has re-entered the service and is assigned to the Pennant.

Operator Slauson is at present on the Torres.

T. J. Alderman is again in the Gulf Division and is junior on the Breakwater.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

Lake vessels are being made ready for service as fast as possible. The engineers crews are putting the last touches on the engine-room, while the deck officers are getting the last coat of paint on and attending to the last detail. At the same time the radio men have not been idle. past month has been a busy one for this division. There have been many new equipments to install, and all of the old ones to overhaul and repair. Constructor S. E. Leonard completed installation on the A. M. Byers with assistance of B. L. Chapman, an old timer on Lake Erie. Installation has commenced on four vessels of the Reiss Steamship Company. All the new equipments will be the regulation ½ k.w., cargo set, with the type 112 tuner.

In the Chicago district, operator J. A. Goosirich, of the Arizona is absent on leave. E. Prenzel is now on the Arizona. J. F. Born, of the Georgia, has been transferred to the Illinois. R. W. Elling is now on the Indiana. These vessels have defied the ice of Lake Michigan for the greater part of the season.

On March 25, Otto Berg took the Maitland out. She is the first vessel on Lake Erie this season. The Ashtabula, car ferry, went into commission April 1, with Joseph Whalen in charge. Both Berg and Whalen held the same posts last year. J. A. McCaffery was assigned to the Conneaut. The Eastern States made her first trip from Detroit this season with F. E. Elliot as operator. Elliot is a last year's man.

The Marconi Institute, under Instructing Engineer Gogel, met with hard luck in the fire that damaged express matter in the express warehouse at Cleveland. All the phones for the school were destroyed. How-

ever, work has commenced with several classes for class 1 men, and prospective aviation corps men. The school will be running full blast soon with a probable enrollment of 100.

Great Lakes men will miss several familiar sparks this season. The Northwest, which burned at her pier at Buffalo several years ago, has been rebuilt and sent to the Atlantic. It is expected the Northland (WCN) will soon follow her. The Minnesota (WEK), the Nevada, and several others sailed to the coast last summer, before the close of navigation.

A plan is under consideration by Federal authorities whereby all Lake shipping, (freight) will be pooled and directed by a central board. Ships would be compelled to carry any cargo to any port at any time, under this plan. If the plan goes thru, the central pooling board will undoubtedly use wireless to a great extent in ordering vessel movements.

PACIFIC DIVISION

E. A. Werner, formerly senior of the Beaver, has been called into active service; A. P. Stone being assigned in his place.

H. E. Wright, senior of the Centralia, relieved C. Trostle, who has been called into active service.

E. I. Pynchon has been assigned to the Grace Steamer, Santa Isabel, as operator in charge.

C. F. Trevatt, has been assigned as senior of the Sachem, and Roy Hansen, a new man in the service and a graduate of the Marconi institute, as second. It appears that fate is against Trevatt and does not desire him to take a partner in life.

G. A. Williamson, formerly of the Adeline Smith, relieved G. A. Jensen, of the Johanna Smith, who has been assigned in Williamson's place

R. S. Savage, who has arrived here

but a short time from the east on transfer, has been assigned to the Alliance.

- L. S. Grabow, formerly of the Enterprise and who has since been called into active service, was relieved by G. G. Greene, a former Marconi man, and now returning to the employ of this company.
- G. W. Woodbury has been assigned as senior of the James Timpson.
- H. M. Van Auken goes as senior to the Lurline relieving F. I. Throop, who has resigned to take a position with the Southern Pacific R. R. Co.
- W. Chesebrough, formerly senior of the Multnomah, is now senior on the Wahkeena. G. C. Owen, junior on the Multnomah is now acting senior and V. P. Rodgers is junior, a new man in the service and a graduate of the S. F. Marconi Institute.
- C. M. Morenus, who was temporarily on the Rose City as junior has been relieved by A. E. Wilkinson, a new man in our service. Mr. Morenus has since gone to the Santa Cristina.
- L. H. Hardingham, a new comer, relieved W. Marsh, formerly junior of the Santa Cruz, and who has since been assigned to the motorship Sierra, as senior.

The San Francisco Construction Department during the month of March, equipped the motorship Sierra with a ½ k.w. panel set and completed the equipment of a ½ k.w. panel set aboard the steamers Santa Cristina and Wahkeena. The Seattle Construction Department during the month of March, equipped the motorship James Timpson with a ½ k.w. panel set, and the Western King with a ½ k.w. cabinet set.

MARCONI WIRELESS TELECRAPH CO.

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WOOLWORTH BUILDING

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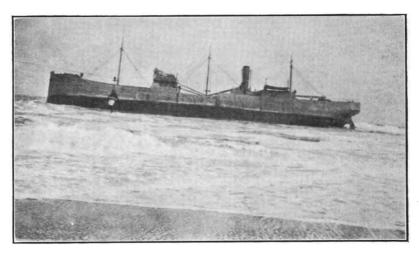
We present this month the Assistant Commercial Manager of the Marconi Company, Mr. G. Harold Porter. He was born in Carbondale, Penn., in 1871, and when nine years old became ambitious to enter the working world. This was about a year after the death of his father. The best opportunity that offered was a position as breaker boy in the mining department of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad Company. Young Porter's mother did not know that her son's ambitions had assumed practical form until he was ready to begin work. Then she objected. An older son, who knew something of the hardships of the employment which the boy had selected, predicted that he would give up his position in half a day. Harold overheard the remark and disproved the assertion by remaining a breaker boy for a year and a half.

Porter's ambitions soared above his work, however, and he became in turn newsboy, office boy and messenger, holding the latter position in the telegraph office of the Delaware & Hudson Company. While he was thus employed he frequently thought of the telegraph operator's desk as one of the next steps in his climb upward. Therefore he obtained all the knowledge possible of telegraphy from the operator and in return was asked to aid him in the routine duties of the office—work which he was not called upon to do in his capacity of messenger, but it gave him training as an operator, and one day he was able to obtain a position at the key in a smaller railroad office not far from Carbondale. In the meantime the operator and his superior in Porter's former place of employment had disagreed and there was a vacancy in the telegrapher's chair. Porter seized this opportunity to apply for the more desirable position. He obtained and held it satisfactorily, although, in the parlance of operators, it was a roast.

A wider field was beckoning Porter, however, and in January, 1890, he came to New York, where he found employment as telegraph operator with the Kings County Elevated Railway Company. Afterward he served as operator for the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and was later invited to join the forces of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. and was shortly thereafter oppointed division operator in charge of the New York division. He began his commercial career in New York in 1898, when he was appointed chief clerk of the general freight department of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

When he left the Baltimore & Ohio in 1906 to become traffic manager of the Tyler Lumber Company he again put into practice his habit of doing just a little more than the duties of his position called for, becoming secretary of the company a year later.

Mr. Porter joined the Marconi Company in 1913, his first assignment being to the task of purchasing the entire equipment for the high power stations in New Jersey, Massachusetts, California, Alaska and Hawaii. On June 1, 1914, he become Purchasing agent where he showed marked ability, and January 1, 1917, he was advanced to his present responsible position. Mr. Porter has a charming wife and daughter at his handsome home in New Jersey, and takes an active interest in civic affairs in his home town.



ON THE JERSEY BEACH

By Rufus C. Thomas

The Susquehanna was returning from European waters, where she had sailed up and down, and to and fro, within the war zone, visiting many ports without molestation by submarines, torpedoes or mines, and had come to hold those contraptions of the Kaiser in supreme contempt. She was bound for New York to take out another cargo of necessaries for the Allies.

I had gone off duty at mid-night and had been asleep about an hour, when the Chief Engineer opened my door and informed me that the ship was ashore. Knowing his facetious nature, and everything appearing to be normal, I turned over and went to sleep. In about half an hour I was roused by a summons from the Captain, who requested me to send an S. O. S. This I did at once but not without letting him know that I resented having my early morning slumbers disturbed.

Distress rockets had already been burned which attracted the attention of the coast guard and our solitary Navy signalman soon got in communication by means of a morse lamp, by means of which we learned we were ashore 20 miles north of Barnegat.

With the aid of a small flash light I found my way through the gale and inky blackness to the Radio Cabin, and here I found I had troubles of my own. On pressing the motor button, the motor failed to start. Investigation showed there was a ground on the main line. Not caring to take the time to clear the ground, the cabin extension lamp was called into service.

"Do you wish to be removed from the ship?" was the first response to my transmission, to which I replied "No, but the ship desires to be

removed from the sand." Back came the answer, "Sorry, but our draught won't permit us to help you," and that was the last I heard from that station. In a short time we cleared the ground and I got in touch with Fire Island, Brooklyn Navy Yard and Cape May, each of whom tried to aid me in getting early assistance. Tugs were dispatched from New York, but were unable to reach us until after daybreak. By this time the gale and sea had driven the ship so far up the beach, that the tugs were useless, and after awhile they returned to New York.

In the meantime the Coast Guard was preparing to come to our relief and at dawn they were on the beach opposite us with all the modern equipment of a life saving station. Their gun projected us a cable which we carried to the top of the mizzen-mast and securely fastened. Upon this they suspended a breeches buoy which was hauled

back and forth between ship and shore by means of pulleys.

When all was ready the order was given to abandon ship, as the increasing gale warned us that we should lose no time. It fell to the lot of a fireman to make the first trip. Fighting his way up the mast through the gale and heavy spray which was continually breaking over the ship, and flying high into the rigging, he got into the breeches buoy and was safely pulled over the surging seas to terra firma. Others followed with varing degrees of good fortune and wetness. Owing to the ships responding to the rolling seas, the tension on the cable was constantly changing, and the buoy was frequently immersed in the Atlantic.

About 10 o'clock it came my turn to beat it ashore and I was not sorry, for my stomach had commenced to respond to the violent lurching and pounding of the ship. My removal was uneventfu! excepting that I was held aloft some time in the driving spray, while readjustments of the cable were made. One old mariner who followed me ashore had some difficulty in making the transit. Being a large and heavy man, he ascended the mast with great difficulty, and required the aid of the third officer to get into the buoy.

Our Captain was the last to leave the ship and he left at once for New York by automobile and train, to report his loss to his owners.

We were given quarters at the Seaside Heights Life Saving Station, where we received the utmost courtesy and consideration. Dry clothes and hot food in abundance were at our disposal and that night accommodations were provided at a neighboring hotel, where we enjoyed ourselves as guests of honor. Everyone was anxious to hear personal accounts of our experiences. The next morning we were to entrain for New York and all were in the best of spirits. These spirits however were doomed to undergo a change for some. Along with the coming of dawn, came fate and the Shipping Board with a different schedule. Nine of our crew were ordered to return on board the ship to give what aid we could to a wrecking crew in helping to salvage the vessel. Among this unhappy number I was included. Needless to say we protested, but we were consoled with the statement that the work was connected with government and that our protest should be made to the authorities at Washington. Several of us being within the draft age, we decided that after all, the ship was probably preferable to the trenches.

On arriving on board we found the wreck had had visitors during

the night. The New Jersey pirates had made an unsolicited call. An inventory of the Radio cabin showed that the tuner, key, phones, tools, spare aerial wire and several other articles, including personal property, had disappeared. The spare armature I found outside the door, awaiting transportation to the beach, and also the tuner, carefully wrapped in paper.

By this time the wrecking crew had arrived and assumed charge. The Captain, a little, short, fat man was in high spirits, although Jersey is dry. Reporting my losses to him and emphasizing the uselessness of the wireless without the missing articles he at once summoned a Coast Guardsman and enlisted his assistance, stating in an off-hand way that the work was connected with the government. The missing

articles mysteriously returned the next morning.

The Susquehanna in grounding had grounded thoroughly. There was much speculation as to whether she would ever leave the beach. For a week the wreckers labored day and night, jettisoning cargo and pulling on cables attached to heavy anchors dropped half a mile off shore, to which was added the strength of a powerful tug, before she finally consented to return to her native element. Finally, an on unusually high tide, she responded to the efforts of the wreckers and slipped from the beach into deep water.

Our journey to New York was a perilous one. We soon discovered that the ship had not escaped damage. Her holds were flooded which gave her a heavy list. It was found necessary to order another tag from New York, but for some reason she did not show up. Arriving off Sandy Hook, the aid of the steam pilot boat New York was obtained. A little later we picked up a passing tug, and with the combined efforts of the three vessels, the Susquehanna was finally dragged up the harbor and beached at the Wrecking Company's plant at Staten Island, thus ending a long and trying voyage.

In my young life I have witnessed many a solemn hour, but none to compare with the moment when our shipwrecked and jaded crew, once more on dry land elevated their right hands and swore by Father Neptune, the God of Waters, "Never! Never again!"

WIRELESS TELEGRAPH IN 1854

The Toronto Globe recently published a letter from Mr. James Adie, of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Telegraph, St. Catharines, Ont., giving a sketch of the life and work of James B. Lindsay, of Dundee, Scotland, who in 1853 suggested the possibility of electric communication between Great Britain and other countries without the employment of submarine wires. The following facts are quoted by Mr. Adie from a book entitled "Dundee Celebrities," published in 1873: In 1854 he took out a patent on his invention to accomplish this result, and in the same year he conducted a series of experiments in transmitting messages without wires across a mill-dam. about 500 yards wide. The result of these experiments were successful.

Mr. Lindsay continued to make experiments at other places, and

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on May 17, 1859, he telegraphed successfully across the Tay at Glencarse, where the river is about half a mile wide. In September of the same year he read a paper before the British Association at Aberdeen, giving an exposition of his theory.

In 1860 Mr. Lindsay conducted experiments at Liverpool, but they were not as successful as those elsewhere, being counteracted by some unaccountable electric interference which he had not before met with.

Mr. Lindsay discovered the electric light in 1835, when he succeeded in obtaining a constant light. The light was exhibited in Dundee in 1836. In 1845 he suggested the possibility of extending the electric telegraph to America. This was at least a dozen years before such a prospect was seriously entertained in the scientific world.

MARCONI-VICTOR RECORDS

The following letter from an Associated Press expert tells its own story.

New York, April 6, 1918.

Mr. Harry Chadwick, Marconi Institute, New York City.

Dear Mr. Chadwick:

I learned only recently of the Marconi Wireless telegraph records and purchased a set from an up-town dealer. While I have had no practical experience with Continental Morse, I was fairly able to read straight words without punctuations and figures. Therefore, my first lesson was in figures. I put the No. 10 lesson on, slowly at first, and after not more than four hours practice, I could copy the figures as fast as the Victrola would run.

The sending is absolutely perfect, the signals clear as a bell, and I have told the men on my wire, sixteen of them between New York, Washington, Louisville, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Detroit and Chicago, about them and their merits. Our man in Detroit told me he had purchased a set and Indianapolis has put up a notice about them.

I enlisted in the Navy about a month ago and expect to be called soon. Have been given a rating as first class electrician (radio) and expect to be quite far advanced by that time, thanks to the aid of your records.

My reason for writing you is to ask if you expect any other records of this kind will be put on the market in the near future, and could you advise me further as to the best way for me to obtain a practical working knowledge of the technical end of the wireless, in order that I may prepare myself for promotion. I have been a press telegrapher seven years and at present am employed as assistant chief operator.

Very truly yours,

(signed) David Ryan.

51 Chambers Street, Care The Associated Press.



THE SURUGA TORPEDOED



The 5.000 ton steamer Suruga of the Barber line, sailed from New York, October 14, loaded with copper, oil and Red Cross supplies, bound for Genoa. arrived there after an uneventful passage. Two weeks later we sailed for home in ballast in a convoy of seven ships under escort of an Italian submarine chaser. In a few hours we encountered a submarine which attacked two of the ships and then made for us. While at Gibraltar a gun had been mounted on our stern, and we opened fire but Fritz was out of range and we proceeded full speed for the beach which we soon struck. Fritz then let fly a torpedo which struck us near the propeller and opened a large hole. The Suruga took a neavy list to starboard and the order to abandon ship was given. took to the boats and pulled like the mischief towards land and saw no more of Fritz. We soon reached the inviting looking little Italian village of San Stephano, where on landing we were hospitably received and supplied with hot food and dry clothing, the latter being most welcome. There being no inn, we were allowed to sleep in the church. where we were made quite comfortable. Three days later we proceeded by rail to Genoa, sixty miles away, where the American Consul

lodged us at the finest hotel, the Bristol. We had to wait five weeks for a ship, finally sailing on the fast mail steamer Dante Alighierie for New York. While off the Spanish coast we encountered a submarine which had just sunk a passenger vessel near by, but by cleverly zigzagging we were able to elude Fritz, and in due time tied up at Jersey City. The Suruga was floated and repaired, and is again carrying supplies to the Allies.

William J. Neel

Q. S. T. OF THE CITY OF ATHENS



I suppose all ops that have had the experience of being torpedoed or rammed as we were, know what it is to be awakened from sweet dreams, bumped about and finally become aware of the fact that the ship is sinking. This was my experience that fateful morning. For those who have not yet had the opportunity, or should I say, fortune, I can vouch it is 100% pure adventure.

We left New York bound for Savannah, one of those ships destined never to return, with indications pointing to stormy weather. I had been busy copying storm warnings amid victorious clashes of static when relieved by Mr. Doherty the senior operator, and I was sure glad to be off. A stiff wind, and heavy sea were doing active duty as I went below, but as we carried a heavy cargo of machine gun parts the ship was doing little rocking. Our passengers numbering 68 in-

cluded 25 French sailors bound for Savannah, 25 marines for Port Royal and 8 women and children.

Going below to my cabin, which was on the starboard side on the main deck directly below the radio cabin amidship, I noticed the decks were deserted, so after trying to tally the wireless books and inserts and finding our scratch pads missing as usual I turned in, it being then, about 3 bells.

I was sound asleep when we were hit, but the fog whistles followed closely after by the tremendous crash mingled with the splintering of wood, and cries of frightened passengers soon had me wide awake.

I jumped out of my bunk and looked about; the sky was overcast and black as ink over-head, the slashing rain beat upon the deck, and I could dimly discern the outlines of a cruiser backing away from us, the green light on her broken foremast seeming to waver and then disappear.

I pulled on my uniform and ran forward to where we were hit; the mate and a few sailors were inspecting the damage and I could feel the ship listing already. The cruiser had rammed us directly under the bridge, killing almost all steerage passengers, including the French sailors. Their cries of fright and those of the dying were pitiful to hear. The sailors on watch were all below deck. They never uttered a sound as the deck had buckled and they were killed outright like rats in a trap.

The ship had taken a bad list and I ran up to the radio cabin and found Doherty putting on a life preserver. He told me the ship was going down fast and to go up to the bridge and get orders. This I did but the water had risen above my knees, and I saw that the stairs and ladder to the pilot house had been torn away by the crash. It was therefore impossible for me to see or get orders from any of the officers who were all quartered on the boat deck.

I ran back or rather swam, being banged against the cabins and rail which was crowded with passengers many of whom were hysterical and crying that we had been torpedoed. A boat was being lowered and the crew and passengers were all jumping and leaping into it, when the ropes parted. The cries that rose I will never forget.

When I reached the radio cabin I found that Doherty was gone. The room was rapidly filling with water and the set being short-circuited all S. O. S. calls for help were impossible and no one knows whether a call was ever sent, though I afterwards heard from the captain, that he had telephoned orders to Doherty but had given no position.

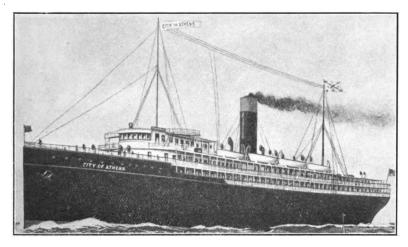
I grabbed the log sheets and key to the room and going below to my cabin, I seized my life preserver, telling a marine in the next room to don his and then a huge wave washed both of us overboard. Swimming to a log floating near by and looking back I saw the ship rapidly keeling over to port; her stern was now under and the second life boat being lowered but she was not crowded as the majority had either jumped into the sea or were washed overboard. A fire had now broken out in the pilot house and sent its dall glare over the sinking ship, when all of a sudden the bow rose perpendicularly and the Athens shot out of sight 6 minutes after the collision. Cries of horror arose and a hissing of steam, now being revealed by the cruiser's search lights. She was now rapidly lowering her boats.

I was holding on to the log with the stewardess whom I had picked up as she was about to go down for the last time. She had on one of the children's life belts and was dead when I picked her up. We had drifted for about fifteen minutes and I had become rather faint and was rapidly losing consciousness when the search light picked us up and I was soon rescued and taken on board the cruiser. We were all given a hot bath to restore circulation and plenty of hot drinks and I soon felt human again.

The commander ordered the search for survivors carried on until daylight when we started back to New York 120 miles distant with but 67 survivors out of 152, losing our 1st officer, two children, 5 women and many others including Doherty my senior operator.

We all lost everything and in the morning it was quite a recreation trying to pick the Frenchmen from our passengers and marines who all now wore some part of the navy uniform. All of us have since testified to the kindness shown us while on board as every possible attention was paid to see that we were made comfortable.

We reached New York about 24 hours after we started on our voyage and went ashore a thankful and sorrowful iot of survivors. I had been fitted with a pair of modern shoes, a French officers hat, my shrunken and wrinkled uniform and a sweater too large for me; but the



curious never bothered us as we crossed the ferry from Staten Island or when riding home. I just felt happy at seeing the thirteen cents I still had in my pocket through the whole event.

Carl W. Vollmer

SOME GOOD RULES

Be helpful

Be sociable.

Be frank, open and truthful.

Be generous, magnanimous.

Always be ready to lend a hand.

Be kind and polite to everybody.

Take a genuine interest in other people.

Take pains to remember names and faces.

Never criticize or say unkind things to others.

Forgive and forget injuries, but never forget benefits.

Rejoice as genuinely in another's success as in your own.

Always be considerate of the rights and feelings of others.

Have a kind word and a cheery, encouraging smile for everyone.

Learn to control yourself under the most trying circumstances.

Meet trouble like a man, and cheerfully endure what you can't cure.

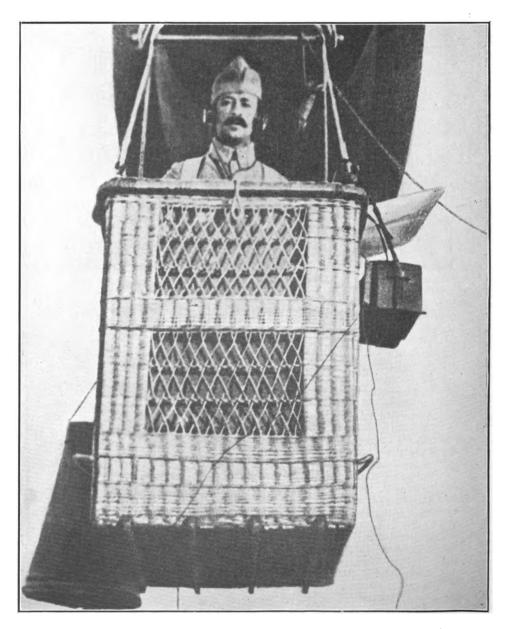
Believe in the Brotherhood of man, and recognize no class distinction.

Never joke at the risk of giving pain or hurting someone's feelings. Be ambitious and energetic, but never try to benefit yourself at the expense of another.

Be as courteous and agreeable to your inferiors as you are to your equals and superiors.

Do not measure your civility by people's bank accounts.

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French observer in sausage balloon keeping eye on German forces, telephoning to headquarters

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A FIRE AT SEA

Nothing is more appalling than a fire at sea, and when the fire assumes serious proportions, if the doomed ship is equipped with wireless, many and fervent are the prayers of thanksgiving for the invention of Marconi.

The American steamship City of Wilmington was recently burned south of Sable Island. The flames burst from the hold suddenly and spread rapidly, driving the crew to the boats. One of the last men to leave was the Naval radio operator. With the flames sweeping the ship fore and aft he stuck to his post, flashing out the S. O. S. keeping land stations informed of the ships position and the progress of the fire. While the crew were piling hastily into the boats he sent word that he was going to make a final search to make sure all hands were safe.

After exploring those portions of the ship not enveloped in flames he jumped back to his key and reported to the nearest station that all hands had gotten away. The flames were leaping skyward almost as high as the foremast when he flashed his last message: "Me for the nearest boat. Goodbye."

A Norwegian steamship picked up his distress call and proceeded to the spot under forced draught, guided through the night by the pillar of fire, and rescued the entire ships company.

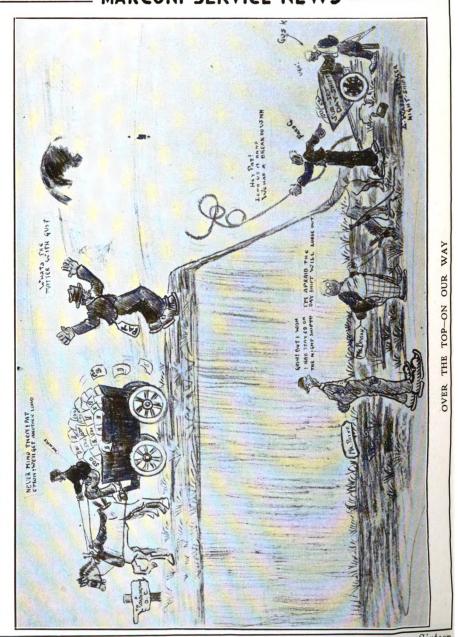
FACTORY NOTES

The employees of the Factory look with great pride upon the honor flag with nine stars presented by the U. S. Government for the successful termination of their subscriptions to the Third Liberty Loan. Saturday April 27th, the Local Liberty Loan Committee were presented with an honor flag for having over-subscribed the amount apportioned to them to raise. This was a great occasion locally, all the school children, the police and fire departments and the



men of the factory turned out, headed by our own Marconi Band, which appeared for the first time on parade in uniform. Our large subscriptions helped to win the flag for Roselle Park and following the parade the Local Liberty Loan Committee presented an honor flag of nine stars to Mr. Stein as representing the Marconi Company.

The men were not only proud of the fact that they worked for such a successful organization but were also exceedingly proud to see their leader, Mr. Stein, on the rostrum receiving this reward for the effort which had been made to make this loan a success. Everyone of the employees who witnessed this public demonstration had the feeling that they shared in the honor because they felt that it was their sub-



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scription which had made this occasion possible and reflected in their faces was the smile of pride and pleasure caught from that of Mr. Stein who in a very well-chosen and forceful manner thanked the committee for the flag and placed himself and his organization on record as willing at all times to co-operate with the Government and with the local officials in any move for public and civic betterment.

The factory subscription amounted to \$50,750.00, which represented a subscription of \$84.86 per man, 98.6% of the men employed in the factory having subscribed for the bonds. Of course, this fine showing was not made with any idea of receiving the reward which eventually came and hence much greater was the pleasure when Mr. Stein was notified to come for the flag.

Incidental to the taking of this subscription there was considerable friendly rivalry shown between the different gangs and different departments as to which one would show the largest total subscription per man, and also an effort was made to have every man in every department to at least take one bond.

To add to the interest in the contest certain men in the organization offered prizes for the teams having the highest subscription per man.

The prizes were awarded as follows:

The prizes were awarded	as 10	mows.					
Captain-R. H. Langley	(1st	office	prize)	sub.	per	man	\$147.62
" —O. R. Weidmuller	(2nd	"	")	"	"	"	147.22
" —G. Berghaus	(1st	shop	prize)	"	"	"	125.00
" —A. Kachelreiss	(2nd	"	")	"	"	"	108.11
"H. Borstner	(3rd	"	")	"	"	"	105.56
" -E. R. Welsh	(4th	"	")	"	"	"	105.00

Mr. P. J. Collins takes great pride in the fact that he had no slackers on his shift, every man on the night shift having subscribed for a Liberty Loan Bond.

Out of the whole force employed at the Factory there were only 13 men who failed to subscribe. We consider this a most excellent showing. There is not a factory in our vicinity that approaches our record.

While the drive was in progress almost daily there was a new cartoon on our bulletin, drawn by some of our own artists portraying the gloom of some team captain who had to, perhaps temporarily, take second place in the contest, or the joy of some other captain who had landed a new subscriber which raised his average. The small cut shows Mr. Stein receiving our efficiency honor flag. This contest has been of great value in getting the men better acquainted and promoting an esprit de corps which will extend to other affairs.

CAMP LIFE

One of the boys at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, sends the following outline of his days work.

This is the end of a perfect day as far as activity goes. From 7:30 to 8:30 we drove artillery teams up and down hills and through woods on very twisty roads. I had a fine big pair of wheelers and we got along fine. Then a lecture 8:30 to 9:30 on Ballistics—along the lines of my

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slide rule only the rule is simpler.

Then 9:30 to 11:30 mounted Battalion Reconnaisance—about 25 men. We were a battalion staff required to find and occupy a position to protect the retreat of our infantry. Every man had a job—one of the regular places—scouts, signal men, telephone operators, etc. I was Reconnaisance Officer for B battery. The batteries were simulated. We had a great ride, occupied a position, got chased out and occupied another a mile away. I had to simulate bringing the battery back at a walk after the rest of my own particular bunch had dashed ahead to find their own position and get ready for the battery; and my horse thought it was all wrong. But we got there at a walk.

This afternoon we had a lecture on firing, then piled into motor trucks and trundled in a cloud of dust out to one of the firing positions and observed the firing done by one of the classes ahead of us. Then back for a lecture on telephone systems in the trenches—finishing at 5:30; and now it is 6:30 and 1 am ready for supper.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Here is an extract from an interesting letter from Arthur E. Lynch, a former Marconi-ite, now on the western frontier.

Things do run along in very strange channels when the War God calls. My brother, who had just returned to a rest camp after a bit at the front with the 165th Infantry, is in an officer's training school expecting to be commissioned in the Signal Corps; my uncle is now a Captain in the Aviation Corps and is but a few miles from me, and one of my girl friends who knew nothing of telephones, is among the first twenty-nine operators to arrive. She called me up from a city about a hundred miles away. Gosh! but it was good to speak to an American girl after five months of nothing but French; and so it goes right on through the line. Here we have an architect commanding a regiment of infantry, and there an electrical engineer taking charge of a machine gun company, or running a supply station. It speaks well for American versatility.

The following paragraph from a letter written by my brother recently may interest you:

"I suppose you are watching, as we are, the enormous attacks of the Germans on the British front. I have great faith in the British and think that beyond a doubt they will more than hold their own. Kid, it looks to me like the end. The Hun must have peace and he knows it. Therefore, in this drive he is sacrificing everything to that end. Let's hope that before long he will have that peace—in defeat."

Just what our outfit is doing we are not permitted to say. For the first part of our time here the Supply Officer had me with him, then I went out checking material on a job which covered over six square miles, from there they put me on a motor cycle and that carried me all over the country, and now I am handling an entirely different kind of position.

I am having a great time, but will be mighty glad to get back.

OUR FLAG-OLD GLORY

The first striped flag was raised at Washington's headquarters at Cambridge, Mass., January 2, 1776, and saluted with thirteen guns.

At about the same time, John Paul Jones, the senior First Lieutenant, hoisted it with his own hands over Commodore Hopkins' flagship, the Alfred, anchored in the Delaware off Philadelphia.

The Stars and Stripes was first used in actual military service at Fort Stanwix, re-named Fort Schuyler, now Rome, N. Y. on August 3, 1777.

It was first carried in battle at a skirmish at Cooch's Bridge, near Wilmington, Del., September 3, 1777.

It was first recognized by a foreign power on February 14, 1778, when the French fired a salute to the Ranger and the Independence of Captain John Paul Jones' fleet.

The American flag has never surrendered on the sea. One of the earliest ships to fly the Stars and Stripes was the Bon Homme Richard, a made-over mechantman. On Sept. 23, 1779, she was engaged and sunk by the British frigate Serapis. When the Richard was a mass of flames and sinking Capt. John Paul Jones was asked, "Has your ship struck?" "I have not yet begun to fight," came the answer.

Later John Paul Jones had the satisfaction of seeing the first British manof-war strike her colors to the Flag of the United States.

Today all flags used in the Navy are made at the Brooklyn Navy Yard from bunting made in Massachusetts. The bunting must weigh five pounds to forty yards, and withstand a test of seventy pounds to two square inches. It is steeped in salt water six hours and then exposed to the sun for another six hours. If it passes these tests it is pronounced fit for the country's service.

OIL BY WIRELESS

On April 21, at 10 A. M., the S. S. Herman Frasch sent the distress signal while in the Gulf of Mexico, stating she was adrift and short of fuel oil. The oil tanker Brilliant answered the S. O. S. and rushed to the aid of the Frasch. April 22, after securing a good supply of oil from the Brilliant, while at sea, she was able to proceed under her own steam, thankful to the Brilliant and her crew.

We regret to record the death of Restituto Pindado, at the Marine hospital in New Orleans. He was an operator in the Eastern and Gulf divisions during the past year, a native of Bilbao, Spain, and with no relatives in America so far as known. His age was 35.

TROUBLES, like babies, grow large by nursing.

Don't be a nurse when trouble comes your way.



MARCH 18, at St. Peters Church, Folkstone, England, William Vernon Moore, R. N. (Warrant officer), formerly of the Marconi transoceanic staff, to Esther Sara Herbert, of Waterville, Ireland. The bride, who was given away by Quarter Master Sergeant Hugh Young, of the Army Ordnance Corps, was attired in the

uniform of staff sister. The best man was Corporal D. Ayling, of the Middlesex Regiment. The honeymoon was spent in Ireland, after which the bride resumed her duties at Northumberland War Hospital, the groom being on waiting orders. They received numerous handsome wedding gifts.

APRIL 27, at Brooklyn, Robert Franklin Miller, C. P. O., U. S. Navy, formerly of the Commercial department, Marconi Company, to Alma V. Lawson, telephone operator at Marconi Head office.

About 50 friends of the happy couple assembled at the home of the bride for the ceremony and reception which followed. A bridal supper and dancing filled up the evening and the newly weds departed 'midst a shower of rice, confetti and old shoes. They received many handsome gifts, including flat silver from Head office friends, a case of silver from the associates of the groom at the New York Navy Yard, and a purse of \$200, from his friends in the Operating department and ship operators of the Marconi Company. Mr. and Mrs. Miller will be at home after June 1. at 44 McDonough Street, Brooklyn.

APRIL 23, at the Livingston Avenue Reformed Church, New Brunswick, N. J., Flora Jackobsen, of the Girls Department at the Marconi Works, to Sergeant Klemmer Kalteissen of the U. S. Army also of New Brunswick. Mrs. Kalteissen has returned to work for a short time after which she will join her husband in Boston where he will be stationed.



PAN-AMERICAN

An important event in Latin-American affairs is the departure for South America of Edward J. Nally, president of the Pan-American Wireless Telegraph & Telephone Co., and also vice-president and general manager of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., of America. The plans of the Pan-American Co., call for the construction of several ultra high power wireless stations in South America for the purpose of providing high speed commercial wireless service direct with the United States and Europe in competition with existing cable lines. Mr. Nally is now in the Argentine.

PERSONAL

Mr. P. C. Ringgold, of the Commercial department, having joined the colors, Mr. W. P. Kelland, of Baltimore, has been transferred to the vacancy.

Mr. F. M. Hartlieb has resigned from the Purchasing department and is succeeded by Mr. Joseph Henry, from the Commercial department.

E. N. Pickerill, a well-known Marconi man, has been commissioned a Lieutenant in the aviation service, and is stationed at Houston.

George H. Burgess, formerly at Marconi stations at Sea Gate and Wanamakers is now a Lieutenant in the aviation service, at San Antonio.

J. A. Worrall, a former Marconi man, is now a Lieutenant in the Signal Reserve Corps, aviation section, at Ellington field, Texas.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

D. C. Dudley relieved F. R. Smith on the Cretan for one trip. Smith was afraid they were going to draft him.

O. E. Curtus relieved W. P. Grantlin for a few trips on the Nantucket.

F. Atlee, former operator is making good at the Philadelphia office as assistant to Mr. L. Manley.

J. W. Harte, senior on the Persian, resigned to enlist in the Naval Reserve. Johnny Flagg relieved him.
J. H. McCauley and H. H. Faithful

J. H. McCauley and H. H. Faithful of the Eurana, were relieved at Wilmington, Del., by Naval operators. McCauley was re-assigned to the Lake City of the Bull Line, in the coastwise trade.

E. W. August, of the Norlina was relieved when the vessel was taken over by the Navy Dept. He is now on an Italian steamer going to Genoa for one trip.

Wm. Stengle and R. Rosen were relieved on the Black Hawk in New York. Stengle was called to active service in the Naval Reserve while Rosen was assigned to the Matinicock of the Eastern Division.

K. W. Keller relieved junior operator C. A. Canfield on the Cretan.

W. Osterloh and C. Hahn took the Dorchester. She has been laid up for some time undergoing repairs.

Assistant constructor Schwab dismantled the Quantico. She is to be converted into a freighter.

He also installed cargo sets on the Springleaf and Piqua, formerly the War Nurse.

Constructor Manley assisted by Schwab and Flagg did a rush job on the Eskasoni, putting in a 2 kw. set.

Constructor Sinclair installed a ½ kw. Canadian Cabinet set on the Luella, formerly the War Whale.

Constructor Gerson at Newport News reports Marconi equipment and operators are in demand. This is as it should be. It is the aim of this Division to make our service indispensable, to ship owners.

GULF DIVISION

We are pleased to announce that operator Adler is well on the road to recovery after a serious operation at the Touro Infirmary, New Orleans.

Operator P. A. Bailey has accepted an important post with the Cia Mexican de Petroleo El Aguila at Tuxpan Bar, Tuxpan, Mexico. He has been doing excellent work on the steamer San Cristobal in Mexican waters and in recognition of this excellent service Mr. Hillicoats of the abovementioned company has offered him a position at Tuxpan. We are sorry to lose Bailey, but very glad to note that his work has been appreciated.

Operator Barkley is still making his home in the Key West District on the Miami and Mascotte.

Operator Brasher is in charge of the Mexico during operator Adler's illness.

J. E. Broussard, our genial traveling inspector, is still assigned to the Excelsior. Joe was overheard the other day making the remark "It would take a team of horses to pull me off this tub." Good for you, Joe.

Operator Christiansen is still assigned to the Panuco and in a short time will occupy a new operating room on this vessel, with no danger of being overcome by gas.

Operator Coe of the Harold Walker would like a relief at Tampa, we suppose in order to visit a young lady in Beaumont. We are unable to relieve him this trip and naturally suppose more pen and ink are in order.

G. T. Davis has been assigned to the Bacoi.

Temple and Fruebing still remain on the San Juan.

We have received no further request from operator Grissom of the Marina to be transferred, therefore we are under the impression that he has at last found a home.

We understand Hammerly is still assigned to the Paddleford, and that she is still aground off Tampico Breakwater. Hammerly has advised, however, that they have great expectations of floating the Paddleford within a short time.

Operators Hill and Wolter are still assigned to the Ponce.

Operator Hille is assigned to the Coahuila, and expects to sail in about three weeks.

Operator Hymel late junior of the Chalmette has been transferred to the William Green on which we hope he will stay until this vessel returns to New Orleans.

Operator Jolls is assigned to the Miami.

Operator Kane is on the Mascotte. Operator King has returned to the Excelsior as junior.

Operator Krog continues to hold his at homes on the Canfield.

Operator Lehan is assigned to the Danziger.

Operator Lizarraga and operator Miller are assigned to the Jalisco, as senior and junior respectively.

Operator Magann remains on the Chalmette as senior with operator Preis, transferred from the Momus, as junior.

Operator McCann is junior on the Mexico.

Our young lady operator, Miss Michelsen, is still with us, assigned to the Tamesi.

Operator Patch still remains on the Edward L. Doheny, Jr.

Operator Russell is enjoying life on the motor vessel Pennant.

Operator Scott, our champion onearmed typist, is on the Harry Farnum. Operator Slauson remains on the Torres.

Operator Stolf remains on the San Ramon.

Operator Sweeny of the Walter Hardcastle has subscribed to our Liberty Loan in the amount of \$100, besides starting a savings account with \$100, and leaving the office with \$100, in checks. We wonder if, after cashing these checks he bought one or two bonds. How about it, Sweeney?

Operator Thompkins remains on the Catania.

Operator West, our old standby for small craft, is still assigned to the Tug Buccaneer.

Operator Zahn remains on the Kellogg.

Superintendent Henderson made his first inspection of the Tampa and Key West District, being absent from his office from April 9th to the 22nd. He reports everything in firstclass condition, and hopes that the conditions will remain as they are for some time.

We expect to make five complete equipments during the month of May, namely the Warmarvel and Warmystery at Orange, Texas; the Lake George at New Orleans, the R. P. Clark at Port Arthur, and the Tug Gulfport either at New Orleans or Mobile.

The correspondent for the Gulf Division desires to announce that for the past four months we have had a writer of national reputation in our midst, who has been gathering color for many stories to be written during the summer months on his yacht which plies the waters of Chesapeake Bay. We refer to Henry M. Neely, who although a father of a commissioned officer in the Balloon Corps, stationed at Fort Omaha,, is an excellent radio operator as well as a

writer. To the readers who would prefer a lively story which is interesting from the beginning to end, we refer them to the novelette in the Blue Book of the June issue, which, no doubt, in a short time you will see portraved in the movies. A writer who can successfully handle, as Mr. Neely did for a prominent Philadelphia newspaper, a national calamity such as the San Francisco earthquake, is an employee to be proud of. The Superintendent spent a very interesting two days with Mr. Neely, showing him around the quaint and interesting French quarter of New Orleans, which no doubt he will bring into his stories which he writes this summer. We understand Mr. Neely is returning to the Marconi Company in October or November, at which time he will no doubt be able to find an assignment.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB

Constructor Swett relocated the apparatus on the Camden. The Camden and Belfast are now on the New York run. Operators Crosby and Munroe are on the Camden and operators Flood and Jefferson are on the Belfast.

A. T. Barber has been assigned to the City of Bangor. He says summer camps, canoes, etc., make Bangor a delightful place in which to while away one's leisure moments, and emphasizes the "etc."

Operator Gardner has transferred from the Camden to the City of Rockland.

The Ransom B. Fuller has been released by the Navy Department and has returned to Boston for overhauling.

P. S. Killam has been relieved on the Everett by J. S. Dodge.

Jefferson reported having a very pleasant trip on the Armando to Italy. The passage over and back was uneventful.

Operators Crosby and Walter made a trip to New York on the Shipping Board steamer Dorothy Bradford. Walter has since been assigned to the City of St. Louis for the New York Division.

EASTERN DIVISION

C. J. Koegel, who was laid up in the U. S. Marine Hospital for some time after he had been injured while on the Security is now on the Brilliant.

The Uganda's senior, G. E. Sinclair, has been transferred to the Charybdis as junior, the latter being a Canadian Co.'s steamer. The junior of the Uganda, W. Bogle, an English operator, returned to England upon arrival in New York, the Uganda having been torpedoed.

The junior of the City of St. Louis, J. Velasco, has resigned; he is replaced by E. H. Walter, a Boston Division man.

H. V. Griffing, formerly senior on the Sagua, took I. Teitelbaum's place on the Standard when the latter was placed on the waiting list. The Sagua's junior, H. Ades, has been loaned to the Trinidad Line, Naval operators having been assigned to the Sagua.

J. T. Brady, of the Matinicock, has been dismissed for missing the steamer at Havana.

The Canadian Co., relieved the operator we assigned to the Lady Sybil, viz: H. R. Briggs, who has since been dismissed for failing to join the St. Francis at Baltimore.

E. T. Erickson, formerly senior of the Wacouta, has been transferred to the Algonquin is the same capacity, succeeding P. Veneman, who has resigned..

The Ida's junior, K. Hattlestad, has replaced E. W. Hawkins as junior

on the Caracus, the latter having been transferred to the Cornelia.

A. DeSilva is back on the Madison after having been on the sick list at Norfolk for six days; G. I. Martin, of the Oconee, replaced DeSilva for the six days and then went to the waiting list.

The California has been sold to the French Government; her senior R. E. Dale, has been loaned to Ellwell & Co., and her junior, G. O. Potts, is on

the waiting list.

W. Tyler, first, and A. P. Sutherland, second, of the Armonia were loaned to the U. S. Shipping Board when their vessel was torpedoed.

T. J. Cerio, formerly junior of the Wacouta, replaced L. J. Michaels as senior on the Northland when the latter was placed on the waiting list.

P. E. White, first and P. T. Brown, second, of the Crofton Hall, have been transferred to the Wacoata in the same capacities.

H. Moulton has been assigned to the Helen, replacing E. J. Marschall, who has been transferred to the Crofton Hall as senior.

R. A. Merry, formerly senior of the Charybdis, has been assigned to the Plummer in the same capacity; G. Oliver, a re-engaged man, sailed as junior.

P. J. Donohue, formerly of the Vigo, has been loaned to the Standard Transportation Co.

G. H. Reachard, former senior on the Ida, has been assigned to the J. S. Whitney, a new equipment.

When M. O. Green, of the Virginia, was placed on the waiting list, her junior R. S. Henery, was placed in charge

R. W. Hendrickson has been assigned as senior to the Concho in place of G. O. Pederson, who resigned to join the Navy.

When naval operators were supplied to the New York, D. R. Kell re-

turned to his home to add avoirdupois preparatory to enlisting in the Navy. The New York's junior, P. R. Ellsworth, has been transferred to the Currier, taking the place of H. T. Munroe, who was transferred to the Boston Division.

H. T. Williams and R. W. Culbert, juniors of the Huron and the Comal respectively, have transferred with one another.

L. C. Waterstraut of the Ascutney is at present on the waiting list.

The Radiant's operator, M. Gittleson, has resigned to join the Army.

P. S. Lewis of the Royal Arrow resigned at Frisco; J. Spatafore, a Pacific Coast man, replaces Lewis.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

During the month of April the last of the new installations was made. The vessels newly equipped are the Peter Reiss, John Reiss, Otto Reiss, Richard Reiss, William Reiss and the Clemens. All these vessels were equipped with the regulation cargo set. The William G. Mather was equipped at Toledo with a ½ kw. 500 cycle panel set. Operator B. L. Chapman took her out.

Lake Erie District

F. E. Elliot, of the Eastern States has been transferred to the Cleveland office and is assisting at the office and at the Institute. J. H. Hutton took his place on the Eastern States.

The Carl D. Bradley went into service with William Kunner aboard as brass pounder.

The Richard Reiss went into service with R. Mooney in charge.

The Clemens Reiss cleared Toledo for Duluth with G. D. Bittner holding down the assignment.

The William Reiss cleared Toledo, J. O'Neil, a Dodge man, being assigned to her.



L. B. Shermerhorn has been assigned to the Otto Reiss.

R. J. Plaisted has been put aboard the A. M. Byers, a new equipment.

A. L. Shafer is now on the Peter Reiss.

J. F. Ermantinger is the one and only on the W. F. White. He is a last year's man.

S. Johnson took the Huron out this season

Operator C. Straufert has been assigned to the Wyandotte.

The John Reiss went into commission with I. Sokutis aboard.

The Harvester went into commission with S. K. Culberton assigned. He is an old timer.

The Indiana laid up for repairs several times during April. Operator R. Eling has left her and been transferred to the Lake Erie District.

J. F. Scholtes has been transferred to the Indiana, vice, H. A. Lebkisher.

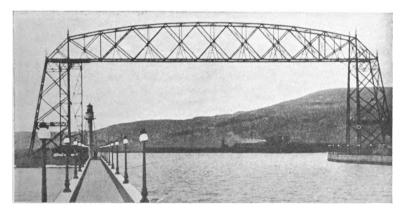
J. F. Born is now on the Missouri. F. E. Elliot, of the Cleveland office is making one trip on the Harvey H. Brown.

In the belief that operators who have never traveled on the Great

Lakes will be interested in a series of articles dealing with sights worth seeing on the Great Lakes, this, the first of the series has been prepared.

Duluth

One of the first sights which impresses the visitor to Duluth is her aerial bridge. Duluth, Minnesota and Superior, Wisconsin are very near to each other and the combined harbors of each make a huge basin which affords room for all the freighters that may enter. A natural point of land runs out from the Wisconsin side, reaching almost across to the Minnesota shore. It is over this comparatively narrow space that bridge extends. With the enormous marine traffic passing in and out of the Duluth-Superior harbor, the ordinary type of swing-bridge can not be used. The Duluth plan has a structure of two towers supporting an aerial track from which a car is suspended. This car has room for trucks, passenger machines and pedestrians on its broad surface. car travels across at regular intervals and is a most interesting sight. Prob-



DULUTH BRIDGE
The only bridge of this type in the world, moving platform can be seen at the left.

ably the next point of interest to radio men is the radio station, now under the supervision of the Navy. The aerial is supported from a single mast over 300 feet high on the top of the highest hill in the city. The tower is an old one, formerly used by DeForest. There is a 2 kw. Marconi non-synchronous equipment at the station.

No one ever visits Duluth without taking a trip on her incline railway. It affords a magnificent view of the harbor and takes one almost to the door of the radio station. The marine section of the city is most interesting. The miles and miles of dock space, built to accommodate the thousands of vessels annually visiting the port, is a source of marvel to strangers. Duluth is a beautiful residence city and will well repay a visit.

PACIFIC DIVISION

Operators J. J. Michelson and H. M. Van Auken were assigned to the Humboldt as senior and junior, respectively.

Operator T. Bradley, formerly junior aboard the Manoa was assigned as operator-in-charge of the Motorship Mount Hood.

H. E. Wright is acting operator-incharge of the Centralia.

R. Colbert, a former Marconi man, is now in charge of the equipment aboard the Geo. W. Elder, relieving S. J. Fass, who has been called into active service.

J. Hauselt, of the City of Topeka has been transferred to the Hyades as operator-in-charge, relieving W. J. Erich, who has also been called into active service.

R. S. Williams, a new man, has been assigned to the Klamath as junior.

J. Summers joined the Manoa as junior during the month.

C. E. McDonald, a new man in the Marconi service, has been assigned to the Multnomah as junior and M. L. Principe has been assigned to the same vessel as operator-in-charge.

L. V. R. Carmine relieved R. H. Brower as senior aboard the Rose City. Mr. Brower has been summoned for active service in the Naval Reserve. C. E. Goodwin is acting as junior, temporarily.

C. F. Trevatt and Roy Hansen, formerly senior and junior, respectively, aboard the U. S. S. B. steamer Sachem are now acting in the same capacities on the City of Topeka.

C. Heck, after spending several weeks in the care of a physician, has resumed his duties as operator-in-charge of the Wapama,

C. M. English, a new man, joined the Willamette as junior operator, relieving G. E. Whiting, who has been transferred to the Beaver.

A. E. Wilkinson was recently assigned to the Motorship Mount Shasta as operator-in-charge.

Mr. E. R. Riddle has been released from the Naval Reserve Force and is now assigned by the Marconi Company to the Bolinas High Power station as engineer.

Mr. W. H. Barsby, a member of the San Francisco office force, has joined the Naval Reserves and will leave for Washington, D. C., about the middle of May, where he will report for duty.

During the month of April the San Francisco and Seattle construction department equipped the Motorships Mount Hood and Mount Shasta, Bark Belin, Bark Levi G. Burgess; steamers Westshore, Westgate, Westgrove and Westover.

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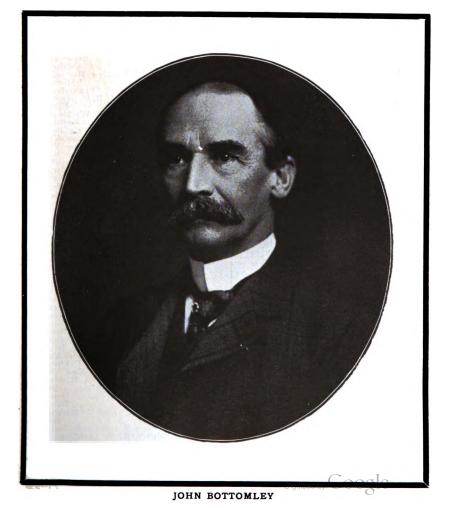
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JOHN BOTTOMLEY

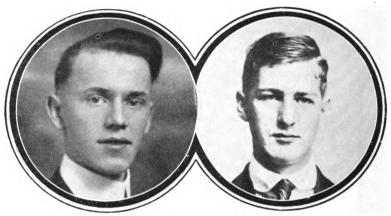
John Bottomley, vice-president, treasurer, secretary and a director of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, died June 16, after a brief illness, aged 71.

Mr. Bottomley was born in Belfast, Ireland, where his father was a linen merchant. The famous scientist, the late Lord Kelvin, was his uncle. He was educated at Queen's College, traveled extensively in Europe and resided several years in Russia. In 1880 he removed to New York, graduated from the New York Law School and practised law until 1898, when Mr. Marconi interested him in wireless telegraphy, and he undertook the task of introducing the new science to the American world of commerce, successfully guiding the company through its infancy, beset by patent litigation, and by competition not always based on fair dealing or financial soundness. He lived to see the company reach a solid financial basis and take a leading part in the radio world.

He was also treasurer of the Wireless Press, Incorporated, and of the Pan-American Wireless Telegraph and Telephone Company, a trustee of the Empire City Savings Bank, a vestryman of St. Andrews Episcopal Church on Fifth avenue, a member of the Lawyers and New York Athletic clubs, and actively engaged in social and church work. He was keenly interested in promoting the sale of Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps and other patriotic work. His door was always open to those in trouble; and his affability and sound sense endeared him to all.

Mr. Bottomley resided in New York City and had a fine summer home on Long Island. The funeral service at St. Andrew's Church was attended by many employees, the executive office of the Marconi Company being closed during the service. The company was represented by a committee comprising Messrs. Ogden, Ross, Sarnoff, Weagant and Pillsbury.

Mr. Bottomley leaves a widow, two sons, W. L. and J. F. Bottomley, and two daughters, Mrs. C. F. Burnap and Miss Susanne Meredith Bottomley, to whom our sincere sympathy is extended.



ERWIN W. VOGEL

HARRY H. WARNER

THE UNSPEAKABLE SUBMARINE IS HERE

The 5,000-ton steamer Carolina (Am.), Captain Barbour, left San Juan, P. R., for New York, May 30, with about 220 passengers and a good cargo, with every prospect of a fair voyage. Sunday morning, June 2, we received a radio from the Nyanza saying she was being shelled by a submarine. A few hours later came another from the Isabella B. Willey, stating that she was receiving similar attention from a German submarine. From the strength of signals, I thought we were rather close, and so informed Captain Barbour, who replied, "Yes, not very many miles away." He instructed me to give out no information, so as to avoid exciting the passengers.

At six o'clock I went in to supper and had scarcely given my order when I heard the first shot. It sounded very close. I went on deck, several shots following the first, causing some excitement. I sent Warner, my assistant, to the bridge for the position report, and he returned with orders to send out S. O. S., saying we were being fired at by a submarine, and to tell the sub. we had stopped our engines, which I did. At once Cape May answered. Through heavy static I could hear some station making signals, the note being 500-cycle. It appeared to be nothing more than a buzzer. I made out the words "Don't use wireless, we don't shoot." They had stopped their shelling when I stopped the wireless. I opened up again and on the first dash I made they let fly a shell close to the radio cabin. The shell passed between the masts, and the commotion in the air caused the wireless key to work up and down.

Several stations answered my S. O. S. and asked for our position. Warner brought me the position with orders to hold it. He was very cool and obeyed all my orders, which were "Get the position," and "Stick around." We had the generator going, ready to give our position, if

ordered. Warner went to our quarters to rescue four of those 3-cent Porto Rican cigars (you know, fellows, the kind you buy by the yard), but found they were gone, which made him sore, and he returned disgusted. The light of his life had gone out. Captain Barbour came in and said, "Do not send out our position. Their next shot might kill women or children, and I don't want to lose any." In his eyes I saw a calm light showing. He was not at all alarmed. He ordered us to the boats and actually conducted us to our boats, which were already filled with passengers, and ready to pull away. I ran back to the radio cabin, took our logs and confidentials and gave them a good rip, chucked them into a water pitcher and threw them overboard, and then rejoined the Captain. He went down the rope ladder and the third mate's boat came back for me.

Then I first saw the sub, with the Germans on deck waving at us, apparently in a happy frame of mind. They went alongside the Carolina and sent shells into her. It took seven shots before sne slowly listed and then several fires broke out. Her mainmast took a slanting position as a shell struck amidships. She sank in about an hour and a half.

Night fell, and the boats were tied together to keep them from separating in the darkness. The motor boat and one lifeboat were not in our crowd. A heavy southwest wind sprung up, with lightning, rain and rough water for two hours. The cold wind chilled us to the bone and we were all drenched.

A woman handed me a pocket flash light, which gave us nopes of being sighted by some ship running dark. I sent S. O. S. blinker signals out into the darkness for four and a half hours, when the bulb burned out.

We sighted the schooner Eva B. Douglass Monday morning at half after nine. She picked us up and set sail for New York, although her destination was Newport News. Captain Lorrell, of the Douglass, did everything possible for our comfort, feeding us plentifully. The officers of the Carolina enjoyed cigarettes for supper. Tuesday morning a tailor-made cigarette was valued at from 50c to \$1.

Off Barnegat light we stopped to send telegrams ashore, reporting our position and calling for tugs, and then proceeded north. At 2 P.M. Shore Patrol No. 507 overhauled us and gave us a line. They had heard our S. O. S. away up in Boston, and had come for us. At 3 A.M. Wednesday Red Cross tugs came alongside, bringing hot coffee, tood, blankets and tobacco to make us more comfortable. Three hours later we were glad to see old New York again, when we docked at the Porto Rico line's pier in Brooklyn. There we found more Red Cross supplies, including clothing, of which we were in great need. The Red Cross workers were kept as busy as an undertaker in Petrograd. Warner and I were driven in state to Marconi headquarters in a Red Cross motor car, where the boys greeted us cordially and gave us a chance to wash up, which we had not done in four days. It was great to see the old crowd again. I'm wondering what my next boat will be.

ERWIN W. VOGEL

SOME TASK

Say, do you know it's a deuce of a task To answer the questions the passengers ask? For a landlubber's questions out on the sea, Run all thru the alphabet, from A down to Z. "Do you sail the ship night-times?" they ask with a smile, "And whenever it rains do you stop for a while? For whenever it rains, that is, I should think, It would run in the cellar and make the ship sink." "And that man standing there at the thing like a wheel, He seems to be moving it round a great deal, And you say when he does it, he does it to steer, Well now ain't that funny, it really sounds queer." "How far do you think we are off from the shore? Is it only a few miles or is it some more?" And do you stop there and wonder how much they will stand And risk it at three thousand miles from the land! "And do you ever get seasick?" and you answer with glee, "I never get seasick, but sick of the sea." "Do the flying fish sing as they fly thru the air? And do they have feathers like the gulls flying there?" And should ever a lightship come out into view, You have got to get busy and answer a few. "Is that ship anchored there, or tied to a rock, And why is it there and not at the dock? Are there men that stay on it day after day? My, how do they stand it, and what is their pay? Supposing some night, just supposing, you know, They would run out of oil and the light would not show, Would they send out a boat in the night to the snore, And get some oil from a big grocery store?" "Do you ever get homesick?" (Now here's where they sigh, With sympathy showing in each anxious eye.) And you say in a voice that the sea has made rougn, "Why no, for you see we are not home long enough." Then they ask if you're married, and you know how it is, And the passenger's fair and you're on to your biz, Just what would you tell them, and they all alone, And you are three or four hundred miles from your home? Say, do you know it's a deuce of a task To answer the questions the passengers ask?

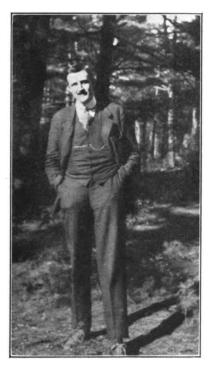
> McDonald, Steward, S. S. City of Atlanta.

IN MEMORIAM

Mr. Walter E. Chadbourne's many friends in the Marconi Company will be grieved to hear of his death, which occurred on May 10th, in

Boston, after a protracted illness.

Mr. Chadbourne was born in Waterboro, Maine, in October, 1882, and moved to Boston with his parents in 1888 where he was educated in the public schools. He was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with the degree of Bachelor of Science. Later he took a course of Electrical Engineering at the Lowell Institute. His first work was with the Boston Edison Company. Later he became a radio man under Professor Fessenden at the Brant Rock station. For a



time he was employed by the General Electric Company and then came into the Marconi Service when the trans-oceanic stations were planned in 1911. He, with five others, was chosen to go to England in the summer of 1912 to study the construction and operation of the high-powered Canarvon station. On his return to this country he supervised the

construction of the trans-Atlantic Marconi station at Marion, Mass. His desire for naval service led him to obtain the post of Expert Radio Aile at the Boston Navy Yard, which position he held at the time of his death. He is survived by a wife and a daughter, one year old.

The five years he was in the Marconi service made for him many staunch friends, who look back with pride and pleasure on all their associations with him.

WHAT YOUR BOND BUYS

The following figures give one a definite idea of what his or her loan to the government by the purchase of Liberty Bonds will accomplish when used by the War Department:

One \$50 bond will buy trench knives for a rifle company, or 23 hand grenades, or 14 rifle grenades, or 37 cases of surgical instruments for enlisted men's belts, or 10 cases of surgical instruments for officers' belts.

A \$100 bond will clothe a soldier, or feed a soldier for eight months, or purchase 5 rifles or 30 rifle grenades, or 43 hand grenades, or 25 pounds of ether, or 145 hot-water bags, or 2,000 surgical needles.

A \$100 and a \$50 bond will clothe and equip an infantry soldier for service over-seas, or feed a soldier for a year.

Two \$100 bonds will purchase a horse or mule for cavalry, artillery, or other service.

Three \$100 bonds will clothe a soldier and feed him for one year in France, or buy a motorcycle for a machine-gun company.

Four \$100 bonds will buy an X-ray outfit.

One \$500 bond will supply bicycles for the headquarters company of an infantry regiment.

I DON'T My parents told me not to smoke—

I don't.
Or listen to a naughty joke—
I don't.
They made it clear I must not wink
At pretty girls, or even think
About intoxicating drink—
I don't.

To dance or flirt is very wrong—
I don't.
Wild youths chase women, wine and song—
I don't.
I kiss no girls, not even one,
I do not know how it is done.
You wouldn't think I'd have much fun—
I don't.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS OF THE UNITED STATES

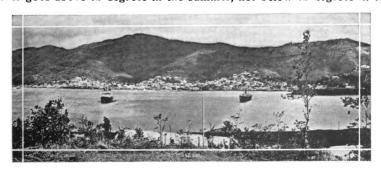
By Robert Griffith, U. S. N., Formerly a Telephone Employee in Texas

(The Virgin Islands were purchased from Denmark, and taken over by the United States, March 31, 1917.)



The question of the telephone system of this island (St. Thomas), which would perhaps be of the most interest to readers cannot be dwelt upon entirely, because there is not enough to it to take up very much space. The personnel of the St. Thomas Telephone Company consists of a manager, one head operator, three operators, one head lineman, one lineman and one messenger. There are 160 subscribers, business and residence, mostly business. The wire used is one-third copper and two-thirds iron, no cables being used. The largest number of open wires on one pole is eighty-five. There are thirty-six poles in the city carrying approximately sixty-one miles of wire. The Central Office is open from 6:00 a. m. to 8:30 p. m. The instruments used are quite unlike those used in the United States, being of Danish make—the kind you have seen in the movies. Central is called by "turning the crank." Not having had any experience in the plant department, the above is the best description I can offer in my own words.

The geographical location of these islands you all know, and I am sure most of you think this is a real warm climate. The temperature never goes above 92 degrees in the summer, nor below 72 degrees in the



St. Thomas Island from across the harbor

winter. There is a constant breeze over the island and paper weights have to be used quite freely in the offices, and no electric fans are necessary.

The island of St. Thomas has an area of approximately thirty square miles, three miles wide and ten miles in length, with hills about 900 feet high running its entire length. There is very little level ground on the island and, therefore, practically no cultivation—only a few small peanut and corn patches. Bananas, cocoanuts and guava berries grow on the island, but not to any great extent. St. Thomas is a picturesque island, and outside the city of Charlotte Amalie is some beautiful scenery. There are beautiful bays and sandy beaches around the island; however, bathing in the bays is not so popular, as several sharks have been noticed in them.



Raising the Stars and Stripes at St. Thomas the day the islands were transferred to the United States

Sailboating and horseback riding are the popular means of recreation. In sailboating around the island a person can get a good view of the island in general, while horseback riding gives a person an opportunity to view the island of St. Thomas and smaller outlying islands from the hills. The scenery in the hills is also beautiful. There are several small islands around St. Thomas with areas of only a few acres that are leased by persons for the purpose of raising goats, shooting wild pigeons, and also by fishermen.

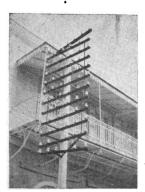
The population of St. Thomas is about 11,000, mostly natives—negroes. Most of the natives are educated and practically all business is carried on by the natives. The English language is the only one spoken here, and I don't suppose there are a dozen natives here who can speak the Danish language. Some expressions of speech and accent are queer; for instance, when requesting an article in a store that is not in stock the clerk will reply: "I ain't have no more." In their conversation it seems as though they place a question mark after each statement.



St. Thomas natives masquerading on New Year's Day

Practically all the houses are made of brick or concrete in order to withstand hurricanes, which are prevalent here during certain parts of the year. The stores have no glass show windows, but have large swinging iron doors. The streets are narrow and crooked, the main street following the water front naturally has to bend once in a while, and as the other streets are patterned after this one, they are all rather crooked. There are some sidewalks; however, most of the walking is done in the middle of the streets. Traffic turns to the left instead of to the right.

The island of St. Thomas was discovered in the year 1493 by Columbus, and from 1666 to 1917 belonged to Denmark, with the exception of the years 1801-02 and 1807-15, when it was held by the British. St. Thomas has a harbor which is unexcelled in the West Indies and up until recent years was of great commercial importance, with the best coaling station in the West Indies and was port of refuge and headquarters of several lines of steamers. Severe competition by neighboring islands



St. Thomas Island construction

and the opening of the Panama Canal and the war have all combined to deflect much of the harbor trade from St. Thomas, and traffic is nothing like it was in former years.

The other two islands of this group—St. Croix and St. John—I have not mentioned because I have not visited them. St. Croix is larger than St. Thomas, but not as important. St. John is smaller and less important.

In fairness to myself, I will say that I am a member of Uncle Sam's Navy, having joined the service immediately after war was declared by the United States, and, excepting two months spent in the training at Newport, the Navy Yard at New York and the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, I have been at St. Thomas ever since. I am now chief clerk to

the Government Secretary, who is a naval officer. The Virgin Islands are now under the direct administration of the Navy Department, the Governor being Rear Admiral James H. Oliver, U. S. N.

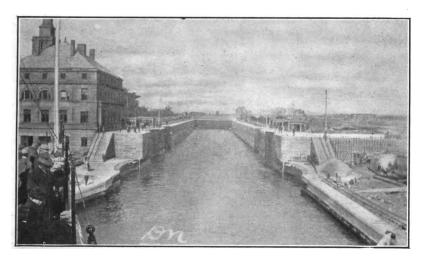
In concluding I can only say that in writing this little story I have used my own words, and hope that it will prove of a little interest to the readers of this magazine.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE GREAT LAKES SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN

Another point of great interest to all Great Lakes travelers is the locks at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. In going from Lake Superior to lower Lake ports, all ships must pass through one of the locks at this point. At the present time there are three locks in use, the Poe, the Davis, and the Weitzel lock. Of the three locks the Poe and the Davis are used the more; the Weitzel lock, built in 1881, is but little used now. The Poe lock was completed by a Detroit contractor in 1896. It is 800 feet long and 100 feet wide and can admit boats having a draft of 21 feet. The Davis lock, its next neighbor, is much larger. Work is partially completed on the new fourth lock, which is to be still larger than any of the other American locks. The war has interfered to a certain extent with construction work here, but most of the concrete work has been completed, and all of the excavating work finished.

One of the first sights which strikes the visitor's eye in coming down from Lake Superior is the huge international bridge from Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, to the city of the same name in Canada. The bridge has nine huge spans, which are swung high above the rapids of the St. Marys river. Where the bridge crosses the upper entrance to the canal cut, a double bascule lift bridge has been placed. The huge balance-weights of cement are alone bigger than an ordinary box car.

Another structure, somewhat similar to the bascule lift in construction, is the device to stop flow of water from Lake Superior down, should any accident happen to the locks. This bridge-like structure is arranged to swing directly across the channels and huge steel plates are dropped down, fitting into concrete work 22 feet below the surface. When this arrangement is in use, the water is diverted into St. Mary Trouble was experienced not long ago when a freighter broke through one of the lock gates, letting a flood of water down through the lock. Repairs took a long time and tied up traffic. Each lock is now equipped with double gates and great care is exercised to prevent another such occurrence. Unlike the Panama Canal, vessels are permitted to proceed while in the lock under their own steam. This is possible because most of the vessels are nearly of the same size as the lock itself and because great care is used in tieing the ship up during the time the water is being let in or out. The drop between Lakes Superior and Huron and Michigan is 19 feet and some few inches. This is an-



Davis lock

other point of difference from the Panama, as the locks there have a much greater drop. However, more traffic is handled though the Soo locks than through the Panama Canal. In 1898, 21 million tons of freight were carried through the Soo locks. In 1917 nearly one hundred million tons passed thru.

There is considerable passenger traffic through the locks, although the major part is iron ore, copper, wheat, and some package freight. The Anchor Line has a fleet of three 450-foot vessels on the Duluth-Buffalo run; one ship, the North American, makes weekly cruises between Chicago and Duluth.

War has brought many restrictions to the locks. In pre-war days, passengers were permitted to get off the ship at the locks and go up and visit the town, but government order has now forbidden that. constant guard is maintained on all locks and machine-housings by soldiers from the nearby Fort Brady. The town itself is full of military police. Both above and below the locks is stationed a fleet of small naval scout patrols, much similar to those used on salt water for submarine chaser work. The locks and the city, too, present a most beautiful sight at night. Every vessel approaching from either direction is flooded with light from searchlight batteries stationed on shore, while the diminutive scout patrols play around the ship. Constant vigilance is maintained; all ships are carefully watched to prevent any damage by members of the crew to the lock. The good work of these naval vessels and the army guards was shown in a report published last fall in the Chicago Herald. The paper published statements telling of the various cases of espionage work that had been frustrated by the good work of the guard.

It takes a ship a half hour or less to be locked down. Several years ago there was an American wireless station on a hill overlooking the town. Two years ago this tower was taken down. It was the same size as the Duluth tower, and both were installed by the DeForest interests. Radio traffic at this point is handled by a 5½ k.w. 240 cycle synchronous set of the Canadian Marconi Company at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. Connection with the Michigan side is had by telephone and Western Union cable under the river. Both the Canadian and the American sides are veritable beehives of activity. On the American side there are great power plants—one mammoth plant of the Union Carbide Company and many other of smaller size. The Canadian city is much the larger. There are huge iron works, power plants and paper mills. The town looks like a small Pittsburgh, by night. There are locks similar to the American on the Canadian side, used almost entirely by Canadian vessels. Neither government charges for the use of the locks.

The city, or town, of Sault Ste. Marie (which, by the way, is pronounced Soo Saint Marie) is rather small—10,000—but it is full of hustle. One meets souvenir stores and curio shops at every turn. There are not a few Indians in this locality and several have a thriving business in taking travelers in an exciting shoot the rapids trip at \$1.00 per trip. They have huge 20-foot canoes. The Soo is a place of never-failing interest and one that few Americans appreciate. It has become a common thing for the natives to hear repeated exclamations of surprise from Easterners, who never knew the place was so wonderful.

DEATH OF ENSIGN MURRAY

It is a painful duty to record the death on May 30 of Ensign Eugene M. Murray at the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia, the apparent cause being a tumor in the brain. He was born at Haverford, Pa., in 1890, entering the Marconi service in 1912, as constructor. He served in that capacity at Philadelphia and Baltimore for 5 years, when he was commissioned ensign in the Naval Reserve force. He was one of the most efficient and popular constructors in the service. Our deep sympathy is extended to his family.

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A SIDE-LIGHT ON THE CAROLINA

Miss Elona Donado Virola, a telegraph operator, had an appalling experience when the Huns sunk the ship. She is an attractive Spanish girl of 18 and is now with her aunt in New York. Here is her story:

"When the submarine commander ordered us to leave the Carolina, I got into a motor launch with fourteen other women and twenty men. Two of the men were my cousins, Dr. Ralph Rafael and William R. Rafael. They were drowned when the launch capsized.

"A storm came up about 10 o'clock the night we left the Carolina.

A big wave came along and upset the launch.

"Before that we had all put on our life belts, but Dr. Ralph Rafael got his on wrong and this was why he drowned. He tried to hold me up, but became exhausted and fell forward so his head went under the water. Then I tried to hold him up, but I couldn't do it, and as I was struggling I touched somebody else floating in the water. It was another dead man, and by holding on to that body and the body of my cousin I kept afloat.

"I floated that way until dawn. I was very tired and several times I felt like I would have to let go. But each time I thought there might still be hope—that some ship might come along and save me—and so

I held on.

"When the launch overturned I had become separated from the others. I understood later that some of them had saved themselves by holding on to the boat, but I didn't know anything about it until later.

"When dawn came I saw something in the mist which proved to be the launch. It seems that by that time they had been able to right the boat, and were drifting around waiting for a ship to appear and save

them. The motor boat was without gasoline.

"I yelled to them, and two of the men in the boat got out into the water and took hold of the boat from behind and shoved it along by swimming until it came up to where I was and then they pulled me in. The occupants of the boat were in terrible condition. Some of them had been in the water a long time before they got the boat righted. Several who had climbed into it when we left the Carolina had been drowned. I understood sixteen lost their lives.

"Some of the men kept taking turns going into the water and shoving the boat from the rear. They did not know directions, but they felt that if only they kept the boat moving we would all stand a better chance of being seen by some ship. It was all very terrible, but we tried to keep up our courage. At last we saw a ship. It looked to me like a battleship. It had guns and there were men in uniform on board.

"We were taken on board and stayed there Monday night. The next day we were sent in a small boat to some place in Delaware, and

then we were sent to New York.

"I had been saving for a long time to come to New York. I had bought some pretty dresses and thought I would be able to get a position here. I thought the money I had would pay my expenses until then, but everything I had—money, pretty dresses and all—is gone. I

left everything when we got off the Carolina."

Miss Virola was taken in charge by representatives of the Red

Cross, who said they would obtain a position for her.

"I am very grateful for their kindness," said Miss Virola, referring to the Red Cross, "and I feel all right now, but I am afraid it will take me years to erase from my mind the sight of those poor dead men floating about in the water."



HONOR TO DEAD HEROES

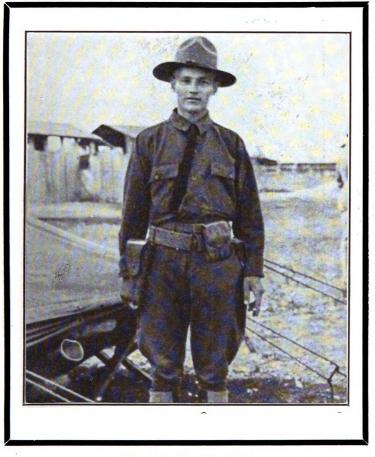
On Memorial Day a committee, consisting of Messrs. Pillsbury, Edwards, Duffy and Podell, on behalf of the Marconi Company placed a handsome floral wreath on the Wireless fountain in the presence of about a dozen operators, the actual placing of the wreath being done by Mrs. Podell.

Distance not only lends enchantment, but even more often it lends courage.

While money is plentiful, put your house in order, brother. You never had such a chance to fortify yourself.

Pay up your back debts, clean your slate and lay aside every dollar you can as a reserve nest egg. By this I don't mean to stint yourself unnecessarily, but cut out the excess baggage you are carrying thoughtlessly and needlessly. Because money comes easier than ordinarily is no reason why it should be spent foolishly.

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KILLED IN ACTION

Private Joseph Zihala was one of the first of our boys at the factory to respond to the call for volunteers. He enlisted six weeks after the declaration of war and was assigned to Seventh Field Artillery at Fort Slocum. From there his company was sent to Fort Sam Houston, Texas. After seven weeks' training at the latter post, Private Zihala was ordered to France with the First American Expeditionary Force, where, after ten months, he paid the supreme price for his country, being killed in action. Private Zihala was born in Bridgeport, Conn., twenty-one years ago. He was the oldest of six children. After enlistment he had no chance to visit his home, but his family had the opportunity to bid him good-bye just before he sailed for France.



DIED AT HIS POST

Francis Joseph Doherty, Senior Radio officer of the ill-fated City of Athens, which was sunk in a collision off the Jersey Coast, May 1, was born in Ridgeville, S. C., and educated in Charleston, graduating from school with high honors, and possessing the respect and esteem of classmates and teachers. He was an obedient and gentle son, a kind and thoughtful husband and brother, always true to home and friends. He took up land telegraphy at the St. Charles Hotel in Charleston, and went from there to Chicago and New York, where he entered the service of the United Wireless Company, and later joined the Marconi, becoming one of our oldest employees. He was employed continuously on coastwise ships, mainly of the Southern Pacific.

At the time of the disaster, Doherty refused to abandon his apparatus, making persistent efforts to send out S. O. S., although the captain ordered him to the boats three times. At last he was washed overboard and drowned in the darkness. In his death the Company loses one of its most experienced and reliable operators, who has rendered long and faithful service.

THE HISTORIC THETIS

H. M. S. Thetis, which was filled with concrete and sunk at the entrance of the Zeebrugge canal, was one of the first four ships in the British Navy to be equipped with wireless for real business. She was detached from the Mediterranean squadron for duty off South Africa during that war, and was one of the squadron patrolling the coast from Durban to Delagoa Bay. She was equipped while on this patrol, and the success of these four ships influenced the Admiralty to place their first order of any magnitude with the Marconi Company.

TWELVE THINGS TO REMEMBER

The value of time.
The success of perseverance.
The pleasures of working.
The dignity of simplicity.
The worth of character.
The power of kindness.
The influence of example.
The obligation of duty.
The wisdom of economy.
The virtue of patience.
The improvement of talent.
The joy of originating.

Why is a slacker like a custard pie? He's yellow all thru and hasn't enough crust to go over the top.

Most of all the other beautiful things in life, come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins but only one Mother in all the wide world.

-Kate Douglas Wiggin.



EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Mr. Nally, who is in South America, has crossed the continent via the trans-Andean Railway, and is now in Buenos Aires arranging for station sites and construction work for the Pan-American Wireless Telegraph and Telephone Company. He writes that in crossing the Equator the weather was pleasant and the heat not extreme.

Marion E. Crist, of the Comptroller's Department, has resigned to accept an appointment as Radio auditing clerk in the Naval Communication Service, Washington.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB

F. J. Flood has returned to the North Star. Thurston Johnson has returned to the service and is junior on the Star.

P. S. Killam is senior and J. F. Thacher, a new man, is junior on the Belfast.

R. W. Leason has gone into service with the Signal Corps and his crony, C. R. Crosby, not to be outdone, has gone into the Naval Reserve.

A. R. Gardner transferred from the City of Rockland to the Ransom B. Fuller, being relieved by C. H. Sargent of the Malden.

E. C. Murphy, a new man, is on the Malden.

H. B. Whipple has been re-employed and relieved J. S. Dodge on the Everett. Dodge went to the Shipping Board steamer Governor Cobb.

as senior, with J. P. Leahan, a Gulf Divisioner, as junior.

B. P. Sloane of the Melrose has resigned and is somewhere with the Naval Reserve. W. F. Rauscher, a new man, was assigned to the Melrose.

M. J. Reilly has transferred from the City of Columbus to the City of Augusta, relieving R. G. Philbrook, who went to the City of Columbus.

EASTERN DIVISION

C. W. Vollmer, formerly of the City of Athens, which was sunk, has replaced V. H. Wheeless on the Mohawk. F. J. Doherty, senior of the City of Athens, was lost when the ship went down.

J. C. Stuart, first on the Creole, sailed as senior on the Cascapedia, L. D. Payne, the former senior on the Cascapedia, being demoted to junior. P. W. Clement, junior on the Creole, was assigned to the Starlite. C. L. Whitney, former senior on the Antilla, took Stuart's place as senior on the Creole. H. R. Wolfe, second on the Antilla, after serving two days on the Sunlite, was finally assigned to the F. W. Weller. R. C. Thomas. formerly of the F. W. Weller, took R. W. Hendrickson's place as senior on the Concho, when the latter failed to report sailing day.

K. Hatlestad, of the Caracas, has resigned, and W. A. R. Brown, formerly of the El Mundo, has taken his place on the Caracas. H. V. Griffing, of the Standard, has been assigned to the El Mundo to fill Brown's place. I. Teitelbaum sailed on the Standard in Griffing's place.

W. S. Miller, of the Cora F. Cressey, has resigned in order to enter the Government Service.

The same is true of B. N. Lazarus, of the Carolina, which was torpedoed

and sunk by a German submarine, except that he entered the Naval Reserve Force. The Carolina's junior, E. W. Vogel, was promoted to senior and H. H. Warner assigned as Junior. Both of these men were saved when the Carolina went down.

E. W. Rogers, first, and T. Bowen, second, on the Westoil, were relieved by Naval operators the latter being re-assigned to the Coosa.

G. E. Sinclair, of the Charybdis,

sailed on the Marvanne.

R. G. Martin has taken W. E. Grant's place on the Santa Anna.

J. A. Bossen, senior of the Apache, has been called for active service. He is at present stationed with Lazarus at the U. S. Naval Radio Station at Sea Gate, Coney Island, New York. H. D. Taylor, junior of the Apache, was promoted to senior, and T. L. Dakin, of the DeSoto, sailed with him as junior.

R. J. Preis replaced M. O. Green on the Momus when the latter was transferred to Gulf Division.

P. J. Donohue, of the W. C. Teagle, has been relieved by W. H. Davis.

E. J. Pynchon of the Santa Isabel, has returned to San Francisco.

W. F. C. Hertz, of the Shenango, sailed on the Gargoyle.

W. L. Hille, of the Sucrosa, has returned to the Gulf Division, having been relieved by W. Osterloh, a Southern Division man.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Operators Dudley and Hahn are now holding down the Dorchester on her weekly excursions to Beantown. Dudley was sorry to have his spring vacation interrupted, as he is engaged, and hates to be out of town evenings. We hope it will still be so after he is married.

The Nantucket is now running out of Philadelphia, with operators Grant-

lin and Deavers. Deavers claims to have gained 20 pounds since entering our service in October. He sure looks it.

K. W. Keller relieved J. Canfield for a trip on the Cretan. Canfield had a toothache or the mumps, he didn't know which.

R. W. Barrington, a new man in the service, has been assigned to the Norwegian motor vessel Hamlet for one trip. Roger looked a little scared when he left, but we won't know him when he comes swaggering into the office with a real seaman's walk and a strong Norwegian accent.

George H. Fischer, Jr., who has made a number of trips through the war zone, has just returned to Philadelphia after an illness which kept him abroad for several months. He has been assisting in construction work in the Philadelphia district, but tells us that the wild waves are calling him again.

Mr. Fred Schwab, constructor in the Philadelphia district, met with a little adventure the other night. After working over time on an installation at Wilmington, he had just succeeded in catching his train. In attempting to secure a seat in the extreme rear of the last car, he became over enthusiastic and attracted the attention of an "ossifer." The latter objected to Fred's eagerness, so Fred was obliged to miss his train. He didn't pay much for lodging that night, either, although it was a little damp.

W. Osterloh and V. Zito were relieved by D. C. Dudley and C. Hahn on the Dorchester.

K. W. Keller relieved J. Canfield on the Cretan.

J. E. Wynkoop relieved W. J. Ferris on the Sunoil.

Wm. H. Davis, of the S. S. Teagle (Eastern Division) dropped in to say

that he was recently married to the sweetest girl, etc., Miss Mary E. Stuart, of Baltimore.

Constructor Schwab equipped the Santa Luisa with a 2 kw. 500 panel set, and put a cargo set on the Waukesha.

Constructor Manley put a ½ kw. Canadian Cabinet set on the Avon-

Constructor Sinclair dismantled the ½ kw. Canadian Cabinet set and installed a ½ kw. panel on the Santore.

The sympathy of all is extended to Superintendent Chapman in the recent death of his father.

GULF DIVISION

Sickness in this Division still prevails to a great extent. Operator Adler will resume duties as senior on the Mexico on her return to this port.

T. J. Alderman is confined to the Marine Hospital with a Mexican fever of a new type, which is proving interesting to the doctors and attendants.

Operator Hosey, of the M. I. M. C. Co., is still confined to the Marine Hospital.

The Miami and Mascotte now have two operators each. Barkley is making his home on the Mascotte.

Brasher and McCann remain on the Mexico.

The Excelsior and what goes with it are in port this week.

Christiansen has not said how he likes his new quarters on the Panuco. It is our opinion he will find them much better than the old.

Operator Coe, late of the Harold Walker, has been transferred to the Coahuila as senior; A. M. Smith, a new employee, is his junior.

Davis remains on the Bacoi.

Fruebing has been transferred from the San Juan to the Miami, and L. Pinkerton takes his place on the San Juan.

Grissom remains on the Marina.

Operator Hammerley is temporarily assigned to the Casiana until the Paddleford proceeds north.

Operators Hill and Miller are on the Ponce; Operator Wolter has been transferred from the Ponce to the Ialisco.

Operator Hille is assigned to the Chalmette temporarily until Hymel, now of the William Green, returns to this port.

Operator Jolls is senior on the Miami.

Operator Entwistle, a new employee, is assigned to the Danziger.

We still have our woman operator with us, who remains on the Tamesi.

Operator Treadway has again returned to our service and is assigned to the Pennant in place of Russell, resigned.

Operator Sweeney is taking the rest cure at Hot Springs, being relieved by Green.

Operator West, of the Buccaneer, desires a change to a larger craft. He says riding on an egg shell is not very much fun.

The R. P. Clark was equipped at Mobile recently.

A ½ kw. Canadian Cabinet set has been installed on the War Mystery.

The equipment of the War Marvel will probably be started in the month of July.

Owing to the Lake George being diverted from the New Orleans-Porto Rican trade, we were unable to start her equipment.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

L. M. Temple, who has been assigned to the City of Erie, has been transferred to the M. A. Bradley, relieving Z. A. Turner, who has been called into Military Service.

C. B. McAdams, a new man in the Service, relieved F. Elliott on the Harvey H. Brown, Elliott returning to his position at the Cleveland office.

H. Chittendon, a new recruit, is now aboard the City of Buffalo.

E. A. Buchanan, who was temporarily assigned to the City of Erie, has been relieved by John Sokutis.

Floyd Woodson, a new man in the Service, has been assigned to the Eastern States, relieving M. Jameson, who has been transferred to his old berth as junior on the City of Cleveland III.

Leroy Bremmer, a new man, has been assigned to the Peter Reiss, relieving A. Shafer, who was compelled to leave his vessel on account of sickness.

Jos. Whalen, one of our oldest operators, is joining military service. Whalen was assigned to the John Reiss, being relieved by Roy Wenning, a new man in the Service.

G. Bittner, who has been assigned to the Clemens Reiss since the opening of navigation, has been called home. Roy Demeritt, a new man, relieves him on the Clemens Keiss.

B. L. Chapman, who has been assisting with construction work since the opening of navigation and recently assigned to the steamer Wm. G. Mather, was called into Military Service, being relieved by N. B. Watson, formerly of the Eastern Division. We are in receipt of a telegram from Chapman advising us that his Local Board has ordered him to return to his position on the Wm. G. Mather. He is now awaiting the arrival of this vessel.

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P. M. Hansen has been transferred from the Arizona to the S. S. Carolina. J. F. Born was transferred from the S. S. Indiana to the Missouri.

Installation is completed at Detroit on the State of New York. Constructor S. E. Leonard acted as operator on her trip from Detroit to the shipyards at Manitowoc, Wis., at which port he reinstalled the equipment on the steamer Christopher Columbus, then proceeding to Chicago, where he assisted Chief Operator L. L. Lynn in overhauling the equipments on the vessels of the Goodrich Transit Company.

PACIFIC DIVISION

J. A. Gilliland formerly junior aboard the Celilo, was assigned as operator-in-charge of the Kurow.

C. F. Sweaney, a new man, has been assigned to the Celilo as junior.

- G. L. Van Auken and J. W. James, a new man, have been assigned to the China as senior and junior operators, respectively, relieving F. A. Lafferty and A. Hartman, who have resigned from our service.
- J. A. Maginnis, a new man, has been assigned to the Luise Nielsen as operator-in-charge, relieving Geo. Sturley.
- J. Summers relieved B. McLean as senior aboard the Manoa. Mr. Mc-Lean has been summoned for active service.
- C. E. Goodwin and H. H. Boucher relieved J. W. Morrow and K. D. Dogan as senior and junior aboard the Colusa. Mr. Dogan resigned from our service after completing one trip.
- R. S. Savage has been assigned as operator in charge of the James Timpson, relieving G. W. Woodbury, who has been transferred to the Willamette as senior.

E. M. Sutton has been assigned to the Rose City as junior, relieving E. H. Robertson.

W. Griffith has been assigned to the Lurline as senior, relieving C. Hemenway, who has joined the Naval Reserve.

During the month of May the San Francisco and Seattle construction departments equipped the Kurow, Westboro and West Indian.

The following table showing volunteers from our service to the Navy and Army as credited to the various States was obtained from the Marconi Honor Roll for the month of May, 1918, shown in the Service Magazine:

CALIFORNIA		65
New York		54
New Jersey		33
Ohio		23
Massachusetts		18
Washington		16
Pennsylvania		15
Michigan		11
Maryland		11
Illinois		10
Louisiana		9
Hawaii		8
Oregon		5
Wisconsin		5
Indiana		4
Texas		4
Alaska		3
Florida		3
New Hampshire	٠.	ರ
Iowa		2
Maine		2
Minnesota		2
Missouri		2
Alabama	٠.	1
Connecticut	٠.,	1
Delaware		1
Kansas		1
Oklahoma		1
South Dakota		1
Virginia		1
Total		-
Total	21	~

OFFICIAL PAGE OF THE MARCONI RADIO TELEGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION

Members' Meeting Room and Office of the Secretatry-Treasurer at 44 Broad Street, Room 303, New York

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Through the courtesy of the Editor the space on this page has been donated to our Association for the purpose of conveying to the membership news of Association happenings, official communications and announcements, in lieu of the official journal, which has been suspended.

Members should look to this page for all matters pertaining to the Association other than the official notices posted on the bulletin space at the meeting rooms.

An important action took place durthe past month, when, as a result of a vote passed at a recent meeting, President Beckerman appointed a committee of five, to be known as a Grievance Committee, the object of which is to receive from members, or Marconi operators in general, all grievances and after giving them proper consideration lay the matters before proper authorities, that is, the Marconi. naval. shipping steamship companies, government, or whatever authority the special matters should be taken up with.

This will be a great boon to our men, and any one who has a kick

coming is invited to send it to the committee—the sooner the better.

Brother F. J. Flood is chairman of the committee and the remaining members are Brothers C. L. Whitney, A. DeSilva, S. C. Tennery and J. Lohman.

Our members who have already had the opportunity of taking advantage of the conveniences afforded by the Association headquarters are convinced that the well-appointed rooms are filling a long-felt want. The officers are leaving no stone unturned to make the place comfortable and in-Their latest act, planned as a surprise to the members, was to order new personal correspondence paper, with which they are going to keep the writing desk plentifully supplied. The paper, as with the other conveniences about the headquarters, is in conformity with the dignity of the Association.

Except during a meeting the Association rooms are open to men in the Army and Naval services, as well as to all Marconi operators in the American or foreign companies, whether members or not. All will find a welcome. Men in our own company should certainly pay a visit, for it is felt by the officers that they will soon see many reasons why they should become part of the Association.

Meetings of the Association are held every Monday and Friday afternoons at 1 o'clock. The meeting is always called to order promptly and rarely takes up much time, although important business is taken up on each occasion.

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233 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

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This book is the last word in wireless text books. It furnishes much information of utmost value in regard to the very latest styles of wireless sets now in use, and which has not appeared in print before. Practical Wireless Telegraphy is the first wireless text book to treat each topic separately and completely, furnishing a progressive study from first principles to expert practice.	\$1 .50
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FRONTISPIECE

We add to our family portrait gallery this month Mr. Frank Chapman, Superintendent of the Southern Division, at Baltimore, who was born in Toronto in 1885, migrated to Detroit at the tender age of 11 and graduated from the public schools three years later. He first turned his attention to the trade of reed worker, learning to make chairs, go-carts, baby carriages, etc., but after five years he was seized with wanderlust and enlisted in the Navy in order to see what the world is like, much against the wishes of his family.

He was first ordered to Norfolk for three months training ashore as a landsman, the lowest rating in the Navy. Then he went to the U. S. S. Prairie, and in six months qualified as an ordinary seaman. His next ship was the new cruiser Maryland, where, after three months, he was rated seaman. The duties of seaman not being congenial, he spent a year in the dynamo room, and picked up some knowledge of wireless, which shortly secured for him a transfer to the Radio Department, and he has stuck to wireless ever since, with good results.

In 1908 Mr. Chapman was honorably discharged from the Navy, but four months later re-enlisted and went to the Naval Electrical School at New York Navy Yard, graduating after a six-months' course, and went to the U. S. S. Olympia for a summer cruise with future admirals (Naval Academy cadets), later transferring to the U. S. S. Michigan. After several coastwise trips and a voyage to England and France, he got his fill of the sea, and went to the wireless station at Norfolk Navy Yard for three years, when he quit the service and joined the Marconi colors.

His first assignment was Virginia Beach, and his next Hatteras, the unspeakable, where he stuck nine months. Next came Miami Beach, which was his home for nearly three years, and where the mosquitoes were unbearable. In February, 1917, he was selected for the responsible position which he now fills with credit to himself and to the company.

While in the Navy, Mr. Chapman served as radio electrician on the Diamond Shoal and Fenwick Island lightships, and made a cruise around the world on the Maryland, visiting various Mediterranean and East Indian ports, Manila, China, Japan, Hawaii, and all ports between Seattle and San Diego. He is an expert swimmer and diver, and has been known to remain under water 2 minutes and 43 seconds. As a boxer, he held decisions over all lightweight boxers in the Navy during his enlistment. As an official and gentleman he is held in high esteem, and is deservedly popular with his staff. As a husband and father, he is considered by his wife, son and daughter, as ace high.

A WEEK ON A SAND BAR

Henry T. Munroe



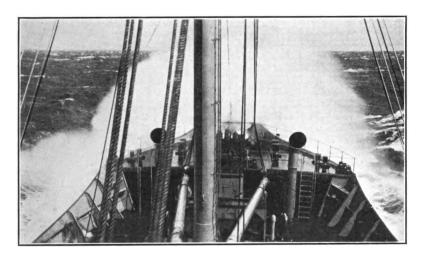
The steamship Currier left Boston for New York where we were going into dry dock to have her bottom painted and then going to Port Arthur, Texas, for cargo. We dropped down Boston harbor and as the weather was bad so that the men could not work while we were outside, we anchored off Deer Island and started cleaning the tanks. The next morning we up anchor and got under way for New York. The wind was northeast and there was some sea running, and as we were light, we did not make much speed.

I got a message from the U. S. S. Meade saying she was in trouble. I reported to the captain, who told me to ask if we could be of any assistance. I did so, but they said they were O. K. Nothing more happened and about 9:50 P. M. I tuned up for N. A. A weather and press. I had just cleared on weather and started on press, when I felt a jolt. The second officer rushed into the cabin and said we were ashore off Cross Rip. I at once reported to the captain and in a short time he gave me some traffic to clear. He had the anchor carried aft and dropped off the poop, the windlass started

and the tanks pumped out, but it was no use, as the gale and tide were driving us onto the bar all the time.

During the night I got an S. O. S. from a ship off New York, also one from a ship on fire off Eastport. Ours made the fourth ship that was in trouble that night. The next morning I got word from W. S. C. that a tug was on her way to our assistance. When she arrived they put a big hawser aboard and with our engines running full speed, she started to pull, without results. They then tried jumping the hawser, that is, slacking it up and then running full speed ahead. All they succeeded in doing was to snap the hawser and going ashore themselves.

The next day a patrol boat came out and offered to take the crew off, and later two lighthouse tenders and a patrol boat hove in sight. They came under our stern and we sent a boat to take their line. They sent a 2-inch steel cable aboard and started to pull. As soon as they tightened on the line it parted. The two lighthouse tenders then gave up the job and the revenue cutter stood by us. About this time I got word the tug Rescue was on her way from Norfolk to our assistance. She arrived the next afternoon and started at once to get ready to pull us off. They sent a wrecking crew aboard us and dropped two large anchors astern of us. To these were attached big hawsers and in turn



they were passed to us. They then put aboard large blocks which were put on bits on our poop. To these the hawsers were attached and in turn to our windlass; then a heavy line was passed from the tug and at a signal, the winches were started and the tug started to pull. We were hard and fast aground and nothing happened.

As we had been ashore about three days and only had enough food to last us to New York, it gave out; and we were having corned beef without potatoes and what little coffee was left without milk or sugar three times a day. I sent in a report and a patrol boat was sent to us. They took one of the officers ashore who got what provisions he was able to buy. He said he bought out the country store.

Each high tide the Rescue would pull on us and on the third day, after being ashore just six days and twenty hours, we slid into deep water. The Rescue came alongside and put aboard what provisions they could spare, I think it was four hams and some sugar. At least we were sure of not starving before we arrived at New York. After the wrecking crew got their blocks, lines, etc., on the tug, we up anchor and started for New York where we arrived the next afternoon.

JOBS YOU HAVE AND MAY HAVE

Wages are so big in certain lines at the present time that you are dissatisfied with your position and think of resigning.

If you have a good position with a reliable firm where there is a chance of advancement you had better stick where you are.

In your contemplated change, consider the permanency of the place where you are in comparison with the uncertainty of the one you covet.

You must know that the big wages are resultant from rush orders

in enormous quantity and when the demand is satisfied the wages will drop correspondingly.

Then what would become of you should the business slump suddenly? You may see an opportunity to better yourself now, but if not permanently, you are foolish to give up a good, fair, steady job.

Better look at the matter from its many sides before you make a move that you may regret.

It has taken you a long time to reach the place of trust you now enjoy and you get good wages with hope of a comfortable nest egg by saving a little every day. So stick to the steady job.

ENGINEERS WANTED

The Bureau of Oil Conservation, U. S. Fuel Administration, Washington, is desirous of securing a combustion engineer for each of the following districts, who will act as an inspector, visiting all plants within his district using fuel oil and natural gas: Boston, Providence, New York City, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Tulsa, New Orleans, and San Francisco.

It is desirable for these men to act as volunteers where possible, but the Administration is prepared to pay a reasonable compensation for men who cannot afford to give their services to the Government. Only men who have had experience in fuel oil and natural gas combustion would be of value. Apply to

W. CHAMPLAIN ROBINSON,
Director of Oil Conservation.

NEED—CREED—DEED

Put thoughts for wealth and luxuries away,
Begin and continue and finish the day,
With all power in doing our job well;
Let it be our job and let it be our creed,
To help in sending enough Huns to Hell,
To lick the Devil out of the rest of the breed.

Robert H. Marriott

IN THE ZONE OF ENEMY SUBMARINE ACTIVITY

J. M. Harrison



The steamer Parima sailed from New York with a full complement of passengers, and all the cargo space filled, bound for the West Indies. Nothing unusual transpired until the vessel reached a position not far from Cape Hatteras, when suddenly the engines stopped dead, and we remained practically helpless for a period of twelve hours. Fortunately, the weather was fine and calm and no uneasiness prevailed among the passengers; but, greatly to our surprise, about half a day later, when we were once again steaming ahead at a speed of ten knots, the junior operator received the S. O. S. from the steamer Nyanza, the message saying she was being chased. The position of the Nyanza was apparently close to the spot where the Parima had broken down. The information was kept from everybody excepting the

captain and the navigating officers. During the remainder of the voyage to St. Thomas nothing further was heard, and the news sent out from N. A. A. at 10 P. M. did not mention submarine activity close to the Atlantic coast; and it was only when the Parima arrived at the British island of St. Lucia that the full extent of the damage done to Allied vessels became known, the news being received over the cable via Jamaica. After a few hours stay at St. Lucia, we proceeded to Barbados, and there received confirmation of the St. Lucia reports. Several passengers who had been making the round trip, decided not to venture on the return voyage, cancelled their reservations and remained at Barbados. Subsequent events were not marked by anything of an unusual nature, and we only stopped an hour or two at each of the islands on the northbound trip taking on mails and passengers.

Soon after leaving the last port of call, St. Thomas, all the passengers and crew were supplied with lifebelts and instructed how to use them. There were many occasions when the call sounded to muster with belts on. Many warnings were received from the radio station at N. A. A., but the Parima arrived safely in New York. A gun is being mounted for the next voyage, which measure of protection may tend to reassure the passengers and the entire crew will be more keenly on the

alert for emergencies.

THE MARSEILLAISE

The most stirring song ever known—French National Anthem, written by ROUGET DE L'ISLE in 1792. It might have been 1914, the words fit present conditions so well.

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory! Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise!

Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,

Affright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms, ye brave! The avenging sword unsheathe; March on! march on! all hearts resolved

On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,

Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise;

The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,

And lo! our field and cities blaze; And shall we basely view the ruin, While lawless force, with guilty stride,

Spreads desolation far and wide, With crimes and blood his hands imbruing!

To arms! to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved

On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded, The vile, insatiate despots dare, Their thirst of power and gold unbounded.

To mete and vend the light and air;

Like beasts of burden would they load us,

Like gods would bid their slaves adore;

But man is man, and who is more?

Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?

To arms! to arms, ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathe; March on! march on! all hearts resolved

On victory or death.

O Liberty! can man resign thee, Once having felt thy generous flame?

Can dungeons, bolts or bars confine thee?

Or whips thy noble spirit tame? Too long the world has wept, bewailing

That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield.

But freedom is our sword and shield.

And all their arts are unavailing, To arms! to arms, ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathe; March on! march on! all hearts resolved

On victory or death.

TWO TRIPS THROUGH HUN LAND

Walter Tylar

The Canadian steamer Armonia left New York on what, according to the agent, was to be a flying trip. In a sense it was, for we certainly flew a little way towards heaven before we got through. On account of the coal shortage in New York, we proceeded to Newport News, and after a delay of 17 days, finally finished coaling and left for Genoa. The ship was covered with ice and down by the head about three feet. The cattle tank and fresh water feed-pipes were all frozen up and on this account the 350 mules on deck suffered greatly. They were without water for three days, but they all pulled through. On the second day out, we ran into a heavy gale and this weather continued for ten days. Trouble commenced for us when our aerial parted in eight places, owing to the wind and weight of ice on it. We were busy all day repairing. The weather got worse and we were hove to most of the day. It was not long before the bilges were full and the water over the engine-room plates. Some of the stokehold plates were washed away and at one time only four out of sixteen fires were burning. It was only the good work of the engineers that kept us afloat then. We arrived safely at Gibraltar and four days later left for Genoa, in convoy with thirty-six ships, arriving safely.

After a long stay in Genoa, we bid good-bye, without much regret, and left in convoy with twenty-two ships. We felt greatly honored on being appointed commodore ship, having two Italian navy captains aboard as well as the usual signalmen. We had been out about twentyfour hours and were not much worried over submarines, as the seas were very high and it seemed impossible for them to operate in such However, one afternoon, while about fifty miles south of Toulon, France, the disciples of kultur sent us a present aboard in the shape of a torpedo. It was a bulls-eye and hit squarely in the engineroom on the port side. The explosion was terrific and after the pieces had come back to earth absolute silence reigned. The wireless apparatus was hopelessly wrecked so we wasted no time getting a few clothes and a life-belt each and broke a few sprinting records for the boats. There was no panic and the boats were launched in quick order, and everyone We experienced a little difficulty in getting away was soon aboard. from the ship on account of the high sea, but gradually drifted aft. In our efforts to keep from getting caught under the stern, we broke the boat-hook and one oar, but luckily drifted clear and most of our troubles were over. Twenty-five minutes after the Armonia was torpedoed, she went down by the head, and we were lucky enough to be on the crest of a wave at the time, obtaining a good view of her final plunge.

After two hours bobbing up and down, we were rescued by the armed trawler Corvi; and when the roll was called, it was found that seven men had been killed, including the second engineer. All the casualties were in the engine-room and stokehold. At midnight we had canned willie, bread and tea and nothing ever tasted better. Next morning we arrived at Marseilles covered with much grime and few clothes. Towards evening we got a new rig-out, changed, and came out none the worse for wear. A week later we left Marseilles on the S. S.

Roma, and after a stay of ten days at Gibraltar, proceeded for Lisbon, where 300 immigrants were taken aboard. Our next stop was at St. Miguel, Azores, where 100 more immigrants came aboard and also members of the Portuguese mission to the United States. After calling at Providence, R. I., we finally reached New York, thirty days from Marseilles.

Our stay was shortlived, however, as in three days we were on our way to Halifax, N. S., to join the American steamer Bellatrix. The overland trip to Halifax was extremely interesting, being somewhat out of our usual mode of traveling, and therefore a novelty. We cleared for Bordeaux, France, in convoy with forty ships. Except for a few days heavy fog, nothing of interest happened until seven destroyers joined the convoy. Next day five more destroyers came and we felt amply protected.

The excitement commenced when a submarine was sighted one morning between us and the S. S. Bagola, about 150 yards away and right abeam. The warning blasts were blown on the whistle and everyone put on a life-belt in preparation for hurried departure. We were just in time to see a torpedo fired at the Bagola, which, however, passed astern and did no damage. The submarine's conning tower was well out of water and the Bagola fired three shells, one of which struck the submarine aft of the conning tower, and a cloud of smoke hung over the surface where the submarine disappeared. As the Bellatrix was not armed, we swung off our course to give the ship ahead a chance, and she put in two shots, one of which was a probable hit. At the same time another submarine attacked the port side of the convoy and a number of shells were fired. Then came destroyers from all quarters and commenced dropping depth charges. About twenty charges were dropped altogether and the ones nearest gave us quite a shake-up. Later the port side of the convoy was again attacked. Five shells were fired and four depth charges dropped, but we could not see the submarine from our position. But for another alarm, we finally arrived safely at Bordeaux. After a stay of ten days, we left for New York in convoy with about twenty ships. The passage across was fairly smooth and the reports of submarines operating in the vicinity of the American coast was all that was really interesting. Luckily we were not introduced to any and arrived in New York without incident or accident.

SHANGHAI

Henry R. Markoe

It was a hazy day when our ship finally crossed Woosung Bar and headed up the river to Shanghai. The little port of Woosung could be seen to the right with quite a bit of native shipping clustered around. Getting into port and leaving it were many Chinese junks built in a style that would make one think of old Spanish galleons and ships that were sailing the seas in the days of Columbus. These Chinese junks have big eyes painted on their bows, for the Chinese seamen believe that ships can see. They are engaged in native trade along the China coast and river ports.

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Such things as the right of way concern said ancient craft not at all and they are a continuous menace to big steamships. While steaming up the river to Shanghai many industrial plants and administration buildings can be seen and a great deal of business activity. Finally the ship tied up alongside the wharf and my impressions of Shanghai follow.

Shanghai, although technically a Chinese port, has an international form of government and is decidedly a very pleasant place during the summer months. The public park along the Bund is well laid out and concerts are given every evening by a truly excellent band. The park is for the foreign community of Shanghai only, and the throng one meets there in the evening is quite cosmopolitan and very interesting. English, French, Russian, Japanese and many other languages are spoken simultaneously, with an expostulation now and then in our own particular brand of home-made American. English predominates, of course, and is spoken by every foreigner in Shanghai.

But although Shanghai is apparently entirely modernized, its native population still adheres to the old customs, demonstrating their oldtime superstitions in various ways. A stranger to Shanghai may be surprised to see almost every night a long and weird procession moving up and down the river off the Bund. A big and clumsy sampan or two, lit up with various colored lanterns, full of people who are chanting, howling and beating gongs to the accompaniment of piercing sounds from long Chinese flutes constitutes part of a funeral. This impressive ceremony is attended by the numerous friends of a certain native who was drowned or otherwise departed from this over-crowded country. It is the true belief of the Chinese that evil spirits gather over the spot where the unfortunate took his fatal dive in order to capture his soul and take it to a very unorthodox place, hence this impressive and soniferous sampan procession, the purpose of which is to scare the evil spirits away. As a rule, the sampan is propelled by a pair of long stern oars with a goodly lot of coolies bending over them, as it requires quite a lot of manual strength to move the big, clumsy boat, but it the bereaved relatives can afford it, they hire a tow-boat to tow their sampan up and down the river. Here we have a modern tow-boat, managed by modernized natives, who received their schooling and training under Euro-

peans, towing a mass of the oldest and darkest kind of superstition. This is only one of many extraordinary things that a stranger may see in the native quarter of Shanghai. While the Bund is the European business section of Shanghai, Nanking Road is the Chinese business centre of the city and offers quite a glittering spectacle of Chinese modern life, with its many shops and palatial jewelry stores, but if you'll tell your rikshaw boy to drive you to Foochow Road, you will be awarded with the sight of a typical Chinese street. Foochow Road is quite narrow, and crowded to the utmost. Variety there is much, and also plenty of smells. It is the place where most of the native population of Shanghai meets after a hard day's work to partake of refreshment and amusement, and as a Chinaman, when among his own, is a born conversationalist, the first thing that will impress you while driving along that famous thoroughfare is the great number of celestials, standing in all kinds of trafficcongested places, conversing, arguing, debating and speaking all at once. The street is lined up with overhanging banners and many beautifully colored lanterns. Shop keepers expatiate the goodly quality of their wares in hair-raising accents and to add to the general hubbub the piercing notes of various Chinese instruments from an endless number of tea-houses float over the entire kaleidoscope.

Finally the rikshaw boy, being a confirmed materialist, with the conviction that you've seen enough, literally pulls the carriage from under your feet, and, whirling you away from this highly interesting chopstick and pigtailed activity, turns into a dark and apparently endless alley, finally emerging into one of the streets of the European section of the city. The feeling is that of passing from one country into another. Quietude and order prevail here, with Sikh policemen on every corner, and buildings of European architecture. The French wireless station (FFZ) at the French Concession of the city, is a very efficient outfit. Weather reports are sent out at 11 A.M. and 5 P.M. every day. After sending the weather at 5 P.M., FFZ also sends the latest French communique. The Chinese official station covering Shanghai is situated at Woosung, call letters being XSG, and it's tall masts can be seen from ships crossing Woosung Bar.

FACTORY NOTES

Mr. Walter R. Miller, of the Production Department, left recently to enlist in the Quartermaster's Department at Fort Slocum. Mr. Miller would have completed five years service with the company on July 14th. He is a young man who was particularly well-liked by his co-workers, and we wish him the same rapid promotion in his new field of activity that he deservedly won in the Marconi Service.

Betrothal

On the eve of his enlistment, announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Annabelle Hanson to Walter R. Miller. Miss Hanson is just as popular among her associates in the Production Department as was Mr. Miller, and all heartily join in congratulating Mr. Miller and wishing them both happiness.

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Second Red Cross War Fund

Coming very close on the heels of the Third Liberty Loan drive, the factory employees take pride in their contribution of \$773 to the Red Cross fund. This is an average of \$1.31 per employee.

Mr. Collins, of the night shift, is jubilant over the fact that his shift gave a 100 per cent subscription to this, as to the Liberty Loan sub-

scription.

DEFIES SHELLS TILL KILLED

Wireless Operator's Head Blown Off As He Sends S. O. S.

LONDON,—A stirring story of a wireless operator's faithfulness unto death was told today by Godfrey Isaacs at a shareholders' meeting

of the Marconi Company.

During the latter part of last year a ship was 140 miles from the coast when she was attacked by a submarine, which launched a torpedo that missed. Very soon afterward the submarine appeared on the surface and commenced to shell the ship. For an hour the operator remained in his cabin and got into communication with a land station, from which the immediate assistance of a destroyer was promised.

He still stuck to his post in the hope of getting into touch with a ship which would be able to give earlier help. The captain sent a message that having obtained a promise of assistance it was advisable that he should take to shelter. The operator replied that he was getting into touch with an American light cruiser which was likely to give earlier assistance and that meantime he could not leave his cabin.

Within a few moments the submarine began to use shrapnel and fired a shot which passed directly through the cabin, decapitating the operator. When the captain and officers went later to the wireless cabin they found the headless body sitting in a chair with the completed message from the American cruiser in front of him. Only the timely arrival of the American vessel prevented the ship being sunk.

"This is an example," said Mr. Isaacs, "of the conduct of the wireless operators, commonly called sparks, on board ships of the mercantile marine. Rewards for bravery in the field have been given, and I trust that due recognition will be given soon by the authorities to the brave acts of wireless operators also."

MACKINAC ISLAND

This Island, which those of a poetic turn of mind call the Jewel of the Unsalted Seas, is one of the show places of the Great Lakes. As a summer resort, it has many unusual features which commend it to the tired business man. One of these is that there is not an automobile on the Island, and another that there are no trains.

The Island is replete with historical significance. Its strategic location made it an important point in the war of 1812 and the white-walled fort overlooking Marquette Park is a constant reminder that once the peaceful island was disturbed by sounds of gun-fire and battle. Mackinac (pronounced Mackinaw by the natives) is the property of the State of

Michigan and is a state park. It is eight miles in circumference and the highest point is 320 feet above lake level, with the main plateau 150 feet above the blue waters of the straits. There are many beautiful, scenic carriage drives, some leading entirely around the island, and others to points of scenic interest in the interior. Among these are several places to which tradition has attached romantic associations and adventures. "All roads lead to Sugar Loaf" is a well-known fact, but other points well worth a visit are Cave in the Woods, Lover's Leap, Devil's Kitchen and the Old Fort Mackinac. At present, several of the neat white post-houses of the old fort are used by residents of the island as a meeting place and headquarters for Red Cross work, lending a touch of modern warfare to the memory of the old.

There is one Main street, unsullied by street-car line or noisy bus traffic; it has its usual quota of tourist shops and well-equipped stores; farther on, there are rows of beautiful private homes, one in particular belonging to the late Charles W. Fairbanks. There are, too, spacious and pleasant boarding houses. The island has a number of splendid hotels—the Grand Hotel is familiar to all visitors. Tucked away, on a side street, is the John Jacob Astor House, still rendering service in the same hospitable manner as in the days when fur-trading was more general than now. It was the former headquarters of the American Fur Company. Its heavy timbers, quaint, but solid iron door-latches and romantic low ceilings are points which never fail to attract the vacationist. Old documents on exhibition there lend a touch of the past.

During the season the pretty harbor shelters many private yachts belonging to people of means from ports scattered over the Great Lakes from Buffalo to Duluth and Chicago. As all boats passing from the upper to the lower lakes must go through the straits of Mackinac, there is a never-ending procession of ships of all descriptions and cargoes constantly passing. Not a few of the vessels stop at the island. Passenger lines from Chicago connect and American vessels making cruising trips up and down the lakes feature especially the Mackinac Island stop.

An annual yacht race from Chicago to the Island has always attracted attention. It is conducted by Chicago yachtsmen.

As to the wireless, Mackinac Island is one of the busiest stations on the lakes. With its central location and the great number of ships making it a port of call, traffic is always heavy here. The station is located on the highest point of land on the island and the aerial is suspended between towers 175 feet in height. The transmitter is of the 2kw non-synchronous rotary type. The site of the station is one of the prettiest imaginable. Located in a clearing with woods all about and the little forest surrounding only broken by a white strip of road, there are few places more scenic. The Navy men stationed there have tents and enjoy camping there immensely. There is a path leading to the station through woods and fields and up a hill, a trip worth making.

Mackinac Island is visited annually by thousands of vacationists and marine sightseers. Its universal appeal is its all-pervading restful quiet and its beautiful scenery. Many side-trips can be made from the island. Some of the finest fishing grounds of the lakes are to be found at Les Cheneaux Islands, only a few hours' ride by boat, and another line

runs to the Soo and Mackinaw City (no one ever explained why the difference in spelling exists) and to Saint Ignace.

Originally this island was British territory. Soon after the revolution we exchanged for it an American island located near the Canadian shore.

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

"I BELIEVE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AS A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE; WHOSE JUST POWERS ARE DE-RIVED FROM THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED: A DEMOCRACY IN A REPUB-LIC; A SOVEREIGN NATION OF MANY SOVEREIGN STATES; A PERFECT UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE: ESTABLISHED UPON THOSE PRINCIPLES OF FREEDOM. EQUALITY, JUSTICE ANDHUMANITY FOR WHICH AMERICAN PATRIOTS SAC-RIFICED THEIR LIVES AND FORTUNES. "I THEREFORE BELIEVE IT IS MY DUTY TO MY COUNTRY TO LOVE IT: TO SUPPORT ITS CONSTITUTION; TO OBEY ITS LAWS; TO RESPECT ITS FLAG, AND TO DEFEND IT AGAINST ALL ENEMIES."

FOURTEEN MISTAKES OF LIFE

Judge Rentoul, of London, is a philosopher, much admired in that metropolis. Speaking at a banquet recently, he gained much applause by describing the following as the fourteen important mistakes people make in this life:

To attempt to set up our own standard of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform to it.

To try to measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

Not to yield in unimportant trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate if we can all that needs alleviation.

Not to make allowances for the weaknesses of others.

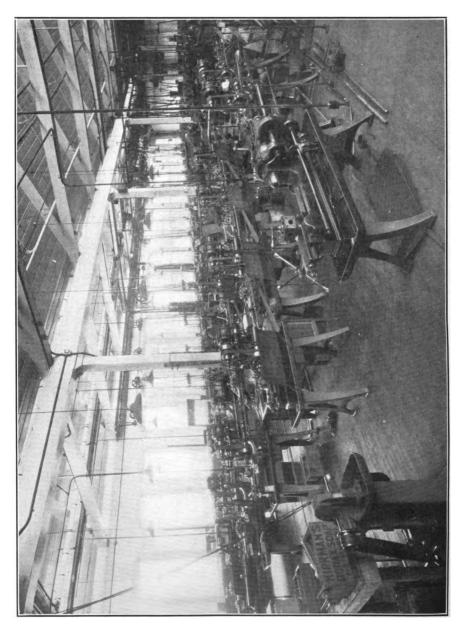
To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To live as if the moment, the time, the day were so important that it would live for ever.

To estimate people by some outside quality, for it is that within which makes the man.





STATIC

Were static now to go away, what would the fellows do? They'd have to listen very close the voyage thru and thru, Your log would have to be A1—at times it's now erratic, Lost would be that old standby—"STATIC-HEAVY STATIC!"

And when a station, far away, is pounding out your call, Rough signals, deathly faint—no doubt you'd feel quite small, When you went and told the captain, "Impossible to catch it," For you wouldn't have that old standby—"STATIC-HEAVY STATIC!"

And when you called a station where the operator's dead, And kept a-calling all day long until you're off your head, You finally have to give it up—your fingers feel rheumatic, What will you tell the Captain then?—"STATIC-HEAVY STATIC!"

Then what about the ham, on him 'twould be quite tough,
For then, as in these good old days, he couldn't pull a bluff,
He now goes 'round at times, his chest looking pneumatic,
And when he's asked for news, he says—"STATIC-HEAVY STATIC."

There's a rumor in the air, that after this great war,
A machine will be in general use to kill the static roar,
That's when you'll see the hams sneak off, their clothes all in a packet,
They'll go to find another job where—"THERE'S STATIC-HEAVY
STATIC."

Just what is static, I would like to know,
They say it's thunder, lightning, rain and snow,
But I've a theory I would like to tell,
I think it's just a special brand of H——L.

It's not through modesty that I don't sign my name, Last time I wrote a poem for six weeks I was lame, But just to make you curious as to who this genius be, I've given a clue, so read it through, it isn't hard to see.

ADVERTISEMENTS

"Wanted—a sturdy, steady man
Of any age at all—
One who can handle heavy weights,
And help to lift and haul.
Color or creed will matter not;
He need not read or write;
We work the union eight-hour day
With double pay at night.
Experience we'd like, of course,
But any man who's strong
(A laborer is what we want)
Could qualify ere long.
To put this man to work at once
Our foreman we empower,
So please report, prepared to start

At 60 cents an hour." And lo! A little further down The advertising page: "Wanted-an office man with brains, Past thirty years of age. A clever correspondent—one Who is not prone to shirk, And will not feel himself aggrieved When asked to do night work; A man of some experience, A college man preferred, With quick intelligence endowed, And by ambition spurred. The highest references we Require—the man we seek We'll gladly pay a salary, To start, of twelve a week." -Beatrice Barry.

GOOD TEETH-GOOD HEALTH

A man suffered for years from "acute rheumatism." He went from one doctor to another without relief. Finally he went to his dentist one day to have his teeth fixed. A blind abscess was found, which was opened and cured. Immediately his "rheumatism" disappeared.

Another man had a supposed case of "spinal trouble." No doctor gave him relief, until, finally, one physician

suggested that he have his teeth examined. Pyorrhea was discovered, cured, and the "spinal trouble" left him.

In another case "defective eyesight" was found due to defective teeth.

A man's "throat trouble" of years standing was found to be caused by toxins in his gums.

Evidently we do not give our teeth due credit for their importance to our general health.

REMOVAL

The Marconi office at Seattle has been removed to 512 Maritime Building.

One trouble is that so often when a man starts out to become a diplomat, he ends up by being a doormat.

ROLL OF HONOR

Any inaccuracies in the roll of honor should be reported to the Editor.

TAKE THIS ANY WAY

You would not allow another man to snub you, to be discourteous to you, without resenting it. Neither will the other fellow permit you to treat him shabbily, without letting you know what he thinks of it. Some days you feel cross, cranky and irritable. And did it ever occur to you that on these very days you seem to see others as others seem to see you? Did it ever occur to you that others are bound to treat you as you treat them? Take this any way you want to, but take it.—The Silent Partner.

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BORN

At New York, July 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. David Sarnoff, a son, 9½ pounds.

At Brooklyn, June 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Edwards, a daughter, 7½ pounds.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

General Manager Nally and Mr. W. A. Winterbottom, who are en route from Rio de Janiero to New York, are expected home about the middle of August.

Messrs. J. Edward Barbour, of Paterson, N. J., and Robert H. Patchin, of New York, have been elected directors of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America.

Mr. C. J. Ross, comptroller, has been appointed acting vice-president, vice John Bottomley, deceased.

Mr. Arthur A. Isbell has been appointed division superintendent of the Pacific Division, with headquarters at San Francisco, relieving Mr. G. S. De Sousa, who returns to Head Office.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB

H. A. Wells has returned from a trip to France having had a pleasant and uneventful trip.

W. J. Swett has been assigned to the Camden.

D. L. Eastman, of the City of Rome, has transferred with George Kavanagh, of the City of St. Louis

R. W. Rice is sticking close to the Matoa and hears up under the excitement quite well.

Seymour Elliott, formerly at our

Boston Station, recently visited Boston on an important mission. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Elliott a happy and prosperous life.

H. B. Whipple left the Everett because of a misunderstanding and is awaiting another assignment.

EASTERN DIVISION

J. M. Bassett, of the Beatrice, has transferred to the Southern Division, E. W. Rogers taking his place.

J. R. Churchill, of the F. Q. Barstow, has transferred to the H. H. Rodgers, C. B. DeLaHunt, former senior on the latter steamer, being demoted to junior. A. P. Sutherland and W. F. Aufenanger (a re-engaged man) sailed as senior and junior respectively on the Barstow.

C. A. Schroeder, of the Oakley Cur-

tis, sailed on the Louisiana.

E. J. Smith, of the Gulfstream, resigned to join the Naval Reserve. He was replaced by G. Lipsyte, formerly of the Munamar. G. H. Allen sailed on the Munamar.

T. R. Hicks, of the Oregon, sailed

as junior on the Josiah Macy.

H. R. Davis, of the Brammeli Point, sailed on the Hamlet.

G. Kavanagh has transferred to the Boston Division, D. L. Eastman (a Boston Division man) taking his place on the City of St. Louis. This arrangement is temporary.

C. W. Vollmer sailed as junior on

the Arapahoe.

J. E. Jones and D. Levin, late of the St. Francis, are on the waiting list due to their ship being supplied with naval operators.

The W. C. Teagle sailed with A. M.

Smith as junior.

G. S. Shaffer (a Southern Division man) has been assigned as junior to the James McGee.

F. S. Shirlock (also from the South-

ern Division) sailed as junior on the Matinicock.

C. L. Jones, of the Nacooches, has been loaned to the Marconi Institute for one month, his place on the Nacoochee being taken by A. C. Jacoby, formerly of the Monterey. Long sailed on the Monterey.

"Plugs" Ferguson was assigned to the Grays Harbor, a newly-equipped

vessel.

J. Hines, a re-engaged man, was assigned to the Mexico.

P. T. Brown, of the Wacouta, resigned. W. F. C. Hertz, of the Gargoyle, took his place on the Wacouta.

T. W. Cook (a Southern Division man) sailed as junior on the J. D. Rockefeller.

R. W. Hannah, who was engaged at Boston to sail on the Virginia, has been relieved by H. D. Taylor, formerly of the Rio Grande. Thomas sailed on the Rio Grande.

On account of the Cherokee being laid up temporarily, her junior, W. W. Redfern, was transferred to the Sabine, relieving B. J. Harvey, and her senior, C. W. Wood, sailed as junior on the Pennsylvania.

P. Tragni, of the Algonquin, has re-

signed.

W. A. Schneiderhan, formerly of the Concho, sailed on the Ancona, an Italian steamer. H. Newman relieved T. G. Hahn, on the Iroquois, the latter being placed on the waiting list.

F. A. Schaeffer and E. A. Bloss have been dismissed at the request of the Government; they were the senior and junior respectively on the 1'idewater. which now carries naval operators.

F. W. Breedlove was engaged at New Orleans to sail as junior on the

F. W. Weller.

A. DeBrosky, formerly of the Parthian, sailed on the Warrior.

W. J. Neel, of the Morro Castle, and W. H. Nussbaum, of the El Norte. exchanged places on these ships.

L. I. Michaels has been relieved on the Northland by V. A. Wheeless.

M. Dreyfus, a re-engaged man, sailed as junior on the Standard.

P. A. T. Hendrix, of the O'Brien, has resigned.

P. Battiato, a re-engaged

sailed on the Shenango.

W. R. Hoffman, formerly of the Maine, was assigned to the Ligonier when J. J. L. Orthman deserted her at Sparrows Point.

T. J. Welch, of the Maine, sailed on

the Radiant.

J. L. DeStasio was engaged to sail on the Secony No. 89, a new equipment.

G. N. Hill, junior of the Pawnee, has resigned.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Gerson equipped the Argonne with a ½ kw., 500-cycle panel set.

Sinclair equipped the Mangore with

a ½ kw., 500-cycle panel set.

Manley equipped the Quantico with

a 1/2 kw., 500-cycle paner set. Schwab equipped the Avondale with

a 1/2 kw. Canadian cabinet set.

Schwab and Manley equipped the Curityba with a 2 kw., 50-cycle nonsynchronous set.

Yost and Gerson equipped the Kursk with a 1.7 kw. Canadian cabinet set.

L. W. McKee, formerly of our Baltimore station, is now in the Naval Reserve assigned to duty at one of our high-power stations.

Our former staff at WSY, who are still there, wish to be remembered to their fellow-operators still in the service.

E. M. Hartley, former manager of our Cape May station, is now doing duty in Philadelphia with the Naval reserves. We understand he is a radio gunner and explains the penefits of Naval service to our men. Wish you luck, Eddie.

J. F. Flagg and F. R. Smith changed berths on the Persian and Cretan.

Five of our ships were manned by Naval operators during June.

H. R. Butt, clerk at the Baltimore office, said shore life wasn't exciting enough for him, so he left on the Chincha of the Eastern Division. He was on the Alamance when she was torpedoed several months ago but is willing to take another chance.

Wm. Kurtz, junior on the Merrimac, resigned. He is now employed in an ammunition factory and says the work is less dangerous than dodging subs.

R. J. Lloyd, L. Asadorian, J. B. Jackson and R. N. Scribner recently resigned to enter Uncle Sam's fighting forces.

O.E. Curtis, formerly on the Kershaw, relieved G. H. Fischer on the Quantico. Fischer has resigned.

Kenneth B. Walton is now junior on the Merrimac, relieving Wm. Kurtz.

L. Ainley, of the Toledo, R. N. Scribner, of the Paraguay and J. E. Wynkoop, of the Sunoil, were relieved by Naval operators. Scribner says they are welcome to his old assignment. It was a humdinger.

V. Zito, of the Borgestad ,resigned and J. H. McCauley was assigned to the Borgestad.

GULF DIVISION

Operator Hammerly, who was in charge on the Paddleford at the time of this vessel going ashore at Tampico, is once more in good old New York. The Paddleford, by the way, has been floated and under her own steam proceeded to Newport News for repairs.

Hill and Miller are on the Ponce. Operator Hymel is once more on his old home, the Chalmette as junior; Magann is senior. Operator Krog is on the Canfield.

It is reported to us by the Naval Inspecting Officer, that the wireless room on the Tamesi has been put in excellent condition by our young woman operator, Miss Michelsen.

Operator Orthmann has returned to the Gulf Division and is at present in charge of the Harold Walker.

Patch is assigned to the Ed L. Doheny, Jr.

C. J. Scott, the one-arm typewriting marvel, remains on the Harry Farnum.

Operator Slauson is on the Torres.

Operator Stolf has resigned from our service and entered the employ of Vaccaro Bros. Steamship Co. as junior on the Ceiba.

Temple is still on the San Juan.

Tompkins remains on the Catania.

Operator Treadway, who resigned from the H. M. Flagler in May to enter the army aviation corps, was refused admission on account of underweight; he has returned to the service and is assigned to the Pennant

West is on the Buccaneer.

Operator Wright, a new member of our large family, is assigned to the San Ramon.

Operator F. E. Zahn is still in charge of the Kellogg.

The British wooden vessel, Warmystery, which was built at Orange, Texas, has departed on her maiden voyage within the last few days. This vessel, as well as her sister ship, the Warmarvel, are the two largest wooden vessels ever launched south. Both of these vessels are being equipped with a ½ kw. Canadian cabinet set.

The San Bernardo and the San Antonio have been equipped with modern 2 kw. sets.

The tug Gulfport is undergoing extensive repairs and will be equipped with a ½ kw., 120-cycle set.

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A future operator, our superintendent's seven-year-old son, who, by the way, was born in Chelsea, Mass., seems to be under the impression that New Orleans and Louisiana are the entire United States. When told the other day that he was an American, born in the United States, he replied, "Why, mother, I thought I was born in Chelsea." Some of our Bostonians might appreciate this.

(Continued on page 25)

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

Chicago District

J. A. Goorisich is now on the Alabama.

The Arizona went into commission with Peter Hansen as operator, a new man in the service.

Fred Schoenwolf has been assigned

to the Carolina.

Our old friend Tellefson, who was on the Christopher Columbus for several years, is now a radio instructor at the Naval Radio school at Harvard.

C. H. Zeller is now on the Colum-

The State of New York, formerly on the Toledo-Put-in-Bay run has been purchased by the Goodrich line and renamed the Florida. Constructor S. E. Leonard equipped her with cargo set. She went into commission with Mark Taynton as radio man and will make the Chicago-Michigan City trip.

Harold Leighton, a new man, has been assigned to the Georgia.

The South American went into commission this season with Howard Dodge and E. C. Mathis as senior and junior, respectively. Dodge is an old operator, while it is the first assignment for Mathis, who comes from the radio school at Scott High, Toledo.

J. G. Jeach and Duncan Cameron are operating the North American.

Both are old timers. The owners have changed her trip this year and put her on the Chicago-Mackinac run. She will stop at Charlevoix, Harbor Springs and Mackinac Island.

Although we miss our old friend, Wing, of the North American, we cannot help congratulating him on his desirable position as instructor of the Marconi school at Cleveland. During the winter, Wing had charge of radio classes at Scott High school, Toledo.

Operator Junker, of the Petoskey, has resigned, due, we understand, to the well-known attractions of wedded bliss.

J. F. Born is now in charge as purser and wireless operator; and we wonder if the handsome salary that this assignment pays will not soon cause him to contemplate a similar step. If so, we wish him good luck, if there be such in this line.

Operator B. L. Chapman is in charge of the Mather.

CLEVELAND DISTRICT

Alfred Shaw, a new man, is now located on the Harry Croft.

Elmer Prenzel, after many locations on vessels of the Lake Michigan District, is now on the Fayette Brown.

B. L. Chapman is back on the William Mather.

Charles Heffleman, a new man, has been assigned to the City of Buffalo, relieving H. Chittenden.

John Sokutis resigned from the City of Erie to join the colors, Earl Ensign, a new man, relieving him.

John Anderson made a trip on the See and Bee.

The car-ferry, Ashtabula, has A. Spencer for its operator.

L. Schermerhorn, of the Otto Reiss, is quite a stranger; nothing but his

Page Twenty-Four

name has been around the Cleveland office.

Rean Mooney was relieved from the Richard Reiss on account of illness, E. Moll took his place for a trip. Mooney is once more on the job.

The barge Limit has Harold Borgen for its operator; he wants to know which is the for'ard end of 'er.

The Octorara went into commission with A. Shaffer as senior and John Anderson as junior.

Willard Ferris, who rules the radio on the Shaughnessy, paid us a visit at the Cleveland office.

Ross Plaisted, from the Byers, has joined the colors.

Floyd Woodson, of the Eastern States, made a trip on the City of Cleveland III as junior, was then relieved by Wendell Phillips. Woodson is back on the Eastern.

Herbert Blasier is now located on the E. J. Earling. He refleved R. Eling, who is contemplating joining the colors.

The Florida on Lake Michigan has Mark Taynton as operator.

J. Spencer was relieved from the Jenkins on account of injuries, Mc-Caffry taking his place.

W. Phillips, a new man, made a trip on the Eastern States.

Carl Dietch has been assigned senior to the City of Detroit III, relieving F. Weaver.

The junior operator's position on the Detroit III is now held by John Hutton, relieving R. Weeks.

On account of illness, Silver King, of the Cleveland III, was relieved by N. B. Watson, who is an ex-coast man.

A. Hutchinson, who was acting as purser and wireless operator on the car-ferry Ashtabula, has been called into military service.

W. B. Snell has resumed his position as senior on the Juniata, with J. K. Henny, a graduate of the local Marconi Institute, as junior.

We are very sorry to announce the death by suicide of Operator Joseph Smith, Jr., of the steamer Harry W. Croft.

GULF DIVISION

(Continued)

Operator Adler, formerly senior on the Mexico, was removed to the hospital June 27th for another serious operation. From last reports he is getting along fairly well.

T. J. Alderman is junior on the Jalisco, with Lizarraga as senior.

Operator Angell has re-entered the service and is assigned to the William Green.

Operator P. A. Bailey resigned from the San Cristobal at Tuxpan, Mexico, to accept an important post with the El Aguila Oil Company.

Barkley and Kane as senior and junior respectively on the Mascotte.

Brasher and McCann are assigned to the Mexico.

Broussard and Hille are on the Excelsior.

Operator Christiansen is still assigned to the Panuco.

Coe and Wolter are on the Coahuila. Operator Englebrecht has re-entered the service and is junior on the motor-ship Bacoi. Davis is senior.

Y. de Bellefueille is still in charge of the Mexicano.

G. R. Entwistle, a vacation man, is assigned to the Danziger.

Operator Fruebing has been promoted to senior on the Miami. T. C. Hyers is his junior.

Green remains on the Hardcastle.

Grissom, of the Marina, which trades in West Indian waters entirely sends an earnest appeal to be transferred.

PACIFIC DIVISION

E. M. Sutton is assigned to the one-man ship E. H. Meyer.

G. Brown, after a vacation of several weeks, joined the Enterprise as junior.

E. L. Ritson replaced J. McGrath as junior on the Manoa. McGrath is

on leave of absence.

O. Wihl, formerly of the E. H. Meyer, is now acting as junior on the Rose City.

G. E. Whiting replaced Ray Diamond on the Santa Rita. Diamond was called to active service in the U. S. N. R. F.

E. D. M. Fabian joined the Windher as operator-in-charge. Mr. Fabian was serving on the East Coast for a year.

F. T. Cookson and L. H. Halse are holding down the Wapama as senior and junior respectively.

A. P. Stone, senior on the Beaver, is now unassigned.

H. M. Van Auken, junior on the Humboldt, has been replaced by F. A. Kilgore. Van Auken was released for service with the Naval Reserves.

C. F. Trevatt and C. D. Hill are in charge of the equipment on the Nanking as senior and junior repectively. The Nanking, which was formerly the Congress, has been rebuilt for the trans-Pacific trade, and equipped by our Seattle construction force with a 2 kw, 500 cy. panel set.

The Santa Flavia, a recent equipment of the 2 kw, 500 cycle panel type, is carrying H. Grundell as operator-in-charge.

The Ravalli, plying between Seattle and Alaskan ports, was totally destroyed by fire. No lives lost.

Chief Instructor A. S. Mackenzie and his assistant, T. F. Doyle, resigned from our service the latter part of this month.

Mr. Tom Lambert, in our service since June 24, 1914, has assumed charge of the Marconi Institute, and he promises to turn out full-fledged operators in short order.

The Institute was recently remodeled and some of our latest equipment installed. The equipment at present comprises a 10" auxiliary complete, a 240-cycle 2 kw. set, 2 kw. 500-cycle panel set, a 500-cycle 1 kw. aeroplane set, automatic transmitters and all other necessary installations in an up-to-date school.

Our Traffic Manager, Mr. Geo. S. DeSousa, visited the Northern District recently and made the necessary arrangements for the new location of our Seattle District office. The Northern office is now located at the Mari-

time Building.

W. J. Manahan, gunner (Radio), officer in charge of the Juneau station in Alaska, and a former employee of the Company, was married at Seattle in June. Manahan, old boy, we are in a quandary as to whether we should offer our congratulations or condolences! withal we extend the best of wishes.

W. A. Vetter and J. A. Miche, of the San Francisco shop staff, have resigned to accept very attractive positions: Mr. Vetter with the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and Mr. Miche with the University of California.

Mr. Geo. S. DeSousa, who has been with us for the past year, left for New York recently and we cannot too strongly express our regrets at his departure, as his stay occasioned considerable pleasure, encouragement and operation among all the West Coast employees.

Mr. A. A. Isbell, formerly of this Coast and recently with the Government at Washington, has arrived at San Francisco and assumed the duties of division superintendent for the Pacific Coast.

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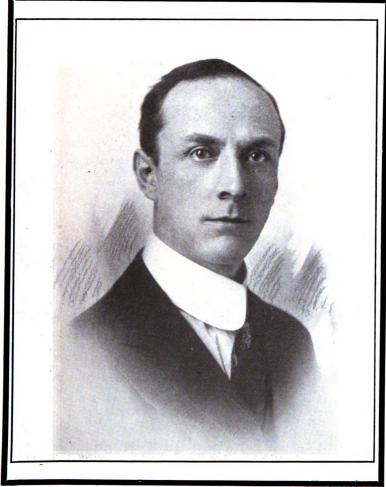


Volume 3

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Connecticut

ERNEST THOMAS EDWARDS

In deep sorrow we record the sudden death of the Superintendent of the Eastern Division, Ernest T. Edwards, at the early age of 35, which occurred August 4th, from heart failure. He was a native of Birmingham, England, and studied telegraphy as a boy. On the completion of his studies, he entered the British Government telegraph service, in 1899, where he remained three years, during which time he acquired a knowledge of wireless, and then transferred to the English Marconi Company at London, where he served faithfully and efficiently until 1904, when he joined the American Marconi Company at New York. In his new field he found a multitude of complex problems to solve, and an up-hill road to travel, owing to the competition of various companies.

On several occasions he was selected to demonstrate the efficiency of Marconi apparatus as compared with competing systems, some of these tests being made in isolated parts of the country, as well as on steamers and sailing ships; one instance being on a sailing ship manned by a crew speaking only french. His experience on this voyage enabled him to converse readily with representatives of our affiliated French and Belgian companies. The ship was bound from Buenos Aires to the United Kingdom, and he did his testing alongside the operator of the competing company. His skillful work resulted in the adoption of Marconi apparatus. Possibly if the operators had been reversed, the Marconi Company would have been less fortunate. As a side issue of this test, he was placed in charge of the important coast station at Siasconset, on Nantucket Island, where it became his duty to clear out-bound and inbound liners of several hundred messages each, under adverse and difficult conditions, which do not exist to-day. His renown as an expert wireless operator extended over the seven seas. He was advanced to the more important station at Sea Gate. L. I., where he remained until June 1, 1912, when he was appointed to the Superintendency which he filled with ability until his death. He was well-liked by his associates, and will be sincerely mourned. He left a widow and two young daughters.

The funeral service at his late residence in Sea Gate was largely attended. A delegation of about twenty-five operators was present and the Marconi Company was represented by Messrs. De Sousa, Sarnoff, Duffy, Chadwick and Pillsbury. The floral tributes were especially handsome. The interment was at Evergreen Cemetery.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

The Deity that Keeps Watch Before the Open Gates of America Holding Aloft the Light that Points the Way to Man's Enfranchisement

By Frances W. Taylor

In this history-making epoch through which we are passing, this period of strife and blood-shed, the equal of which has never before been known, there is one word which furnishes the key-note to the part which we and our allies are playing. While it is a word which will ever be as sweet music to the American ear, it is allowed to retreat into the background in times of peace. But in times like these, it comes into its own, and is on every tongue. The word is "Liberty." Although it is a nation-wide term, it has a significance which is peculiarly American, for therein lies the explanation of our existence as a nation. It was their devotion to the Goddess of Liberty which led that hardy little band of Pilgrims to these shores and kept up their morale through the unspeakable hardships which they were called upon to suffer. It was in defense of that same Goddess that all our wars have been fought in this country and now our worthy task-mistress has called her devotees to her aid once more to reinstate her on her tottering throne.

But America has not been the only worshipper at Liberty's shrine. In due time, France, brave, noble France, shook off the tyrant "Autocracy" and swore allegiance to the Goddess of America. And out of that joint allegiance has grown a brotherhood against whose combined strength, the tyrant's attacks have been all in vain. It was the timely aid of France in our other great struggle for Liberty which turned the tide and gave us the victory. We scarcely expected ever to be able to repay that enormous debt but to-day it is our privilege to place all our resources at her disposal (in the name of Liberty) to succor her in her hour of need.

How fitting it is that at the gateway of this, the first Republic, there should stand that colossal figure which symbolizes Liberty and that that figure should have been the gift of the French people to the American people. It expresses better than whole volumes could do, the nature of the tie that binds the two nations together. As one writer has said, "Bartholdi's statue, constructed by free men and dedicated to freedom, is itself an emblem of Liberty."

"Liberty Enlightening the World" or, as it is more commonly spoken of, "The Goddess of Liberty," stands in New York Harbor on what was formerly known as Bedloe Island but is now called "Liberty Island." For the benefit of those who have never had the pleasure of viewing it for themselves, we reproduce a word picture. The lower bay almost surrounded by the shores of Long Island, Staten Island and New Jersey is a magnificent sheet of water. Coming up through the Narrows between the picturesque shores of Long Island and Staten Island the view is enchanting, and the land-locked upper harbor, sheltered by the hills of the two islands and of New Jersey, with the point of Manhattan

Island reaching down to it between the two great rivers, the indications of a phenomenal commercial energy exhibited on every hand, the Statue of Liberty and the towering buildings, of the city, present a Statue of Liberty and the towering buildings of the city, present a

The statue itself is a stupendous piece of workmanship by M. Bartholdi, who also made the Statue of La Fayette which stands in

Union Square. It is help and inspiration from on high and said that the sublect for "Liberty from his mother. we can understand Enlightening the how he was able to World" was suggested to him by those produce a finished lines of Victor Hupiece of work which. go's "This is the analthough inanimate has the power to gel Liberty, this is giant Light." thrill. And if Bartholdi could know He chose his mother the extent of that as his model and after five years of same moral influence which he patient labor handprayed for, he would ed over the completed work to the indeed feel repaid. French Government A few figures will with this written help us to realize message: "May God the enormity of his undertaking. The be pleased to bless height of the statue my efforts and my work and to crown from the water level it with the success. is 301 ft. The height the duration, and of the woman's figure from heel to the moral influence head is 111 ft. 6 in... which it ought to the length of the have." Knowing as hand is 16 ft. and of we' do from this, the index finger. that he received his

THE EMBLEM TO ALL MANKIND OF FREE AND EQUAL CITIZENSHIP

8 ft., the finger nail being 13 in. by 10 in. The distance between the eyes is two ft., the mouth is three ft. wide and the nose four ft. long. Forty people can stand in the head at one time and twelve in the torch. The total weight of the statute is 450,000 lbs. or 225 tons. It is made of separate plates of bronze fitted together. There

are 403 steps from the base of the foundation to the torch. The total cost of the figure alone was \$250,000, the money being raised by popular subscription among the French people. The cost of the fedestal upon which the figure stands was \$350,000 which was raised among the American people, making a total cost of \$600,000. The torch is lighted by electricity, the light being maintained by the lighthouse service of the government. The entire statue is illuminated in times of peace.

The statue was first mounted in Paris in October, 1881, where it was allowed to remain for some time. Meanwhile, the American pedestal was in the course of construction, having been begun in 1883. It was completed in 1886. Altogether, the work on the statue stretched over a period of twelve years until its final unveiling on Bedloe Island, October 28th, 1886. One writer has said of this event: "Twice before New York City was stirred to its utmost by an event between America and France; when the combined American and French forces entered the city on the heels of the flying British which their combination had made necessary, and in 1824, when La Fayette sailed up the bay to visit once more the land he had helped to make free."

The speech of presentation was made by Count Ferdinand de Lesseps who had made himself famous by the marvelous feats of engineering which he had accomplished. It is interesting to note that he dwelt with great admiration on the American energy which he termed "Go-ahead."

President Cleveland accepted the gift on behalf of the American people. His speech of acceptance was characterized by that briefness and simplicity which seems ever to be an asset of the truly great. His words were sufficient, however, and expressed the thought of the day in a nutshell: "Complete in the particulars of past associations, present rejoicings and future prosperity and international friendship." We leave the reader to judge for himself:

"The people of the United States accept with gratitude from their Brethren of the French Republic, the grand and completed work of art we here inaugurate. This token of affection and consideration of the people of France demonstrates the kinship of republics and conveys to us the assurance that in our efforts to commend the maintained excellence of a government resting upon the popular will, we still have beyond the American continent a steadfast ally. We are not here to-day to bow before the representation of a fierce and warlike god, filled with wrath and vengeance, but we joyfully contemplate our own Deity keeping watch and ward before the open gates of America, and greater than all that have been celebrated in ancient Troy. Instead of grasping in her hand the thunderbolts of terror and of death, she holds aloft the light which illumines the way to man's enfranchisement. We will not forget that Liberty has here made her home, nor shall her chosen altar be Willing votaries will constantly keep alive its fires, and these shall gleam upon the shores of our sister republic in the East, and reflected hence and, joined with answering rays, a stream of light shall pierce the darkness of ignorance and man's oppression, until Liberty

enlightens the world." In the light of recent events these prophetic words of President Cleveland take on a new meaning.

Chauncey M. Depew delivered the memorial speech of the day.

It is indeed interesting to read at this time some of the press comments which were made at the unveiling of the statue. A New York paper says: "Before the statue on Bedloe's Island crumbles there will be no kings upon the thrones of Europe and the emblem of her torch will have poured a flood of light upon all peoples." Another paper says: "While America and France are most directly concerned, it is truly the affair of a liberty-loving world and will evoke a sympathetic response from all quarters of the globe." And again: "It is a constant reminder of the mission with which America seems to have been providentially invested, to point the way of mankind to the blessings of free and equal citizenship." The Rochester Herald of October 20th, 1886, is quoted as "The American people throughout the republic will rejoice with their brethren of the metropolis in the existence at the gateway of the New World, of this magnificent emblem, not of Liberty only, but of the mutual friendship existing between the two greatest republics in the world, the one on the Eastern and the other on the Western Continent."

Truly Bartholdi was inspired. Not only has the spirit of that serene, compelling presence been instilled into the sons of America so that they are unhesitatingly offering themselves by the thousands as human sacrifices to her cause, but the steady, never-failing gleam of the torch is slowly but surely penetrating into the darkest corners of the earth driving before it the tyrant "Autocracy," that creature of darkness, forcing him to his knees. It is only a question of time now until his death-throes will be over and "Autocracy" will be no more.

How pleasing to contemplate that the Goddess of Liberty with her benign countenance and hand up-raised as if in blessing will be the first to greet our boys as they steam into the harbor on that wonderful homecoming when the work which they have undertaken for her sake is finished over there.

PERSEVERANCE

By Leigh Mitchell Hodges

Perseverance is patience guided by purpose and propelled by human horse-power.

It plays no favorites.

With it poverty can be conquered and failure put to dight.

"Victory belongs to the most persevering," said Napoleon—and the man who proved this against him at Waterloo said, "Hard pounding, gentlemen: but we will see who can pound the longest."

When asked by a young man for a recipe for success, Bismarck replied: "You need three ingredients. The first is work. The second is work. And the third is work."

Perseverance is persistence in effort—keeping everlastingly at it with heart, mind and soul firm-set on the desired goal. It offers a free field, and for the man or woman who sticks, it holds out the highest rewards. The required qualities are daring, digging and discounting of doubts.

The common cause of failure is want of application. Each normal individual has within self the means of succeeding. Lack of sticktoit-iveness is the father of failure. Yet so powerful is perseverance that when applied even to the most typical offspring of this parent, it can transform a corner-loafer into a corner-stone.

History bubbles over with brilliant examples of men and women who, through perseverance, lifted themselves from unknown depths to heights of fame.

Without this quality Abraham Lincoln might have died as sheriff of Sangamon County, Illinois, and Thomas Gray, who spent twelve years on his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," might never have got beyond the point of furnishing jingles to the local paper.

The person who thinks success a matter of luck or genius has another guess. Even Shakespeare, who began by holding horses in front of the old Globe Theatre, never could have reached the summit without perseverance.

The biggest and best thing about this quality, however, is its usefulness in the ordinary everyday, common-garden variety of life and labor. Just as the constant dropping of water will wear away the hardest granite, so continued effort will overcome any obstacle.

Old Dr. Johnson, sour as a crab-apple and superbly sane, emphasized this fact by saying, "He that shall walk with vigor three hours a day will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe." This makes a man think.

What people have said about perseverance, interesting and inspiring as it may be, is not to be compared to what people can do through perseverance.

Yes, I mean what YOU can do.

What you can do when you keep on after you have come to what may seem the limit of your powers, the end of your string.

And all perseverance means in the last analysis, is keeping on. However narrow or steep your path, it will pay you to personally prove this matter for yourself.

LEST WE FORGET TO DO OUR PART

"They say, who have come back from Over There, that at night the troubled earth between the lines is carpeted with pain. They say that Death rides whistling in every wind, and that the very mists are charged with awful torment. They say that of all things spent and squandered there young human life is held least dear. It is not the pleasantest prospect for those of us who yet can feel upon our lips the pressure of our mother's good-bye kiss. * * But, please God, our love of life is not so prized as love of right. In this renaissance of our country's valor, we who will edge the wedge of her assault make

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calm acceptance of its hazards. For us, the steel-swept trench, the stiffening cold—weariness, hardship, worse. For you, for whom we go, you millions safe at home—what for you? * * * We shall need food. We shall need care. We shall need clothes for our bodies and weapons for our hands. We shall need terribly and without failure supplies and equipment in a stream that is constant and never-ending. From you, who are our resource and reliance, who are the heart and hope of that humanity for which we smite and strive, must come these things."

(Signed) CITIZEN SOLDIER No. 258,

—th District, National Draft Army.

TRIBUTE TO MR. BOTTOMLEY

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, held in the City of New York, Wednesday, June twenty-sixth, nineteen hundred and eighteen, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Board of Directors has learned, with deep sorrow, of the death of John Bottomley, after a service of sixteen years, and

Whereas, It is fitting that the Board should at this time express and record its high appreciation of his nobility of character and its sorrow at his death,

Therefore, Be It Resolved, That in the death of John Bottomley the members of this Board have lost a true friend, and the company a zealous servant.

He loved this company and was proud of his connection with its development as an international utility for the preservation of life and property and as a medium of communication between nations.

His life was one of fidelity to every trust placed upon him and full of helpfulness and encouragement to all with whom he came in contact.

He served as secretary and treasurer, fifteen years; as a director thirteen years; as vice-president, twelve years; and for a time as general manager; and the Board desires to place on record its appreciation of his ability and devotion.

The Board deeply deplores the great loss sustained by his family and offers its profound sympathy and sincere condolence in their time of trial.

And Be It Further Resolved, That this tribute be suitably engrossed and forwarded to Mr. Bottomley's family.

APPROVED.

John W. Enggs

President.



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ON THE ROCKS

By Reginald H. Tonkin



Besides her pre-war reputation, few ships of the Mercantile Marine have had a more remarkable career or been engaged in more daring and dangerous enterprises in connection with the present conflict than the Cunard ship Ascania.

Her activities date from the very beginning, taking an important part in the transportation of the "contemptible little army" to France in 1914. Soon after this had been accomplished, she might again have been seen ploughing her way through the blue waters of the Mediterranean bound for that sanguinary field of operations, the Gallipoli peninsula, there disembarking her gallant campaigners

in the very teeth of the Turkish batteries with shells of huge calibre bursting all around, threatening to blow her out of the water at any moment.

With many such achievements and having emerged from them all with nothing more serious than a few shell holes, the belief entertained by the majority of the crew that she bore a charmed life, was to a certain extent, justified. As she bounded along through the surging waters of the great Atlantic on her final voyage with such a wonderful record, and having once again safely passed the danger zone, evading the deadly missiles of the lurking Hun, it seems almost incredible that such a ship could meet with such an unfortunate end as I am about to relate.

The great port of Liverpool had been left behind many days, the voyage being uneventful except for dense fog which had been experienced during the last few days, and the 13th of June found us off the rocky shores of that historical island of Newfoundland, notorious throughout the nautical world for its exceedingly dense fogs and often referred to as the graveyard of ships.

With the gathering shadows of night, the rain began to fall in torrents; the atmosphere becoming bitterly cold, the ship was still enveloped in an impenetrable fog, which, to avoid collision, necessitated a periodical blowing of the ship's siren. This, needless to state, added to the general discomfort of all aboard, but to none greater than myself, the siren being only a few yards from my cabin door, completely obliterating all signals and at every blast causing me to resemble a person who has accidentally sat on the business end of a pin.

Being unable to take any meteorological observations for some days, the anxiety of the Captain became more apparent each hour, as he realized we were approaching the dangerous coast and inquiries were frequently sent along to the wireless cabin for any news as to when the fog might possibly be expected to lift, while soundings were constantly being taken with presumably satisfactory results, as the rhythmical beat

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of the engines still continued as before, no reduction in speed being noticeable.

The upper decks not being a very attractive place on such a night, all those whose duties did not demand their presence above were below decks, many of them fast asleep in their bunks. Five bells had just struck. The Captain and second officer stood upon the bridge, the fresh breeze of the late afternoon having developed into a stiff gale; and as I sat in my cabin, I could gather from the motion of the ship that the confused sea was rapidly becoming more boisterous, when crash, bump, bump, bump, three distinct shocks and I found myself floundering on the floor amidst a conglomeration of chairs, books, papers, etc., with all kinds of conjectures flashing through my mind as to what had really occurred. Scarcely had I picked myself up when my assistant, J. A. Stafford, who had been fast asleep, appeared and, to all appearances, despite his rude awakening was not much frightened, but quite cocl and collected.

"We have got it at last," he said, his mind being so full of submarines, torpedoes, etc., that no other solution could suggestion itself; in fact, it was generally believed by the majority aboard that we had either struck a mine or were the victims of an enemy torpedo. A few seconds after the impact, the Captain came rushing into the cabin and shouted: "Operators, where are you? Send out the SOS call, we are on the rocks." With that he darted off to direct the lowering of boats to the lower deck, preparatory to launching, should it be necessary, and ordered the firing of flares, rockets, etc. After sending out the distress call, with subsequent information, as quickly as possible, I received a reply from North Sydney Station and an exciting dialogue ensued for about four hours without stop, keeping my assistant constantly on the run from the cabin to the Captain with a regular avalanche of enquiries, instructions and information of every description, including the welcome news that assistance was hurrying to the scene.

During the time the deck was all bustle and amidst the clatter of feet could be heard the creaking of davits as boats were being lowered, and rockets and flares bursting in the sky, while the six-inch gun aft kept pounding away blank shells in the hope of attracting the attention of some one ashore, which we afterwards discovered was successful, although the simple fisher folk of the neighboring village were certain the German had come at last!

The passengers and crew were dashing about the decks cutting grotesque figures with ship's blankets about their bodies, with towe's and all kinds of fancy clothing, which had been hurriedly snatched up in their excitement, wrapped about their heads and with flares and rockets bursting overhead, presenting a scene more like an Egyptian bazaar than the deck of a liner in distress. Fortunately the engine-room had not seriously suffered and the dynamos still continued to run, supplying light to the decks and rendering good wireless communication possible. With the news of assistance coming at greatest possible speed, and knowing the dangers attached to any attempt at lowering a boat in

such a sea, the Captain ordered the passengers and the greater part of the crew to stand by the boats and await events.

By the early hours of the morning, the ship, tossing heavily on the rocks, was rapidly filling with water and the engine-room, which had hitherto been practically intact, became pierced by the sharp rocks and was steadily filling up, besides an ever-increasing list to port. To keep fire in the boilers and maintain a pressure of steam sufficient to drive the dynamo plant, became increasingly difficult as each hour went by, and the power supplied to the wireless was gradually becoming weaker, rendering effective working much more difficult.

The long-expected rescue boat, however, arrived at last and the passengers and crew were taken off with the exception of the mates, engineers, my assistant and myself, who were ordered by the Captain to remain aboard with him as long as possible.

All through that day and the next night we stood by her, but at the passing of every hour it became more apparent that nothing could be done. Numerous offers of assistance were forthcoming from various ships, our precarious condition by this time being known to practically every one in the vicinity. On the fifteenth of June, her condition made it dangerous to remain aboard longer, the decks outside of the wireless cabin commencing to separate, which plainly indicated that she was being subjected to tremendous strains and might fall to pieces at any moment. Consequently the Captain ordered a general abandonment.

Upon receiving these instructions and receiving an answer in the negative in reply to an inquiry to all neighboring stations as to whether they had anything further for us, my assistant and I commenced to disconnect the apparatus and make all secure as possible.

Presently one of His Majesty's Canadian ships, which had arrived upon the scene, came as closely as possible, and took us all aboard with the exception of a few who were to go to the fishing village and stand by the wreck. Soon we were on our way to Sydney where we arrived the following morning (as I thought) homeward bound. Our stop at Sydney, however, was a very brief one for the following morning we arrived in Halifax, thoroughly exhausted, having had scarcely any sleep since striking the rocks on the night of the 13th, but thankful to have escaped with our lives.

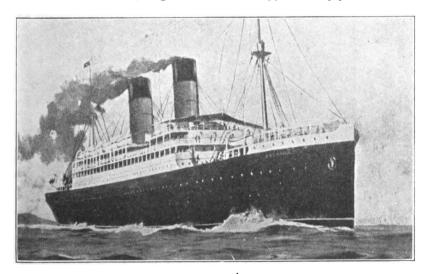
The following day the customs and alien officers having taken down a whole list of statistics regarding the color of our hair. socks, etc., arrangements were almost complete for our returning home, when the telegraph boy appeared with a message instructing me to return to the wreck. Those who have passed through a similar experience can appreciate my feelings upon the receipt of such orders, with all my shipmates (including my assistant) to return to Blighty, while poor unfortunate I was to return to the unpleasant scene, for what purpose I had not the remotest idea, knowing full well that the dynamos were long since out of commission, and that to work from the battery for any length of time was impossible, with no source of recharging available.

The instructions, however, must be obeyed and eventually I again left Halifax, arriving back at the wreck the following afternoon, where I learned that, the ship being pronounced by the experts a total wreck,

every effort was to be made to remove as much of her valuables as possible. My share, of course, was the wireless installation, which was by no means an easy task with the ship in her present condition.

After procuring some food, I got aboard the wreck and commenced operations immediately, assisted by two sailors. After a series of acrobatic feats and a regular battle against adverse conditions generally, we succeeded in removing the converter. The dismantling of the delicate parts was quickly accomplished alone, and I experienced no formidable difficulties until the following day, when coming to the condensers and transformers, I was faced by a difficult task. No assistance could be found and there was no alternative but to do as well as possible alone.

By the aid of a stout plank, I eventually lowered them from the shelves onto the floor; to get them to the scupper to empty them of the



oil, however, presented a more difficult task, the ship having such a tremendous list that any attempt at lowering them by their handles would probably have resulted in both condensers and myself flying through the bottom railing into the sea. To prevent this, some other method must be employed and eventually I alighted upon the idea of attaching a long rope and standing around the corner of the cabin, allowing them to slide to the scuppers, pouring out the oil and drawing them up again, which method I finally adopted successfully. By the application of similar methods, at the end of three days of strenuous effort everything of any consequence had been removed and packed in such cases as were obtainable. The old cabin which had for so long been my home now resembled a chicken after being plucked of its feathers, and looked bare indeed. As I closed the door for the last time, I must confess to a feeling of sadness.

Similar work on a much larger scale was being carried on in other departments of the ship by the salvage companies and practically everything of any value that was within the limitation of salvage operations had been removed to the little neighboring fishing village, until the place appeared from the distance a miniature Coney Island. Old men who had lived their whole lives in the village, and whose faces had grown hard and brown by continual contact with the elements, declared that although many wrecks had occurred along the coast, never before had the village presented such a spectacle of bustle and excitement as upon the occasion of the wreck of the Ascania, which would undoubtedly assume a pre-eminent place in the history of the village to be handed down to future generations and would form the principal fireside topic for many a day.

GIVE US OUR FLOWERS NOW

If with pleasure you are viewing
Any work a fellow's doing
If you like him or love him, tell him now.
Don't withhold your approbation
Till the parson makes oration
As he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow.

For no matter how you shout it, He won't really care about it, He won't know how many tear-drops you have shed. If you think some praise is due him, Now's the time to slip it to him, For he cannot read his tombstone when he's gead.

More than praise, and more than money, Is the comment kind and sunny, And the hearty warm approval of a friend; For it gives to life a savor, And it makes you stronger, braver, And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.

If he earns your praise, bestow it,
If you like him, let him know it,
Let the words of true encouragement be said.
Do not wait till life is over,
And he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.



A FATAL ACCIDENT

Arthur Wesighan, formerly employed at the Marconi Works, Aldene, N. J., was killed in a motor cycle accident July 22, at Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas. He was 23 years old, and is survived by a widow, his parents, a sister and two brothers, having entered the Army in February last. He was a first class mechanic and a general favorite among his associates. We extend deep sympathy to his family.



MAROONED ON A JETTY

By M. H. Hammerly

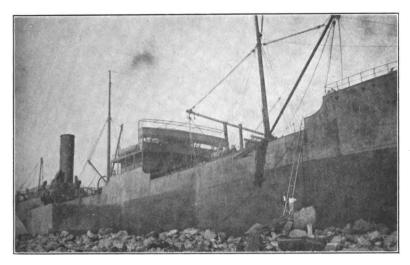
So many ops have been running across the Western and straffing Hun fish—or the reverse—that the experience of ordinary shipwreck seems somewhat tame, but, however, here goes:

The George E. Paddleford, after being hove to in a norther off the Tampico bar for a day, started to cross on the last day of October, 1917, when the steering gear took a vacation, and the ship went broadside on the south jetty of the breakwater. The grind and groan and lurch, as the rocks tore out the ship's bottom, was—well—impressive, to say the least.

It being that dreamy, Mexican siesta time, the land station was closed, but we raised a U. S. gunboat after a while, reported the circumstances to him, and kept in communication for over an hour more, jamming the auto-starter with a newspaper to keep the generator running, as the voltage dropped. Water had reached the fires and the ship's dynamo was running only on what steam was in the boilers.

Assistance of the life-saving sort was not necessary, as we were safe enough. Immediate salvaging of the ship was not possible. A rope from a cargo boom swung over the side and a half of a barrel, made an excellent aerial railway down to the jetty, where we spent the night. Those were the hardest rocks I ever ——.

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The same blow accounted for the dredge, South Bay, which sunk about a half mile south of us, with the crew visible, hanging to the masthead. They were rescued the next day, when we also went ashore via lifeboat. The breakwater looks walkable; and is—in calm weather, to about the same extent as the Alps, as several skinned shins will testify.

The services of a wrecking company were called for a few days later and part of the crew returned to the ship, where I rigged up the jump-spark coil from the motor-boat and the telephone batteries as a transmitter, as mentioned some time ago in the Service News. It seemed like hiking back to the amateur days, with the dinky spark, but, in the ensuing eight months, several hundred messages were handled over a distance of ten miles.

Salvage operations had to mark time until the end of the northern season, in May, but just as things began to brighten up, the barges, Vera Cruz and Tampico, in tow of the tug Pan-American, trying to cross the bar in a seaway, and at night, smashed into our stern, the tug going clear, but the Vera Cruz sinking alongside and the Tampico going ashore just below us. The latter was floated, but the former lasted only four hours of the next storm before breaking completely up.

Although wedged in between her and the rocks, with the engines and boiler of the old yacht, Wakiva, lost two years previously, jammed through our bottom and side, we slipped through a month later.

Floating on compressed air, we put into Tampico for temporary repairs before clearing for New York, where we arrived safely, just nine months after leaving there. SOME TRIP.

WHY HE WAS NOT PROMOTED

He grumbled. He watched the clock. He was stung by a bad look.

He was always behindhand. He had no iron in his blood.

He was willing, but unfitted.

He didn't believe in himself.

He asked too many questions.

His stock excuse was "I forgot,"

He wasn't ready for the next step.

He did not put his heart in his work.

He learned nothing from his mistakes.

He felt that he was above his position. He was content to be a second rate man.

He ruined his ability by half doing things.

He chose his friends among his inferiors.

He never dared to act on his own judgment.

He did not think it worth while to learn how.

Familiarity with slipshod methods paralyzed his ideal. He tried to make "bluff" take the place of hard work.

He thought it was clever to use coarse and profane language.

He thought more of amusements than of getting on in the world.

He didn't learn that the best of his salary was not in his pay.

ATTENTION

Every man and woman in the United States must pull together it we are to win this great world war.

Four hundred and nineteen employees of the Marconi Company have enlisted in the service of our Country and many of you have fathers, brothers or friends, dear to you, who are in the Army or Navy.

We must give them our unqualified support.

It is our duty, and we should consider it a privilege, to buy Thrift

Stamps and War Savings Stamps to the limit of our ability.

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BOLSHE-WHISKEY

By Clarence Cisin

A Bolshe-Whiskey Russian crew—and a big Norwegian Skipper Set sail one cold and wintry day—for the Isle of San Lonstripper. Now, San Lonstripper as you know—if you've studied much at all Is an Island, round, down at Leegwa Sound with a population small. There's fifteen whites and ninety blacks existing there, they say; But, twixt disease and flies and fleas, it changes every day. The only bit of praise that's due the big Norwegian Skipper, Is that he managed to sign a crew for the run to San Lonstripper.

A Russian crew, or a Prussian crew, is like any crew that sails:
You can find the same on freights and tanks; and on ships that carry mails;
But a Bolshe-Whiskey Russian crew, by far excels the rest
In impudence and insolence, in filth and general pest.
They're mild enough when by themselves, but a crowd of 'em's quite frisky.
And when they're not talking their Bolshevic talk,
They're filling their tanks with cheap whiskcy.
But, even at that . . . bad as they were, they didn't have much on their Skipper,
And worse than the crew and the big Captain, too,
Was the Island of San Lonstripper.

Just a word, 'bout this bird called the Captain. . . . A meaner man ne'er sailed the sea—
He was hard-boiled and low-browed, he was sordid and base With the heart and soul of a flea.
He'd been sailing for years on lime juice ships And acquired the lime juice ways.
And being by birth, a natural-born crab, He was crabbed the rest of his days.

The run to San Lonstripper takes exactly nineteen days, And every day the hatred grew for the Skipper's lime juice ways. And hatred grows real rapidly among good Bolshe-Whiskey So they formed a union on the ship—led by one, Rouan Zabrisky! And marched up to the Captain, and in profane English told Their thoughts about the ship, himself and bread served on the mold. They kicked about the fo'castle, they jawed about the work. The Captain stood a-listening with an evil sort of smirk And suddenly his fist shot out and met one Rouan Zabrisky And the Bolshevic crew, immediately blew—leaving an odor of whiskey. The Captain cursed them up and down in strong Norwegian phrases And they talked back in Russian terms about eternal blazes!

That night a special meeting of a half-drunk Russian crew, Decided just exactly what the union ought to do To right the wrong, that had been done their leader—Rouan Zabrisky, And make the ocean safe for all the other Bolshe-Whiskey; But, while they planned and plotted how to best get at their skipper, They ran aground upon the rocks of the Isle of San Lonstripper.

The night was dark, the sea was rough, the wind was bitter cold.

The Russian crew and the Skipper, too, went down like seamen bold...

The moon broke through the clouds and showed a struggling Rouan Zabrisky,

A-slowly sinking out of sight, shouting—"Long live Bolshe-Whiskey!"...

WEDDING BELLS

In Seattle, June 8th, Walter J. Manahan, one of the old Marconi staff, to Jane Brenneman, of Juneau, Alaska.

June 29th, at the home of the bride, Seymour Reese Elliott to Mary S. Nicoll, of Malden, Mass. The groom was employed at our Boston Station until the United States entered the war, when he joined the Naval Reserve force.

In a cemetery in New London county, Conn., is a lot containing five graves—one in the center and the others nearby at the four points of the compass. The inscriptions on the latter read respectively, after the names of the deceased:

"My I wife" "My II wife"
"My III wife" "My IIII wife"
The central stone bears the inscription:

"OUR HUSBAND"

THE VOICE FROM OUT OF THE STORM

By WILLIAM II. EARLE (Operator S. S. Arapahoe)

Outside the gale was raging, Inside 'twas cozy and warm, As I sat at my instruments listening For the voice from out of the storm.

My head was drooping wearily, But I dared not fall asleep, 'Twas my duty to list' for the cry of those Far out on the briny deep.

Suddenly through the depths of the darkness As on the wings of lightning it sped Like the cry of a soul in anguish Came the voice, and here's what it said:

"SOS, SOS, please God, help us Ere the dawn we're far below Into the depths of the great beyond, Where sinners fear to go."

Quickly my spark was flashing Words of hope and cheer to they Who were waiting the Reaper's stroke Which would fall at break of day.

Then with our engines racing
We sped o'er the angry wave,
And long before the morning
They were safe who we'd come to save.

And when the race was over
And all was quiet again,
I gave to Him my deepest thanks
For the thing He has given to man:
"Wireless."



EXECUTIVE OFFICE

General Manager Nally, accompanied by W. A. Winterbottom, have returned from a business trip to South America in the interests of the Pan-American Wireless Company.

G. S. De Sousa, traffic manager, has returned from the Pacific Coast.

W. H. Wallace has resigned to engage in other business.

Chester Allan has been promoted to be junior clerk in the Purchasing Department.

J. H. Kennedy and Mrs. Anderson have resigned from the Purchasing Department.

L. B. Stewart, formerly of the Auditing Department, and now a chief yeoman in the Navy, has been assigned to sea duty.

W. H. Barsby, chief electrician (R) in the Navy, formerly of our transoceanic staff, is now located in Washington.

EASTERN DIVISION

Operators of the Eastern Division who resigned during the month to enter the Naval or Army service were: A. G. Berg, of the Daylite; T. Bowen, of the Coosa (now a member of the Royal Flying Corps); A. Pasquale, of the Texas; S. W. Young, who has a long record as senior on the Mexico; O. C. Belding, of the Twilite; and D. Michaelovitz, who has been in this division over six years.

Charles Sandbach, instructor in the Institute, A. I. Yuter, senior of the Esperanza, and C. L. Whitney, senior of the Creole, have been transferred to the engineering department temporarily for special duties.

W. E. Meyer has been promoted to senior of the Esperanza.

W. H. Earle the famous poet-operator of the division, is now on the A. C. Bedford.

K. E. Smith, who goes as second on the Wacouta; H. Slater, now junior on the Standard; and A Berntswiller, who sailed on the Warrior, are former operators of this division re-engaged this month.

Several new men entered the service and, at the present writing, are making their first sea trip. They are: E. Caryannis, on the Daylite; C. F. Unger, on the Josiah Macy; S. Edgar, on the W. G. Warden and L. S. Quinn, on the H. H. Rogers.

L. C. Nunn is now senior and F. A. Schneider is junior on the Algonquin, both having been transferred from the Coamo when that ship took on naval operators.

Sam Schneider, senior on the City of Montgomery, took a trip off last month. Sam says it is his first vacation in his six years of service and he hardly knows how to spend the time. A. Darlington is now the City

of Montgomery's junior, having been transferred from the Korona

E. W. Vogel is back again and has been assigned to the Mexico as operator-in-charge.

J. Churchill is senior on the Creole and V. A. Wheeless is junior. Both were assigned to that ship during the month, relieving C. L. Whitney and W. E. Grant. Grant has resigned.

H. H. Hammerly returned to New York after an extended period of service in the Gulf Division, and has sailed on the barge Socony No. 88.

R. D. Magann, of the Gulf Division, came to New York on the Chalmette, which has since been placed in a dry dock here for extensive repairs. While waiting for his ship to be ready, Magann is in the service of this division. He has already made a trip as the Cherokee's only operator and is now making a voyage to his home town, New Orleans, as senior of the Comus.

J. Houlberg has been assigned senior of the A. C. Bedford.

Ben Beckerman had a week's vacation during the month and is back as senior of the Princess Anne.

R. E. Whitcomb, from Boston, is second on the Alabama.

W. Miller has been assigned senior on the Charles Pratt.

T. G. Hahn is now second on the Brazos.

M. K. Lock, of the Governor Brooks, resigned to return to school.

H. T. Williams has been transferred from the Brazos to junior of the Monterey.

G. E. Sinclair was appointed senior on the Wacouta.

H. Newman and W. H. Nussbaum are now senior and junior, respectively, on the Princeton.

W. J. Neel was transferred to the Daylite and T. R. Hicks, from the Josiah Macy, takes his place on the El Norte.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB

Constructor Swett recently equipped the Bath, of the Texas Steamship Company, with a 2 kw. 500-cycle panel set.

J. M. Bassett relieved H. B. Whipple on the Everett.

Operator Kavanagh, of the City of St. Louis, transferred to the City of Rome, and Eastman, of the City of Rome, transferred to the City of St. Louis.

H. A. Wells has been assigned to the J. M. Danziger, a Gulf Division ship.

H. B. Whipple has been temporarily assigned to the Camden.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

J. P. Hunter, formerly of this division, paid us a visit from New York recently. Says the Mohawk is fine, but wishes she were running out of Philly.

L. Asadorian, of the Sabine Sun, and F. R. Smith, of the Persian, have enlisted in the Marine Corps and are stationed at League Island. Speaking of the training they are receiving, they say, "It's a great life, if you don't weaken."

J. E. Wynkoop, Jr., who returned to our service recently, replaced H. E. Toepffer, junior on the Persian, who resigned to go to work!

D. C. Dudley, who is now enjoying the blessings of married life, was presented with a silver table set as a wedding gift by the Marconi-ites of the Philadelphia District.

K. W. Keller, formerly assistant key-pusher on the Dorchester, recently enlisted in the Army. We expect to see him in a general's uniform in short order.

F. A. Lafferty, a former West Coast man, made a trip on the Persian. He then resigned to go with the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. L. Ainley is now in charge of this vessel.

Earl August recently returned from his round trip to Italy on Italian vessels. He is now booked for the Brynhilda, a windjammer bound for South Africa. Earl says he hopes they don't feed spaghetti on her; though we understand he acquired almost the skill of a native guinea in handling the stuff.

Baltimore

Manley and Schwab equipped the War Platoon with a ½ kw. Canadian cabinet set.

Schwab installed a 2 kw. panel and 10" coil on the J. A. Bostwick.

Gerson installed a 2 kw. panel and 10" coil on the H. M. Flagler.

Sinclair equipped the Firmore with a ½ kw. panel set, and took a trip to Wilmington, N. C., to overhaul the set on the Ocamo (Br.).

We have a new stenographer at the office, Miss Beatrice V. Deichelman. She says that wireless seems very interesting and doesn't understand why girls haven't taken it up long ago.

The Chincha, of the Eastern Division, returned from the other side. H. R. Butt, formerly of this division, and junior on the Chincha, has requested transfer back to this division.

T. S. Brown, of the Ontario, resigned from our service. He was relieved by E. E. Davis, formerly of the Eastern Division.

W. P. Grantlin and W. A. Deavers were relieved on the Nantucket by J. H. McCauley and M. P. Campion.

The Merrimack and Nantucket have changed runs. We understand the

latter needs repairs at Baltimore.

J. H. McCauley relieved V. Zito on the Borgestad and was relieved by H. C. Jensen. All in one month.

L. H. Graves is still on the Augusta.

The Santino left here several months ago and we presume Fred Crone is still with her.

Former Manager Dailey, of our Hatteras Station, reports that his garden isn't doing as well as expected. Not enough rain this year, etc.

For the benefit of those who like to know who are on the different ships of the M. & M. T. Co., here they are: Dudley and Callan are on the Dorchester, Flagg and Canfield on the Cretan, Hopper and Sherman on the Essex, Carleton and Liedel on the Gloucester, Orcutt and Onens on the Grecian, Rodebaugh and Du Val on the Howard, Vogel and Nicholaw on the Juniata, Curtis and Bickstein on the Kershaw, Miller and Walton on the Merrimack, McCauley and Campion on the Nantucket, Scharf and Davis on the Ontario and Ainley and Grauer on the Persian. Don't ask for transfers.

Chief Electrician Radio U. S. N. R. F. F. Hovelsrud, now stationed at Dry Tortugas, dropped in to see us. He was formerly in this division. Looked good in his neat uniform.

Sinclair and Kelland don't just know what to do since they have been taken from Class 4B and placed in 2B.

L. W. McKee was in to see us and stated that he had been transferred from the Belmar Station to one nearer home, also high power.

The announcement of the death of Mr. Ernest T. Edwards came as a great surprise to us. We wish to extend to his wife and family our heartfelt sympathy in this trying time.

GULF DIVISION

- the the Touro Infirmary for the past four weeks, has been removed to his veral home and is convalescing quickly. This is the second time Adler has been in the hospital since March for our a serious operation and we all hope his for the best.
 - T. J. Alderman has returned to the service from sick leave and is junior on the Coahuila with Hymel as senior.

A. A. Angell is assigned to the William Green.

There have been no changes in the Key West District. P. J. Barkley is senior on the Mascotte with J. E. Kane as junior. K. J. Fruebing is senior on the Miami with T. C. Hyers as junior.

L. E. Brasher, who has been on the Mexico since November 1, 1917, is having a few days vacation until the Jalisco is ready, on which he will be in charge.

- J. E. Broussard and W. L. Hille are senior and junior respectively on the Excelsior.
- W. A. R. Brown has been transferred from the Eastern Division to the Gulf and placed in charge of the Frederick R. Kellogg. F. E. Zahn, formerly of the Kellogg, has resigned.
- II. L. Crandall has been transferred from the Eastern Division and is now senior on the Marina, which vessel plies Porto Rican waters.
- A. F. Christiansen remains on the Panuco.
- G. T. Davis and G. E. Englebrecht man the Standard Oil Company's motor vessel Bacoi.
- Y. de Bellefueille is assigned to the Mexicano.



Ponce, running betwen New Orleans 2 km. Canadian cabinet set. and ports in Porto Rico.

D. W. Jolls has returned to our Warmarvel at Orange, Texas. service from a vacation and is assigned to the Mexico as senior, with at Mobile. C. C. McCann as junior.

A. Krog is in charge on the C. A.

Canfield.

A. Lizarraga remains on the Jalisco. Lizarraga has been assigned to this is some record.

Lena Michelson remains on Tamesi.

- J. J. L. Orthmann is in charge on home. the Harold Walker.
- F. C. Patch is assigned to the Ed. L. Doheny, Jr.
- C. J. Scott is on the Harry Far- of Cleveland III.
- Torres.
- C. D. Sweeney, who for the past two months has been sojourning at Hot Springs, Ark., has returned to the service and is making an inspection on the tug Buccaneer.
- O. C. Temple and G. F. Tompkins are both homeward bound on the San Juan. We understand that the San Juan is to be thoroughly overhauled and placed in passenger service between New York and Porto Rico in the place of the Carolina.
- I. F. Teunisson has been assigned to the Walter Hardcastle.
- O. Treadway remains on the Pennant.
- H. A. Wells has succeeded G. R. Entwistle on the J. M. Danziger.
- A. P. West has been transferred from the Buccaneer to the Tormentor for a trip to the Canal Zone.
- L. W. Wright is in charge on the San Ramon.
- H. O. Zahn remains on the Roy Hoober.

The Mexican vessel, San Bernardo, an oil tanker, has been dismantled the next thirty days.

S. N. Hill and P. Miller are on the and is to be fitted with a modern

Installation is in progress on the

The tug Gulfport has been equipped

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

Cleveland District

Constructor S. E. Leonard has envessel for twenty-eight months, which rolled in the Naval Reserves and is now stationed at Great Lakes, Ill.

> N. B. Watson, from the City of Cleveland III, has returned to his We understand that Watson contemplating going into Ralph Sayles re-Naval Reserves. lieves Watson as senior on the City

Wendell Phillips, on the City of W. E. Slauson is assigned to the Cleveland III, and F. Kaehni, on the Seeandbee, have left for Fort Sheridan, where they will enter the Officers' Training School. George Noack, a graduate of the local Marconi Institute, has been assigned as junior on the City of Cleveland III.

> H. Chittenden, formerly of the City of Buffalo, is holding down the position as senior on the Tionesta. Allen Calvert is acting as junior on Tionesta.

> J. Anderson has resigned from the Octorara. H. Biggs, a new man in the service, relieved Anderson.

> Ross Plaisted, who has been assigned to the A. M. Byers since the opening of navigation, has enlisted in the Signal Corps.

- M. Dennis, a Toledo recruit, has been holding down the one and only on the Seeandbee.
- J. A. McCaffry has been assigned There are only to the Wyandotte. three vessels on the Great Lakes on which McCaffry has not sailed. will, no doubt, take these in during

H. S. Scott has been assigned to the C. O. Jenkins, relieving J. A. Caf-

Ross Cutting, who has been acting as operator and purser on the Ann Arbor car ferries, was a recent visitor at the Cleveland office. Cutting has returned to Frankfort to relieve H. E. Lee, on the Ann Arbor No. 3, who is leaving for a twenty day vacation.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death, by accident, of C. B. McAdams, who was assigned to the Harvey H. Brown.

Chicago District

J. A. Goorisich, formerly of the Alabama, is acting as relief operator on the car ferries of the Pere Marquette railroad. E. A. Klein has been assigned to the Alabama.

the Christopher Columbus, vice Chas. Zeller.

the Florida, is now doing duty on the Ann Arbor car ferries. Dwight Meyers is now on the Florida.

J. R. Pell, Jr., has been assigned to the Indiana, relieving J. F. Scholtes.

L. Yuhl, a new recruit, has been assigned to the Harvester, vice W. C. Evans, who has entered military service.

PACIFIC DIVISION

C. O. Gordon, our division cashier, answered the call to the colors with a happy smile. To each of his many friends he promised either an iron cross, boche scalp, or some other dainty souvenir. We all wish him the best of luck.

Miss H. M. King, who entered our service four years ago as secretary to the division superintendent, has assumed the duties formerly performed by Mr. Gordon.

Miss M. Weber has re-entered our service and is now holding the position vacated by Miss King.

Mr. E. S. Howard, formerly of our Bolinas Highpower Station, and now in the U. S. N. R. Force, somewhere in the East, was recently married to Miss Lynwood Hall, of California. The bride is a sister-in-law of Mr. Graff, who was also in our Highpower service prior to the war. The staff extends its heartiest congratulations.

F. E. Peterson and F. T. Cookson are acting senior and junior, respectively, aboard the training ship Iris.

L. V. R. Carmine was transferred as operator-in-charge to the Manoa.

R. S. Kimberk and Otto Wihl are holding down the Rose City.

E. I. Pynchon relieved E. F. Smith Carl Menzer has been assigned to as operator-in-charge of the Santa Cruz.

Geo. E. Knudsen was recently re-Mark Taynton, who has been on lieved on the Ardmore and is awaiting a new assignment. Knudsen's last trip covered a period of some eight months.

> J. U. Meyer assumed charge of the Johanna Smith, temporarily relieving G. A. Williamson.

> E. W. Thureson joined the President as junior operator and freight clerk.

> J. A. Gilliland on his return from Australia, was assigned to the Nuu-21111

> Grabow, formerly in the S. U. S. N. R. F., has rejoined our service as operator-in-charge of the Santa Alicia.

> Lee Nickels, also recently discharged from the Reserves, is now on the Wapama as operator-in-charge.

> From all indications, Mr. A. A. Isbell, our new division superintendent, is immensely enjoying his return to California.

MARCONI RADIO TELEGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION

OFFICIAL BULLETIN

At the beginning of the war, in response to Uncle Sam's call for men for all branches of the service, many commercial men of the Radio service, especially those employed by the Marconi Company, volunteered and enlisted in either the Navy or the Naval Reserve. Many who had endeavored to enlist were rejected on account of physical disqualifications, but continued to act in the same capacity on board merchant ships, considering that they were doing their bit by braving the dangers of submarines in the War Zone. A number gave their lives in this way, while others who were on torpedoed ships, acted heroically in the time of emergency.

A few months later, after the outbreak of hostilities, the Government saw fit to replace Commercial men on ships carrying an armed guard with Naval or Naval Reserve men, leaving only the coastwise vessels manned by commercial operators. Rumors lately arose that on all vessels the radio would be manned by the Navy Department. This would cause a number of men, who cannot qualify physically for Naval or Army service (but who are perfectly capable of discharging the duties of Radio Telegrapher on shipboard) to be thrown into some vocation with which they are entirely unfamiliar.

At a recent conference held in the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt, the Marconi Radio Telegraphers Association, represented by its president, Mr. B. Beckerman, laid the subject before Mr. Howe, Secretary to Mr. Roosevelt. The result of this conference was received a few days ago in the form of a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, the contents of which are very encouraging. It stated that there will, in the future, be vessels enough in the coastwise and South American trades to employ the services of all Marconi operators who do not care to enter the Navy.

Many operators who are not physically fit, and others who for obvious reasons have not entered into active service, are much elated over this good news, and are pleased to know that they will still be able to do their bit.

J. A. Moore, Secretary-Treasurer.

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Brower, Robert H. California Massachusetts Brown, Everett A. New York Bucknam, John R. Burgess, Geo. H. New York Wisconsin Burhap, Harold J. Burns, Walter I. California Butterfield, G. W. Massachusetts Campbell, Alex. A. Pennsylvania Campbell, Howard E. California Carlisle, Robert R. Hawaii Carter, Robert S. Maryland Cassell, Paul E. Ohio New Jersey Catalano, F. Chambers, Thos. A. California Chapple, James M. California New York Cisin, Clarence, New York Cisin, Harry G. Cissenfield, Samuel, Maryland Crosby, Carlton R. Massachusetts Clark, Ellef S. Washington Clark, Joel E. Michigan New York Clark, Paul M. Coffin, Richard H. Alabama Cohen, Hyman E. New York New York Cohen, Louis Commerford, George McK. Ohio New York Conway, Horace B. Covey, Gerald, Indiana Cowden, John, Massachusetts Cowden, Reuel E. California Culbertson. Samuel K. Kentucky New Jersey Cwirko, B. New York Darcy, Walter C. Davidson, Vernon O. California Davis, Harold W. New Hampshire New York Davis, Jacob, Deal, Harmon B. Missouri DeChamplain, Paul R. Oregon Deighan, Edward I. Ohio Illinois Dent, Laramie C. Dent, Laramie C.
DeRose, T.
Derry, George P.
Diamond, Raymond
Dinga, William E.
Dobbins, John S.
Doty, Arthur H.
Douglas, Malcolm S.
Doyle, A. C. New Jersey Pennsylvania California New York Louisiana California New York New York



Dudley, Richard B. New Hampshire Dunn, J. Jr., New Jersey DuTreil, Louis J. Louisiana Earl, H. E. New Jersey Eastman, Thomas C. Wisconsin Edward, A. C. New York New York Edwards, Alfred C. Eklund, Walter E. Hawaii Elias, Louis W. Ohio Elliott, Seymour. Massachusetts Ellis, Melvin J. Minnesota Enders, Charles F. New York Ehrich, Wm. J. New Jersey Evans, Albert E. California Faries, Walter, Pennsylvania Fenton, Leonard New York Ferris, Willard J. Pennsylvania Fass, Sydney J. Filson, Norman W. California Massachusetts Fink. R. New Jersey Finnell, Phillip, California Fitzpatrick, Charles E. Washington Fritz, Paul, Pennsylvania Foley, J. Beasley, Texas Forbes, Allen C. California Fowler, T. R. New Jersey Fox, Irving A. California Friend, William H. California Gardner, Roy A. Michigan Gerson, George I. New York Giambruno. Waldon P. California Gibson, C. C. New Jersey Goldsmith, Philip H. New York Gordon, Charles O. California Gogel, Adelbert Ohio Gompf, Wallace R. Hawaii Gore, H. L. Illinois Gorrie, Robert, Michigan Gould, H. W. Ohio Graff, Walter H. California Gibbs, D. W. Ohio New York Gittleson, Mitchell Greenwell, Arthur M. Oregon Grinnell, Milton W. Massachusetts Grostick, George E. Ohio Hackenberg, Nafanile, Hawaii

Hackenberg, Stanislaw, Hawaii Haffen, Harry, New Jersey Hallett, Gena C. Washington Hamilton, Ben B. Indiana Hankins, Marvin J. California Harrigan, John J. Maryland Harte, J. W. Pennsylvania Harvey, Benj. J. New York Hartley, Edwin M. Pennsylvania Hassen, Harry, New Jersey Haynes, Robert W. Texas Hecht, Royal H. Illinois Heilig, David J. Pennsylvania Heck, J. New Jersey Heinlen, Clinton D. Ohio Helgeson, Harry G. Michigan Higgins, Wesley, New Jersey Louisiana Haverkamp, Herman O. Harvey, Guy H. California Heck, J. New Jersey Henne, F. New Jersey Hovelsond, Frank, Florida Hoard, Bonner F. California Holden, Harry H. Massachusetts Howard, Edward S. California Hopko, Stephen, New York Hopkins, Sydney K. New York Hudson, Joel E. Massachusetts Higgs, H. Y. New York Hutchinson, Arthur Ohio Huff, Henry O. New York Hybarger, Jack A. Louisiana Hyer, Charles Edwin. New York Illingsworth, Fred. H. Pennsylvania Ingalls, Herbert E. Massachusetts Jackson, J. B. Pennsylvania Jones, J. Edward, Illinois Jackson, Arthur E. Ohio Jaggers, Homer D. California Johnson, Dwight V. Illinois Johnstone, Richard, California Jorgensen, Edward T. California Joynes, John T. Michigan Julien, Ira F. Oregon Karlovsky, E. New Jersey Karp, H. New Jersey



Ohio Kachni, Fred J. New York Kasner, Henry P. New York Kay, Samuel R. Keefe, Geo. M. Michigan Kell, David A. New York New Jersey Keller, G. Keller, Kenneth Warner Penn. Kendall, Lewis F., Jr. New Tersev Pennsylvania Kent, William P. New York Kierstead, Alvin E. Missouri Kirtley, George S. Kneale, Charles K. Ohio New Jersey Knieriemen, Joseph, New York Kraemer, Tacob A. Washington Kraft, Edwin A. New York Krauter, Charles F. Kreutel, B. G. Kansas Massachusetts Landick, Robert E. Canada Lazarus, Beni, N. Leason, Roger W. Massachusetts New Jersey Lee, T. J. Ohio Leonard, Samuel E. New York Levin, Claude C. New Jersey Lewis, J. B. Liggett, Howard J. Jr., Illinois California Lindh, Charles A. California Lissner, J. A. Livesay, James R. California New Jersey Lloyd, Raymond Logue, Wylie G. Texas California Lohry, Ross B. Washington Lovejoy, Loren A. Ludgate, Wallace G. Jr., Wash. Lumea, Frank New York Lynch, Joseph L. New York California McCarthy, Chas. L. Maryland McCauley, Thos. E. McDonald, Byron C.
McDonald, Frank W.
McDonald, John E.
MacGowan, Hubert,
macGowan, John N.
McKee, Loyal W. California Michigan Illinois Washington Washington Maryland McKee, Loyal W McKee, Loyal W. Maryland McLean, Blaine Main, Alfred J. Manahan, Walter J. Manner, A. J. Manner, A. R. Michigan Ohio Alaska New Jersey New Jersey

Manning, P. H. Marr, Alvin E. Marthaler, Nicholas J. Mason, Francis H. Mattingly, Aloysius V. Matheson, William D. Mathews, George P. Mathews, Ralph H. Mears. Mason H. Meldrum, Herbert J. Massachusetts Merrow, Elmer R. Maine Michaelovitz, David, New York Michl, Eugene X. Miller, Walter S. Miller, W. R.
Miller, Robert F.
Mock, Orin S.
Moe, William Morgan, Samuel, Moore, Wm. V. * Murray, Eugene M. Morgan, Clarence D. Mousley, Franklin, Massonneau, Reginald C. Maresca, James V. Minners, Arthur J. Muir, Alfred B. Muldoon, James J. Myers, William, Myers, William, Neely, Winslow W. Naegel, Chas. F. Neely, James T. Nelson, Edgar C Neely, January Nelson, Edgar C. Nelson, Ernest L. Nelson, Francis A. Nelson, Francis A. Walter E. Change T. Change T Nickerson, H. E. Noyes, W. A., Jr. O'Day, Howard H. Ogles, Lucian G. Oliver, Donald B. Oliver, Walter, Oliver, Wal Orloff, Carl, Pasquale, Antonio, Passano, Lucian W. Patchin, Ivan, Payne, Frank W. Pendleton, Harold A. Peters, F. Peterson, Arthur W. Peterson, Kenneth, Philbrick, J. S. Phillips, W. Phillips, W.
Plaisted, Ross J.
Podell, Peter,
Pohl, Julius A.
Powell, Joseph W.
Preece, Richard J.

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New York



Portman, Joseph T.
Powell, Rayden S.
Price, Walter E.
Putnam, T. W.
Pyle, Howard S.
Quinby, E. J.
Rawley, Palmer B.
Raymond, Frank M.
Redfern, Forrest F.
Redfern, Otto R.
Rengo, M. D.
Reynolds, Gordon P.
Ringgold, Paul C.
Ritter, David, Pennsylvania Alaska Washington Ohio Oregon New Jersey Pennsylvania Hawaii Iowa Iowa New Jersey Louisiana Maryland Vew York Ringgold, Faul C Ritter, David, Ritter, Harry S. Roberts, H. P. Robinson, H. J. Rodd, Herbert C. Ross, Burt J. Rowe, Glenn S. Roy, Frank M. Parder H. Indiana Ohio New Jersey New York Ohio Ŏhio Louisiana Oregon New Jersey Louisiana Ryder, H.
Sanders, Edgar C.
Schaible, W.
Schmitt, Lawrence R.
Schnarr, Charles W. New Jersey Ohio New Jersey New Jersey New Jersey New York Schnarr, W. Schuller, George C. Scribner, Roy W. Seidel, Alexander, Shaw, F. W. Shecklin, George F. Sidnell, Robert G. Simson, Alva C. California California California Simson, Alva G. Sloane, Bernard P. Washington Massachusetts Sloane, Bernard F. Smalley, Arthur C. Smalley, Russell C. Smith, Alan P. Smith, Edward J. Smith Francis R. Sokutis, John, New Jersey New Jersey Maryland New York Pennsylvania Ohio Sokutis, John,
Spencer, Alvin C.
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Spratley, George M.
Springer, Ben C.
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Sterling, George E.
Stevens, Thomas M.
Stewart, Lewis R. Ohio California Oklahoma Iowa Pennsylvania Maine Maryland New York New York Stevens, Thomas M. Stewart, Lewis B. Stelluti, Frank, Stone. J. Strenfert, Carl, Svendsen, Michael A. Swanson, Carl S. Swanson, Howard, Talbot, Norman D. Taufanback, Leelie F. Taufanback, Leelie F. Taufanback, Leelie F. New Jersey Ohio York New Illinois Ohio California Taufenback, Leslie E. California Taylor, Albert, Taylor, David M. California California Teesdale, Robert, Tellefson, Elmer M. California Wisconsin

Thevenet, Clarence S. Thompson, H. Thompson, Maurice, Thompson, Wesley C. Thompson, Wesley (Ticknor, Reginald, Tierney, Matthew C Trerney, Matthew C. Townsend, George R. Townsend, Percival J. Troiano, Joseph, Trostle, Clayton, Tylar, Walter, Tyrell, Alanson B. Uhalt, William J. Umbarger, H. M. Van Auken, George L. Van Auken, Horace M. Vandenburg, Charles M. Valentine, Ray W. Pe Venemon, Peter Vermilya, Irving, Villareal, Dewey R. Vogtman, J Voss, John J. Walden, Myron, Wallace, Irving H. Walter, Howard N. Walters, Leslie, Ward, Donald G. Ward, William W Watson, Noble B. Weaver, Charles J. Weber, John E. Weber, R. Weikel, John H. Weller, Alvin O. Werlein, E. Werner, Edward A. *Wesighan, A. West, Howard E. Wexler, Bernard, White, Percy E. White, Laurance S. Whitehouse, F.
Wiese, Fred T.
Wilhelm, Frederick,
Wilkins, George C. Wilkins, George C. Wilkinson, Frank O. Williams, Harold A. Williams, Hugh E. Wolfe, Albert E. Wombacker, Joseph A Wood, Walter E. Wodbacker, Joseph A Wood, Walter E. Wood, Walter E. Woodford, Richard Worrall, Joseph A. Wright, Roscal C. Young, Robert I. Young, Stanley, Zeleh, C. H. Zelnhye, Turner *Zihala, Joseph

New Jersey New Jersey California Connecticut Washington Massachusetts New York
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Connecticut

FRONTISPIECE

This month we add to the family portrait gallery, Edwin A. Nicholas, Superintendent of the Great Lakes Division, at Cleveland, where he first saw daylight in 1893. After passing through the public schools, he entered the service of the United Wireless Company as messenger in 1909. His first assignment as operator was to the City of Detroit II in 1910. After serving a time in the Construction department, he resigned and went to New Orleans, where he joined the Marconi ranks in Decem-The following year he was transferred to Cleveland, and while acting as local manager took a course in electrical engineering in a night school. In 1914 he was transferred back to New Orleans, and while attached to that station, made a trip to France. On returning he was granted leave of absence for several months, and in December, 1915, re-entered the service as Chief Inspector at Cleveland. Successively he became Chief Operator, Acting Superintendent, and finally at the begining of the present year, Superintendent. Mr. Nicholas is an efficient official, with a pleasing address, and is well-liked by his associates. He is a bachelor, but is not without hope.

FORCED HIM TO PLACE BOMBS

W. H. C. Holloway, of Westcliff, Essex, England, wireless operator on the ill-fated British transport Penistone, tells the following story:

"Eleven of us with the Captain had put off in one of the lifeboats As we did not see the submarine, we started for the ship to get her papers. The submarine then appeared and an officer and three of the crew ordered me to go aboard the Penistone with them to blow her up. I placed two bombs in the hatches. These bombs were long and narrow and had fuses three or four yards long. The bomb I put in hatch no. 1 was filled with liquid fire. The other bomb I placed in hatch no. 2.

"Before we lighted the bombs, the officer made me get the Captain's bedding. They took him off with them in the submarine. The officers took pictures of us and of the sinking of the Penistone. I suppose those will be shown all over Germany.

"I thought they were going to sink us. I asked the officer how far we were from Nantucket, and he said 100 miles. I asked him how far from Boston, and he said 90 miles. As we were 350 miles from New York and 200 miles at sea, he was having fun at our expense. All the men seemed to be between 20 and 35. They were certainly well-fed and amply provided for, as they did not take any of our supplies. All they took in addition to our Captain was our chronometer.

"The men all suffered from exhaustion, and four are in the hospital suffering from severe burns caused by escaping steam at the time of the explosion."

HOME AGAIN

Mr. Edward J. Nally, accompanied by Mr. W. A. Winterbottom, arrived home safely a few days ago, after an extended tour of Central and South America. They sailed from New York on April 17th last on the United Fruit steamer Carillo, bound for Colon and the Isthmus of Panama. There were no lurking submarines on our seaboard at that time and the precautions for safety of passengers and ships now adopted were not necessary. After four days of delightful weather a stop was made at Kingston, Jamaica, with an opportunity to visit the famous Myrtle Bank Hotel and get a fair impression of one of the most important of Great Britain's West Indian possessions. The effects of the disastrous earthquake, which visited the island more than twelve years ago, have long since been eradicated. Two days after leaving Kingston the busy port of Colon was reached, where most of the passengers disembarked for transfer to other steamers sailing through the Panama Canal to various ports on the west coast of South America.

Colon is the Atlantic terminus of the world's greatest feat of engineering. Several days were spent in the Canal Zone, while awaiting the departure of the next South American steamer. At Colon, the United States Government has erected and operates one of the finest hotels to be found in Central or South America. This is known as the Washington Hotel, a six-story, concrete building, with every modern convenience, (including an outdoor concrete swimming pool), having accommodations for several hundred guests. Adjoining the old city of Colon is the newer section, comprising the American administration buildings and the modern wharves, known as Cristobal. States Government also operates its own railroad across the Isthmus, practically paralleling the Canal and connecting the city of Panama with the Atlantic seaboard. The railroad trip across the Canal is extremely interesting and affords numerous vistas of the Canal, which are not discernible from the deck of a steamer. Half way between Colon and the city of Panama the United States Navy has erected a very powerful wireless station. Mr. Nally and Mr. Winterbottom were invited to tarry awhile at Darien and enjoy the hospitality of the naval officials located at the wireless station. The visit to the Darien naval radio station was extremely interesting.

The railroad trip across the isthmus occupies only two hours, and the city of Panama was soon reached. In the adjoining city of Ancon are found the largest Canal Zone administration buildings and supply depots, and much wonderful work has been accomplished in the direction of sanitary and landscape work in a section where, a number of years ago, yellow fever was the greatest enemy of progress. From the city of Panama a short automobile trip was made to the old and abandoned city of Panama, situated some fifteen miles to the south. Here are to be found the ruins of fine old houses, and the cathedral, now overgrown with grass and tropical vegetation. Although the city at one time had a population of over 50,000, not a soul lives there to-day.

The return trip to Colon was made by rail, and several days later

the steamer Imperial, of the Chilean Steamship Company, flying the Chilean flag, sailed through the Canal on its way to south coast ports. The trip by water through the Canal occupies about six hours, the steamer first passing through a series of three locks known as Gatun. located near the Atlantic terminus and at the entrance to the famous Gatun Lake. The three locks raise a steamer in thirty minutes from the ocean level to the level of Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet above the After passing through the Gatun Locks, the steamer winds its course for thirty-two miles through the artificial waterway formed by Gatun Lake. This lake, for the greater part, is more than ten miles wide, dotted with thousands of small islands, and it is not until some twenty-eight miles of Gatun Lake have been traversed that the famous Culebra Cut is reached. It was necessary here to practically cut through the mountain, and remove portions of others, in order to provide sufficient depth for navigation of ocean steamers. At the present time, gigantic steam dredges are still scooping away small slides of earth which, if not constantly attacked, would seriously interfere with safe navigation. After traveling for thirty-eight miles through Gatun Lake. Pedro Miguel Locks are reached, where the steamer is dropped eighty feet to the level of the Pacific Ocean. During its entire passage through the Panama Canal, the steamer is taken in charge by a United States Government pilot, and during its passage through the six locks, four powerful electric locomotives—two at the bow and two at the stern carefully direct the progress of the steamer. These precautions are very necessary in order that no damage be done to the locks, and emergency safety devices are much in evidence.

After leaving the Canal, the steamer swings out to the Pacific Ocean and three days later made its first port of call at Paita, Peru, a small open harbor where cargo was discharged into small lighters. Paita is principally famous as being the center of the Panama hat industry: strangely enough, Panama hats are not made within five hundred miles of Panama. It is only in the neighborhood of Paita, Peru, that the first quality of grasses can be grown, and the natives manipulate these grasses under water and so construct the finest grade of Panama hats. The weaving of first quality hats is rather a slow process and sometimes takes one person from two to four months. As soon as a steamer drops anchor, a dozen native salesmen climb on board with large bundles of hats and begin to bargain with the passengers. There are no set prices, and excellent hats can be purchased at from \$3.00 to \$10.00 Usually the same hats would retail in the United States from \$10.00 to \$50.00 each. The stop at Paita is of a few hours' duration, and the steamer proceeds south to the next port of call in Peru-Pacasmayo -and the next day the third port in Peru-Salaverry-is reached. These ports are quite small and are not usually visited by tourists. However, considerable exporting of cotton, rice, and sugar was noticed.

The next port of call—Callao—is the most important port of Peru. The steamer usually makes a sufficiently long stay to permit a visit to Lima, the capital of Peru. This journey occupies only about thirty

minutes by electric trolley, and the trip is one well worth-while making, as in many respects Lima is a most progressive city, possessing fine boulevards, and handsome buildings. A visit was made to the famous zoological gardens and also to the bull ring, but bull fighting is practically a thing of the past in South America, although occasionally it is still to be seen at Lima.

The next, and last, port of call in Peru is Mollendo, where sufficient time is given to spend a few hours ashore. The following day sees the vessel at Arica, a very clean city, and the next day the important port of Iquique is reached. This city is the principal shipping port for the Chilean nitrate industry, and business here, on account of the large use of nitrates in the war industries, is in a very flourishing condition. Two days later brought the vessel to Antofagasta, a large and prosperous city made important on account of the nearby wonderful copper mines.

The next port of call is Coquimbo, followed quickly by the final stop at Valparaiso, the largest and most important city on the west coast of the American continent, south of San Francisco. The trans-Continental Railroad, the only one in South America, is about eight hundred miles long, and connects the city of Valparaiso with the capital of Argentine, Buenos Aires. This railroad is also one of the engineering marvels of the world, crossing, as it does, the majestic Andes at an elevation of 10,500 feet. Only two passenger trains per week are run in either direction, and this gave opportunity to spend a few days in Valparaiso and also in the charming city of Santiago, the capital of Chile.

The trans-Andean Railroad system consists of three distinct sections, the first running from Valparaiso to the small town of Los Andes, at the foot of the Andean range. This section of the line is of broad Transfer is made here to the narrow gauge railroad, which operates only across the mountains, and which is, for its entire length, operated on the rack and pinion system. A rapid climb commences at 7:00 A. M. through magnificent scenery and snow-covered mountains until the summit is reached, at noon. From this point its descent is gradual and the city of Mendoza, in the foothills, is not reached until Thus the actual crossing of the Andes occupies exactly twelve hours, unless delayed by snow-storms. Mendoza is the center of the great Argentine wine industry and one sees on either side of the track, as far as the eye can reach, nothing but acres of grape-vines. The run from Mendoza to Buenos Aires, across the great Pampas, is made in comfort, on a broad gauge system, in twenty-four hours. The continent is crossed at this point in about forty hours.

Buenos Aires, the capital of the Argentine Republic, is by far the largest city in Latin America, and is the occasion of great wonderment to all travelers making their first visit. The population of the city is almost 2,000,000. The business section of Buenos Aires is comparatively old, with very narrow streets, typical of the older Latin American towns, but in the newer sections of the city fine wide boulevards extend for miles in every direction. The architecture of Buenos Aires is noted for its beauty, and the municipal authorities have very wisely set apart many beautiful and extensive sites for use as public parks. During Mr.

Nally's eight weeks' stay in Buenos Aires, he resided at the Plaza Hotel, and made additional trips to Rosario, the great grain shipping center, and to La Plata, the shipping port of the frozen meat industry where most of our large American packers, such as Armour & Company, Swift's and Wilson's, are already located and doing an excellent business.

From Buenos Aires a French steamer carried them to Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, and from there to Rio de Janeiro, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Two weeks were spent in Rio de Janeiro, and additional trips were made to Sao Paulo and Santos, the centers of the world's coffee industry. From Rio the Lamport and Holt steamer Vasari, bound for New York, was taken, and the first stop was made at Barbados for coal, and a day was spent touring this picturesque From Barbados the steamer took an unusual course to the Island of St. Thomas, which the United States recently purchased from Denmark for \$25,000,000. Navigating instructions were received here and several days later the vessel was off South Carolina and continued its zigzag course, always in sight of the mainland, until New York was safely reached. Owing to the stringent regulations now in force, steamers on this route travel in absolute darkness, cabin and deck lights being completely shielded from outside view. Traveling under these conditions, with the thermometer hovering around 100 degrees, is by no means as pleasant as in the days before the war.

A SCRIMMAGE

Feeling her way through the fog past Fire Island and heading for the Ambrose light vessel, the Blue Funnel Company's steamer Pyrrhus had a narrow escape of being added to the list of submarine victims. When within a mile of Fire Island, a periscope showed up close on the starboard side of the vessel, so close in fact as to be harmless. The Hun commander, discovering his misjudgment, promptly submerged and manoeuvred for a better position. In this he was thwarted by the skilful handling of the British ship by her captain. After a short period, the U-boat again broke surface only to find himself some distance astern. The Pyrrhus gunners made some excellent shots at the enemy craft, but only having a few feet of periscope for a target did not score a hit. Eventually the submarine, thinking discretion the better part of valor, gave up the chase.

Advice by wireless was sent to a nearby United States naval station, to the detriment, it is hoped, of the Hun.

—Frederick Arnold Bradley



CARL B. McADAMS

A FATAL ACCIDENT

It becomes our sad duty to record the death of Carl B. McAdams, operator on the steamer Harvey H. Brown, at Erie, Penn., caused by stepping backwards into an open hatch, and falling 30 feet. He was 19 years of age, and a recent graduate of the Dodge Wireless Institute at Valparaiso, Indiana. He also graduated from the Washington (Penn.) Business College, and was a member of the West Washington M. E. Church in his home town, where he leaves his parents, a brother and four sisters, to whom we extend deep sympathy.

FAMOUS TENOR SHIPS AS OPERATOR

Z-Z-Zt! Z-z-zt! Z-z-zt!

It's the song of the wireless, of course, but if you were a passenger on the Hermosa on your way to Catalina Island this week, didn't it sound a little more musical than usual? It was being operated by one of the world's greatest tenors. Arthur Alexander, a \$10,000-a-year artist, has been running the wireless plant on the Hermosa for nothing in place of the regular operator.

Alexander, who was known as a wireless wizard before the war, and who owned a private wireless plant on the roof of his house in New York till the Government closed all private plants, has been in Catalina for the summer for the sake of the fishing. Crossing to the mainland, he got in conversation with the wireless operator on the boat and, through his enthusiasm over the wireless, the two became fast friends. Then the singer discovered that the wireless man was sick and very tired, and that he thought he could pull himself together again if he could take a vacation. But he couldn't afford to lay off, he told Alexander.

"Why, that's all right, pal," the singer said. "You can take your vacation and your pay envelope, too, and I'll run the wireless if it's all right with the company." Following the closing of his private plant,

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Alexander had taken Government examinations and secured an operator's license, so it was all right with the company, though it didn't know that it was taking on a man who is under contract for \$10,000 a year for three appearances a week in New York next winter. The operator took his vacation, and Arthur Alexander began his run.

He found himself forced to give up his summer fishing altogether in his new role of wireless man for the steamship company. Now he leaves the island at 7 o'clock in the morning, reaching San Pedro at 9:30. His duties are over till the return trip so he comes to Los Angeles for a few hours, and then returns for the afternoon trip back when the Hermosa pulls out at 4 o'clock. The wireless operator, in the meantime, has developed a serious illness and because he worried about the situation, the great musician has promised to "stick on the job" till September 1st, when he must return to New York to keep his contract.—Los Angeles Herald.

A SEA TRAGEDY

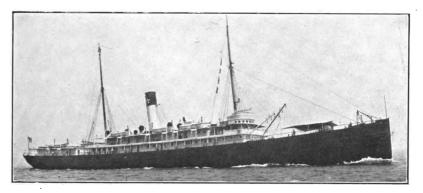
By Arthur H. Schweider

The Southern Pacific steamer Proteus, one of the best-known vessels in the coastwise trade, left New Orleans on her last trip bound for New York, which port she was destined never to reach. During the first day at sea, a large bird of an unknown species, flew aboard the ship, and after several unsuccessful attempts by members of the crew, it was finally caught by the second officer. The bird was an odd specimen, none of us ever having seen one of its kind before. That night at dinner I jokingly remarked to the second mate that the bird was probably an albatross, referring him to the tale of "The Ancient Mariner," in which the albatross was supposedly a bird of ill-omen, much feared by sailors, in the old sailing-ship days. He laughingly replied that if the Proteus was sunk this trip, we could blame it on the bird.

At one o'clock in the morning thirty miles south of Diamond Shoals, our good ship met her tragic end, when she was rammed and sunk by the 10,000-ton oil tanker Cushing. There were ninety-six persons on board the Proteus, including twelve passengers, five of whom were women, and all except the men on watch, were in their berths when the collision occurred.

I was in the radio cabin, when a sharp blast of our whistle startled me, and stepping on deck to learn the cause, I beheld the Cushing about 900 feet off our port bow steaming down on us at full speed. For a moment I was held spellbound at the sight of the oncoming vessel, which, owing to the reflection of the moon on her camouflaged sides, appeared like some grotesque monster bent on our destruction,

I at once realized a collision was unavoidable, and after voicing my opinion of the spectacle in language unfit to print, I jumped into the wireless room and braced myself for the crash, which was terrific, the Cushing plowing into our ship's side for more than four feet. We were

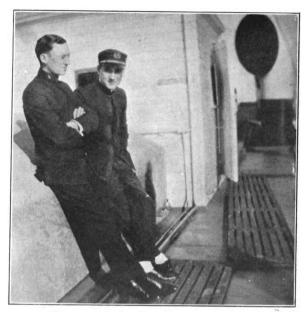


hit about amidships on the port side, fifteen feet abaft the radio cabin. Water rushed into the engine-room at once, putting the dynamos out of commission, and before the second assistant engineer could bring the engines to a stop, he was standing knee-deep in water. I immediately threw in the storage battery lights which illuminated the decks, the wireless room itself being in darkness, as no emergency lights were installed there.

My partner, Mr. Gallo, came running to the radio room, clad only in underwear. I asked him to report to the Captain for orders. The Captain sent him below to put on some clothing. In the meantime, the lifeboats were being lowered, several of them already having pulled away from the ship's side. I found myself alone on the boat deck, still waiting for orders, and the vessel slowly settling in the water; so I started below to find the Captain, and met my partner coming up with a position report.

We returned to the operating room, and while Gallo lighted a candle, which we found in a drawer, I sent out a distress call, which was immediately acknowledged by N A N (Beaufort, N. C.). I informed him that we were abandoning the ship, and grabbing the log sheets and my license, after extinguishing the candle, we ran to the lower deck on the starboard side and reported to the Captain, whose lifeboat had been launched and was waiting for us. We climbed down the falls and got into the lifeboat, followed by the Captain, H. T. Boyd, who was the last man to leave the ship. Five minutes after our lifeboat left the side of the doomed vessel, the bulkheads burst with a loud report, and she turned over on her side and sank stern first, to her watery grave. Only one life was lost, that of a Spanish fireman, who jumped overboard as soon as the collision occurred, and was drowned.

It was a miracle that the Cushing, too, did not go down, as her entire bow had been torn away when she plowed into the Proteus. Ammunition for her guns was stored in a forward compartment within a few feet of her crippled bow, and had that exploded there would have been only a few survivors to tell the tale. Although at one time the



Mr. Schweider on the left, Mr. Gallo on the right

Cushing was thought to be sinking, she remained afloat by the constant use of pumps, and stood by the Proteus, picking up all the survivors, who were supplied with clothing by the Cushing's crew, as some were very scantily clad. The women passengers were furnished with men's garments, which was all the Cushing afforded.

Our troubles were not at an end, however, as a heavy nor'easter set in, and handicapped by the damaged bow, we could only make five knots an hour through submarine-infested waters; and to add to our peril, there were not enough lifeboats to accommodate the combined crews of both vessels. A call was sent out for a convoy and we were met by a naval craft and safely convoyed to Norfolk, where we landed 42 hours after the disaster. Arrangements had been made for the officers and male passengers to stay at the Atlantic Hotel, the remainder of the crew to stay at boarding houses. We were an odd-looking crowd as we walked into the hotel, begrimed and scantily clothed, some bareheaded, others minus socks, and all in urgent need of a bath. Someone cheerfully remarked that Nat Wills had nothing on us.

The next morning we were taken to a department store and supplied with a new outlit of clothes. There was more confusion in the clothing store while the eighty-four members of the crew were trying to satisfy their wants, than there had been in launching the lifeboats from the sinking vessel. The firemen emerged victoriously from the

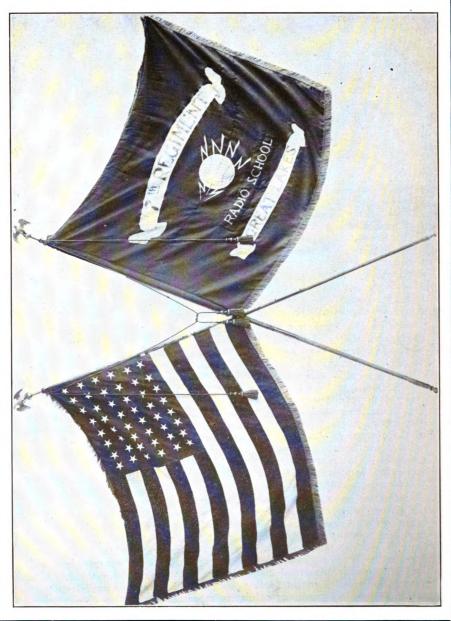
throng, displaying silk shirts of gaudy design, and other costly garments. We looked more like a clothing makers convention than a ship-wrecked crew, when we boarded the Northland for our trip to New York, where we arrived eight days after leaving New Orleans. Recalling the incident of the bird, though none of us are superstitious it was rather a peculiar coincidence that the accident should occur on the second officer's watch, as it was he who had caught the bird. The collision is attributed to the fact that coastwise ships do not carry lights because of the submarine menace.

MR. NALLY'S VISIT TO MARCONI WORKS

We have often had the pleasure of having Vice-President and General Manager Nally visit the plant, in fact, these pleasures date back to the time when it was possible for Mr. Nally to shake hands and have a word with each, as was his custom. In the past few years under his guidance this family of Marconi employees has grown from a few to many. Before Mr. Nally's recent visit, notices were posted throughout the plant that he would address us. Works Manager Stein escorted Mr. Nally to the platform which had been erected and decorated with national colors for the occasion. The Marconi band of twenty pieces, in full uniform, presented a pleasing appearance and rendered several selections admirably.

After Mr. Stein had presented Mr. Nally it was evident from his expression that this family of Marconi employees which encircled the platform pleased him, and that it was especially gratifying to him to recognize so many of the faithful employees who have been with the company from its infancy. Their faces showed appreciation of the policy of the company in establishing conditions which appeal to men. Mr. Nally commended the performance of the Marconi band and suggested the committees be formed to promote sports, dramatics, sick benefits, etc., which he said would receive the moral and financial co-operation of the company. All work and no play, said Mr. Nally, was not beneficial to the men or to the company. After he had related an interesting synopsis of his recent trip to South America he closed his address and while the band rendered a few selections Mr. Nally renewed his old acquaintances among the employees and made many new ones.

It is the unanimous wish of the employees that they be favored in the future with other addresses. It was evident that his particular brand of congeniality is the kind which forms the stimulus which makes men feel they are not only working for the company, but that the company is working for and with them. Accompanying Mr. Nally were: Messrs. R. A. Weagant, chief engineer; C. J. Ross, comptroller; and David Sarnoff, commercial manager; and if it were not for the fact that War is long and Time is fleeting, they would have been called upon to speak, as nothing promotes solidarity more than executive co-operation.



Page Sixteen

A PRESENTATION

The following correspondence explains itself. The Great Lakes Naval Training Station has one of the largest Radio Schools in the world, with about 3,200 men learning the art. The school is known as the 7th Regiment, and it ranks as one of the best-drilled regiments on the station.

Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America 233 Broadway, New York City Woolworth Building

July 30th, 1918.

Lieutenant F. H. Mason, U. S. N. R. F.
District Communication Superintendent,
Great Lakes. Ills.

Dear Lieutenant Mason:

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America having authorized the presentation to your regiment of a stand of colors, I have much satisfaction in informing you that the flags have been shipped to your address to-day.

Our company is deeply interested in the progress of the radio art, as well as in the prosperity and success of the men enrolled for its advancement, and more especially of those engaged in the national defense.

Wireless telegraphy is one of the most potent factors known to mankind, both in war and in peace, and I know that its illustrious discoverer, Senatore Marconi, would be glad to add his greetings to mine.

May the Seventh Regiment attain a large measure of success and efficiency, and keep these colors always to the front.

Very sincerely yours,

Vice-President and General Manager.

Navy Department
United States Naval Communication Service
Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh Districts
District Communication Superintendent

Great Lakes, Ills., August 6, 1918.

Mr. Edward J. Nally, V.-P. and G. M.,

Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, 233 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Nally:

We are in receipt of your letter of July 30th in reference to the stand of colors to be presented to the 7th Regiment. I want to assure

you that the courtesy of the Marconi Company is appreciated, not only by myself, but by every man of the 3,200 now enrolled in the radio school, at this station.

The colors have not arrived, but we hope that they will before our Review tomorrow afternoon. It is my intention to have the Commandant of the Station officially present these colors to the 7th Regiment as they pass in review.

Regret very much that none of the representatives of the Marconi Company are here, but I hope that at some later date we may have the pleasure of entertaining you and the rest of the officials at this station.

Again thanking you for the courtesy, I am,
Yours respectfully,

F. H. MASON, Lieutenant, U. S. N. R. F.

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY, LAD

T

When you wake up in the morning,
And the bugle's shrilling loud
And you just can't stop your yawning
While the sky's a huge dark cloud
And your limbs are cramped and aching
And your feeling mighty bad
With your neck so stiff, its breaking,
Why you're in the Army, Lad.

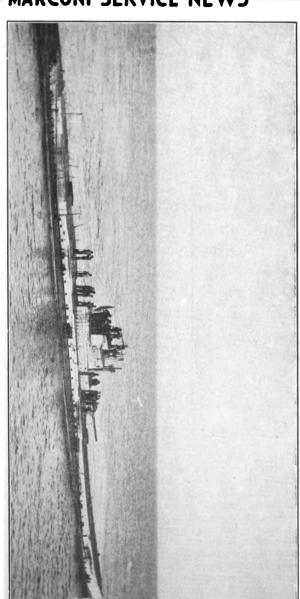
Π

And you hustle out, about half dressed,
To be lined up for call,
But while shaking off a clinging pest
Slip in some mud and fall
And stand around and curse awhile
Just feeling mean and mad
Till your sense of humor makes you smile,
Why you're in the Army, Lad.

III

And each day's like the day before,
And the next will be the same,
Till life itself becomes a bore
And dangerous things seem tame
When there's someone, you're alonging for
And your very heart seems sad
'Cause you can't see her for three months more,
Why you're in the Army, Lad.

Clarence Cisin



GERMAN SUBMARINE

which stopped the Nieuw Amsterdam off the Norwegian coast on her last trip from Rotterdam to New York. The ship was allowed to proceed unmolested when the Commander produced a safe conduct signed by the German minister at the Hague.

THE INHUMAN HUN

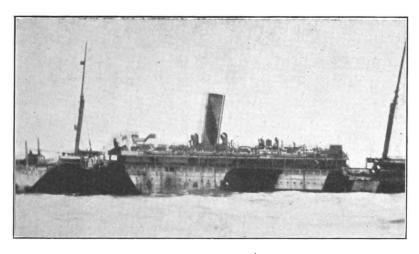
By Frederick Arnold Bradley



The transport Dwinsk, formerly one of the Russian Auxiliary fleet, was taken over by the British upon the cessation of hostilities betwen Russia and Germany. A British crew was put aboard and the ship loaned to the United States Government for the purpose of transporting troops and freight between America and France.

Our first voyage to Europe was accomplished without a hitch and the troops disembarked feeling somewhat disappointed at not having sighted a submarine. It was during our return trip to New York that the trouble began. We were proceeding alone at 141/2 knots and heading for the United States coast, then about 650 miles Fritz was out of our minds altogether, as most of us considered that the danger zone had been left far astern. I had just returned from breakfast and taken the phones over from the junior operator, S. G. Burt. Whilst discussing the programme of amusements for our stay in New York it The torpedo struck the ship in number 4 hold, abaft the engine-room and immediately below the radio-room. might be expected, we got an awful shock. I was deposited on deck in the middle of the room surrounded by the wreckage of what had been a wireless set. The ten-inch emergency spark coil was torn from its

fastenings, thrown up two feet and landed down on its side. Mr. Burt proceeded to the bridge and brought me the ship's position, and I told him to look after his skin. Upon surveying the gear the chance of getting out an S O S seemed very slight indeed. The main set was useless, also the tuned emergency, but after a few minutes I got the coil back in position and connected up for P.A., obtaining a fair spark. I believe the call was picked up by several ships, though at the time I did not know, the tuner being out of action. The junior operator now appeared at the door and advised that the "Old Man" was awaiting me. Grabbing an oilskin and the secret instructions (which I heaved over the side) I made my way forward, no easy job as the ship was listed thirty degrees to port. Arriving at the fore end of the promenade deck, the Captain told me to go down the rope into the one remaining boat. This I did and he followed. We had some difficulty in getting clear from the sink-



ing liner on account of the heavy swell. Having accomplished this, we took the opportunity of having a look around. The other lifeboats, six in number, were by this time about a mile away. A large type of submarine cruiser, mounting two six-inch guns, was in the midst of them. Another submarine was in the vicinity, but only showed his periscope.

As the Hun approached us, we noticed that he had a lifeboat made fast alongside and our second officer on his deck. Approaching the sinking ship to within two hundred yards, he put a shell into her stern which perhaps helped her to the bottom a little quicker. With the shell exploding, her stern went under and the stem rose in the air, all forward of the funnel being out of the water. In this position the Dwinsk Our thoughts for the next few moments were concentrated upon what Fritz's next move would be. We did not feel any too secure, hundreds of miles away from land, and no patrols near. Much to our relief, he cast the second officers' boat loose and submerged. Upon taking a look around, we discovered his reason—smoke on the horizon to the eastward and and coming our way. Of course we were helpless and could not warn her. One torpedo was fired at the approaching ship but missed its mark. This gave them all the warning required and turning about, she ran for it, at the same time opening up on us with the two stern guns, evidently mistaking us for submarines. After about ten shots, she ceased fire, and in a few minutes disappeared from view. We were glad to see the last of her, as some of the shots fell too close for comfort. We now began to think of the future, which to us seemed rather black; but whilst there's life there's hope, so we all stepped our masts and made sail, setting our course N. W. With dark came heavy rain, and the wind became more violent. It was not long before we were all soaked to the skin. The boat leaked badly and two men, con-

stantly bailing, could just keep the water under. At dawn only one boat was in sight, the other five having become separated. We kept company with this boat until rescued.

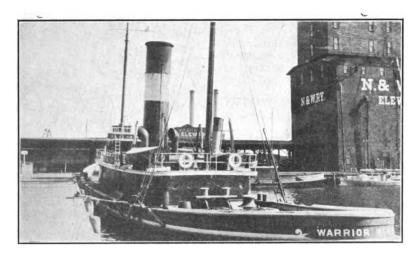
During the third day, the rain ceased, though the sea got somewhat worse. With the appearance of the sun our spirits rose and after drying our clothes, we reckoned how long it would take to reach the coast. Ten days was the general opinion. We had no hopes of being picked up by another ship. A quarter of a glass of water and one biscuit was a day's food allowance. Sleep was impossible, and what with the wet and cold, we were not feeling any too good. At dawn of our fourth day adrift, we sighted a steamer in the distance heading our way. Visions of hot coffee, bacon and eggs, etc., rose before us. We were showing red distress lights to attract the attention of the stranger. Words cannot describe our thoughts when, to our dismay, she held on her course, evident'y with no intentions of investigating. However, we were a little too previous. When about a mile past us she turned about and zigzagged This brought her close enough for us to signal over: "Dwinsk, torpedoed last Tuesday morning." This decided the commander to take us aboard, knowing that the Hun would not now be in the vicinity. We received the welcome signal: "Stand by to be picked up.

Gee! what excitement! In less than five minutes we were up the rope ladders and sitting on deck pouring hot coffee and cakes down our necks. I have never enjoyed a feed half so much. After a hot bath, breakfast and fourteen hours sleep, the majority of us were feeling O. K. A few men went into the ship's sick-bay, suffering from exposure, but after kind treatment, were little the worse for their late experiences. Our benefactor was an American Naval vessel. The American boys treated our fellows fine, and it was not long before we presented a fairly respectable appearance.

I cannot speak too highly of the kindness shown us by the American Red Cross Association on our arrival at New York the next evening. Providing us with all sorts of clothes, toilet necessities etc., they made us feel that it was almost worth while getting torpedoed. The portrait shows how the writer was togged out when rescued. Our suffering in the boats was nothing to be compared with that of the less-fortunate members of the Dwinsk crew who were adrift for eleven days. These men were found in a pitiful condition. One boat-load of men is missing and posted as "Lost at Sea." The total number lost is thirty-one.

CONVERSION OF LIBERTY LOAN BONDS

Subscribers to the Second Liberty Loan 4% bonds are reminded that these bonds may be converted into Third Liberty Loan 4¼% bonds at any time up to November 9th, 1918, but not after that date. Those wishing to convert 4% bonds into 4¼% bonds should complete payments and secure 4% bonds before November 9th, 1918, so that they may arrange for conversion.



LIFE ON AN OCEAN TUG IN WINTER

By Henry T. Munroe

On a fine winter morning the tug Warrior left Norfolk for Boston towing two barges. The second day out I gave the captain a storm warning and that night it began to snow and blow. Life lines were put along the deck, as each time she rolled, her house would be covered. As it was 14° below, in a short time the lines were as large as one's arm and when I had to go to the pilot house, I was I'ke a snowman

The next afternoon, about four, I felt a jar and on reporting to the captain, found that our port shaft was broken and that we could just keep her head to the sea, let alone taking care of the barges. About this time the captain of one of the barges reported she was leaking and the pumps could not hold it. I sent a message to W. C. Y. and then stood by.

We anchored two miles off Fenwick Island Lightship and waited for assistance. All this time the gale was increasing and snowing so one could not see the length of the boat. Each time she rolled, the house would go half into the water. I had my hands full keeping the set dry, as water poured into the radio cabin continually.

The next morning the weather cleared and the sea went down. We got our first hot meal in two days. I got word that a patrol boat was on its way to our assistance. She arrived about 11 A. M., but was unable to give us much help. I sent for more help and received word that a lighthouse tender was on the way to us. She arrived about four in the afternoon. She took the leaking barge, with eleven feet of water in her hold, in tow; while the patrol boat took the other barge and ourselves in tow, and all started for Delaware Breakwater.

THE SERVICE FLAG

Our flag now carries three gold stars, indicating three young lives sacrificed in the nation's defense.

YOU'VE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

Here is a bit of optimistic philosophy passed round in the trenches; save it.

You have two alternatives, either you are mobilized or you are not. If not, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are mobilized you have two alternatives, you are in camp or at the front. If you are in camp, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are at the front you have two alternatives, either you are on the fighting line or in reserve. If in reserve, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are on the fighting line you have two alternatives, either you fight or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

If you do, you have two alternatives, either you get hurt or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are hurt you have two alternatives, either you are slightly hurt or badly. If slightly, you have nothing to worry about.

If badly, you have two alternatives, either you recover or you don't. If you recover, you have nothing to worry about. If you don't, and have followed my advice clear through, you have done with worry forever.

THE TELEGRAPH SYSTEM

In 1850 there were 5,000 miles of telegraphs. There are now 1,573,000 miles in the world:



At Belmar, N. J., September 1st—Walter Edward Wood, C. E. (R.), of New York, to Xma Fae Root, of San Francisco. The honeymoon was spent in New York. Mr. Wood is stationed at the Naval Radio Station at Belmar.

At New Brunswick, N. J., August 10th—Harry Frederick Koehler, of Perkasic, Penn., to Sara Griffith Watson, of New Brunswick. The groom is attached to the Eastern Division and sails out of New York.



William Vernon Moore, formerly of the trans-Atlantic staff at New York, and until recently serving in Belgian South Africa, is now in charge of the Admiralty Radio Station at Castries, St. Lucia, B. W. I.

Ensign Clarence Cisin was last heard from in a hospital in Nantes, France, where he had undergone a slight operation, from which he was making rapid recovery. He is attached to one of the Dutch ships recently taken over at New York.

Lewis B. Stewart, Chief Yeoman, has been at the New York Naval

hospital some weeks, but is now ready for sea.

Miss Susanne Meredith Bottomley, daughter of the late vice-president, has arrived in France, where she will engage in Red Cross and canteen work.

EASTERN DIVISION

Congratulations from the men around the Eastern Division office were showered upon H. F. Koehler, who took a trip off the Philadelphia during the month to make a certain Miss a Mrs., and to enjoy a short honeymoon. While he was away, his place as senior operator was filled by Clyde Diderick, while E. A. Neimeyer acted as junior. Upon Koehler's return, Diderick transferred to the schooner Cora Cressy.

Four operators left this division during August to don the naval uniform, at the same time carrying with them the wishes of their fellow operators for good luck with rapid advancement. They were H. A. Williams, of the St. Charles, J. J. Voss, of the Caddo, C. D. Hallett, of the Iroquois, and W. J. Neel, of the Comal.

Arthur Schweider and L. J. Gallo lost a good berth and one of the best runs out of this section when the Proteus was sunk off Hatteras. They are now running to Cuba and Mexico on the Monterey and Arthur's girl in New Orleans is wondering if he is going to be another one of those sailors who never come back. Gallo is also out of luck for his home is in New Orleans and he can't speak Spanish well enough to capture a Cuban girl.

W. A. R. Brown, the good looking young hero of the Kellogg, which

was torpedoed just outside New York harbor, upon being landed in New York after his rescure, found himself in the wrong division office without a ship. He was relieved, however, by being formally transferred from the Southern to the Eastern Division and sent out on a long trip to South America on the Santa Elena.

W. H. Boyle, of the Crofton Hall, is on sick leave. L. C. Driver is sick at Baltimore and is expected to return to New York soon. H. S. Winbigler, who was taken to a hospital in Brest, France, on his last trip there, has returned to America entirely recovered and sailed during the month on the Moonlite.

Three former operators were reengaged and apparently are glad to get back in the Marconi ranks. They are W. K. Storrs, who went out on the W. C. Teagle, R. Gaudio, who sailed on the Socony 82, and A. Vladoff, who is now on the El Capitan.

R. S. Savage transferred from the Pacific to this division and is now running on the Mrs. James Timpson.

The Santa Luisa was taken over by the Navy last month relieving E. A. Neimeyer, who went to the Philadelphia as junior, and H. Marcoe, who is now on the Crofton Hall. The Navy also took the F. W. Weller, and the senior, H. R. Wolfe, transferred to the Comet, while the junior, C. G. Alban, went as Conway's assistant on the Zulia.

F. E. Leach has left us for the Southern Division, where he will act as senior of the Kershaw. J. F. Berstow, also of this division, went with him as junior. J. Spatafore and G. E. Knudson transferred to the Pacific Division when the Navy took over the Royal while at San Francisco. That makes four good men

this division supplied to otner divisions during August.

This division lost by resignations during the month: R. E. Whitcomb, of the Alabama; H. Slater, who thinks he can make more money with another wireless company; G. S. Shaffer, junior of the James McGee; and A. M. Smith, second of the W. C. Teagle.

Four men left our service during the month in a manner not to their credit and which bespeaks the reliability of each. All four quit in outof-the-way ports and caused quite a little inconvenience and expense to the company. They are: H. Newman, who left the Princeton at Key West; A. H. Lawford, who left the Alabama at Providence without permission, allowing the steamer to proceed to New York with but one oper_ ator; C. A. Schroeder, who left the Louisiana at Newport News; and J. B. Catanese, who left the Coosa at Philadelphia making it necessary to send a man by rail from New York to replace him.

Among the changes in the division, (other than the fact that the superintendent, Mr. J. B. Duffy, changed arrangement of the office greatly improving it), were: Meyer, from the Chinila to the Helen; G. H. Allen, from the Munimar to the Socony 83; G. J. Chamberlain, from the A. C. Bedford to the Moonlite; E. W. Hawkins, from the Cornelia to the Twylite; E. Carayanis, from the Daylite to junior of the Twylite; W. H. Davis and W. K. Storrs, to the Cherokee for a long trip in Government service; L. S. Quinn, from the H. H. Rogers to the Apache and later to the Madison (so that he might run to his home town); and V. A. Wheeless, from the Creole to the City of Montgomery.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB

- F. J. Flood relieved P. S. Killam on the Belfast.
- J. F. Thacher, junior on the Belfast, has transferred to the C. A. Canfield, of the Gulf Division, being relieved on the Belfast by F. B. Falknor, a New Yorker.
- H. T. Munroe has resigned to enter the Naval Reserve. J. F. Valente, a new man, relieved Munroe on the Camden.
- W. R. Mercer has been assigned to the Camden relieving W. J. Swett, who is on construction work.
- W. F. Rauscher, of the Melrose, has resigned to go on deck and was relieved by R. F. Jefferson.

George McEwen has been temporarily relieved from duty owing to his mother's illness, being relieved on the City of Columbus by E. E. Davis.

G. Kavanaugh has returned to New York where he will transfer with Damon Eastman on the City of St. Louis.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

PHILADELPHIA

One trip on the Persian was enough for Carl Grauer. He says he ate exactly 1½ meals all the way from Jacksonville to Philadelphia and return. Judging from his appearance, we were inclined to believe it

- W. P. Grantlin and W. R. Deavers missed the Nantucket at Jacksonville, and the Juniata's operators, Vogel and Nicholow, took her back to Philadelphia, where they were relieved by J. H. McCauley and M. P. Campion.
- J. W. Casebeer, one of our oldtimers, was recently discharged from the Naval Reserve for physical disability, having been stationed at

the Norfolk Yard as operator since the beginning of the war. He has now been re-employed by this company, and is acting as junior on the Persian.

P. B. Rawley, formerly employed on ships running out of Philadelphia, answered the call to colors last fall and is now a Second Lieutenant in the Signal Corps. Bernard Wexler, who was called at the same time, is now wearing a Sergeant's chevrons.

Most of our former operators, who recently enlisted in the Naval Reserve, are now holding down strenuous jobs at the Navy Yard or local Radio Sealing Station.

Constructor Schwab installed a 1-kw. outfit on the new vessel Allentown at Gloucester.

BALTIMORE

The Essex is now on the Baltimore, Savannah and Jacksonville run.

The Kershaw went into service again with F. E. Leach and J. F. Barstow, senior and junior respectively.

F. Atlee, clerk at the Philadelphia office, has tendered his resignation. He intends to go with the Government

McCauley and Campion were relieved on the Nantucket by Grantlin and Lewis.

E. Kling relieved E. E. Davis on the Ontario.

Chief Elec. Radio U. S. N. R. F. H. Hax was in to see us. Says the Navy is the only place to be. His pal Loyal is a great Navy booster.

Don't forget that the Fourth Liberty Loan is now on. Dig deep boys.

GULF DIVISION

L. E. Adler is still confined to his home with the mysterious illness, but we hope to announce his entire recovery very soon.

T. J. Alderman and S. C. Hymel are junior and senior respectively on the Coahuila, ferrying between New

Orleans and Progresso.

A. A. Angell is still in charge of the William Green.

L. E. Brasher has made a couple of trips on the Jalisco, but is again assigned as senior on the Mexico with J. H. Jensen, of the Pacific coast, as junior.

J. E. Broussard and W. L. Hille are still in charge of the Excelsior.

Since the torpedoing of the Frederick R. Kellogg, W. A. R. Brown has again been transferred to the Eastern Division.

H. L. Crandall and L. V. Grissom are senior and junior respectively on the Marina.

A. F. Christiansen has been transferred to the Breakwater.

G. T. Davis and G. E. Englebrecht . remain on the Bacoi.

The Mexicano is manned by Y. de Bellefueille.

F. Dickley has been assigned to the San Juan at New York as junior while O. C. Temple remains senior.

K. J. Fruebing and T. C. Hyers remain on the Miami.

M. O. Green is on the Catania.

D. W. Jolls is touring Porto Rico waters on the Ponce.

A. Lizarraga is aboard the Jalisco.
Miss Michelsen has just returned
from a long voyage on the Tamesi.

Vance Nall, a new employee, is assigned to the Panuco.

J. J. L. Orthmann is still doing duty on the Harold Walker.

F. C. Patch is sailing on the Ed. L. Doheny, Jr.

is assigned to the Pennant, relieving which he now saw did not contain O. Treadway.

assignment aboard the Harry Far- for a few minutes, he approached his num.

W. E. Slauson remains aboard the ning." Torres.

from the Buccaneer to the Ramon.

I. F. Tuenisson remains on the Hardcastle.

J. F. Thacher has relieved A. Krog on the C. A. Canfield.

H. A. Wells remains on the J. M. Danziger.

A. P. West is having an exciting trip to the Canal Zone on the Tormentor.

H. O. Zahn is still assigned to the merly attached to the Peter Reiss. Rov Hoober.

cabinet set on the War Marvel was completed August 10th. This is a sister ship to the War Mystery and they are the two largest wooden ships built and launched in the South.

The tug Gulfport's equipment will be started the first week in Septem- mission, we can announce several ber.

Mexican vessel San Bernardo is will be started at once.

What is static? Our Superintendent's seven-year-old son has a definition for static which is amusing. In the South during the summer months frequently have lightning at while the stars and moon are shin- Russell Carson, a new man. ing. He questioned his mother as to planation, he was told that regular Navy. heavens straight at the point of at- as ignior.

Fred. R. Robinson, a newcomer, traction, but the flashes of lightning any bolt which could do any damage. C. J. Scott still holds his first After thinking the explanation over mother and said, "I've doped the K. G. Scott, a new employee, re- static out; it is nothing more than lieved R. W. Baer on the Breakwater. what you would call crippled light-

Our Superintendent has returned C. D. Sweeney has been transferred from Tampa, Fla., recently, where San he went for the purpose of starting the erection of new masts.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

CLEVELAND DISTRICT

George Machin, a new recruit, is on the Harry Croft, vice Alfred Shaw, who resigned to join the colors.

The Harvey H. Prown has LeRoy Bremmer as master of the key, for-

Clark Olney, from the local Mar-Installation of a 1/2-kw. Canadian coni Institute, is on the City of Buffalo.

> Earl Ensign resigned from the City of Erie to return to school. The new man is Henry Cervanka, from Detroit.

With the Seeandbee still in comchanges in the staff: Melvin Dennis The new wireless house on the resigned to return to school; A. How_ ell returned home to do likewise; nearing completion and installation George Noack, a resultant of the local Marconi Institute, relieved Howell,

> Floyd Woodson, who had given up all hopes of ever getting a transfer from the Eastern States, has been assigned to the Peter Reiss.

John Hutton, junior of the City of night, which is very brilliant, even Detroit III, has been replaced by

N. B. Watson, senior on the City what this was and during the ex- of Cleveland III, resigned to join the Ralph Savles was assigned lightning was in the form of a ball temporarily, later being relieved by of fire which came down from the C. W. Fraser. Emil Farris is acting

E. L. Knapp on the E. J. Earling.

the C. O. Jenkins by C. J. Grace, ern States. who is a new man in the service.

Morris. man but new to the Marconi service. has been assigned as junior on the Octorara.

Harold Chittenden and Allen Calvert are the only operators the Tionesta has had this season. Both doing excellent work in handling traffic.

I. E. Spencer was relieved from the car ferry Ashtabula by a new man, Miles Newton.

Roy Demerritt, who has been requesting relief from the Clemens Reiss for the past thirty days, now reports he has decided to remain. We certainly would miss the pretty pink envelopes in our mail box if Roy were to leave us.

L. Schermahorn, the one and only from the Otto Reiss, was a recent visitor at the Cleveland Office and reports everything lovely on board.

A number of our operators have been inquiring what kind of a craft the Barge Limit is. According to H. Borgen's description, she is ten by ten by six, with a movement all her own. "Yes-we are pulled around by a tug and I simply can't find out which end was made to steer from," reports Operator and Quartermaster Borgen.

August Myhrhof, of the Conneaut, has resigned to enter military service. Carl Flory, another new man to our list, relieved him.

We simply cannot resist mention- ate with I. Bell as her operator. ing that J. A. McCaffry is still on the for very near three weeks.

matrimony, but he reports not. Wm. Herbert Merrill.

Herbert Blasier was relieved by Shurance took Johnson's place on the Huron during his vacation. Shurance H. S. Scott has been replaced on has since been assigned to the East-

> Harmon B. Deal, a former Marconi an experienced man, is acting temporarily as instructor at the local Marconi Institute, Mr. W. W. Wing having resigned to take up a similar position at Toledo, Ohio.

Among the vacationists is Miss Balhorn, who is well known to all the operators in this division by the alertness in which she insists that "you must be insured." Miss Balhorn reports a pleasant two weeks at Geneva-on-the-Lake.

CHICAGO DISTRICT

Carl Menzer has resigned from the Alabama to return to school. Francis Spickerman, a new man, is now on the Alabama.

The Arizona has laid up for the season. Peter M. Hansen is awaiting re-assignment.

Fred Schoenwolf has resigned from the Carolina to return to school and Herbert Merrill is now in charge, having been transferred from the South American.

The Chris Columbus made her last trip of the season on Labor Day. Chas. Zeller held down the job until she laid up at Manitowac.

The Florida also laid up for the season on Labor Day. Dwight Myers is returning to school.

The Georgia has put in for the season, which places Harold Leighton on the waiting list.

The Indiana will continue to oper-

The South American is out of Wyandotte. Yes—he has been there commission. Howard Dodge, senior on this vessel, enlisted in the Navy Smith Johnson reports a most en- at the Great Lakes Naval Training joyable vacation spent with the den- Station a short time ago, the season tist. We had slight suspicions of being finished by E. C. Mathis and

The North American has put in for the season. Duncan Cameron and Malcolm Romberg being the operating staff on this vessel.

J. F. Born remains on the Petoskey

as purser and operator.

Superintendent E. A. Nichols recently paid the Chicago District a visit and made an inspection of all the vessels operating out of this port.

PACIFIC DIVISION

H. Jenson, assigned to the Nielsen at Seattle some months ago, was relieved by a Norwegian operator on arrival at New York recently. Jensen expects to obtain a position in the Southern Division; however, if unsuccessful, we will again see him on this coast.

Edmund Smith, of Marine and Highpower fame, performed a nice little bit of work for us the other day by going to the Hawaiian Islan Is with a United 1-kw. set as baggage, installing same on the tug Intrepid and making the return trip in twentyone sea days. The tug is a small one and it was necessary to install a makeshift mast so that the antenna might have an elevation of twenty feet above deck and a length of an-Withal Smith other twenty feet. managed to get a little over one hundred and fifty miles out of the set, keeping in communication and getting his first report in at a distance of sixteen hundred miles. The little tug bucked head winds throughout the voyage and Smith's pleasure trip can best be summed in his own words, "twenty-one miserable days."

According to the latest advice, we are informed that Operator J. A. Maginnis, of the Louise Nielsen, was relieved at New York on July 30th.

Maginnis was replaced by a Norwegian operator.

R. Colbert, formerly of the Geo. W. Elder, has been transferred to the Cadlo, of the Eastern Division.

A Marconi operator has again been placed on the Capt. A. F. Lucas. Operator A. E. Wilkinson is at present in charge.

J. L. Miller, of the Eastern Division, and formerly on the Gulf Coast, is now in this division in charge of the W. S. Rheem.

Considerable rivalry has created lately on the President and Governor regarding the advancing of the sales of the Wireless Press. The Governor, with Operators C. G. Ahern, senior, and H. A. Burgess, junior, has been holding the record for sales for the past month or so, with their latest sales reaching 681 copies a trip. The President, with J. W. Yeager, senior, and E. W. Thurston, junior, has been running a close second, and slowly but surely advancing the sales, until the President's last trip, when 742 copies were sold, taking the long-cherished lead and establishing a record for short coastwise runs. Latest reports credit them with stating the Governor men can never hope to surpass them in the future as they are now in their stride. So confident are they that an unlimited dinner at the St. Francis has been offered to the team who can beat them, not mentioning any names.

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OUR FAMILY PORTRAIT GALLERY

John B. Duffy is said to have started in wireless as a boy. This must have been the case for he is one of the youngest superintendents in the Marconi Service, and it is many years since he made his first trip as an operator. There are few, if any, wireless men in America whose records of service cover a greater number of years, and there are none with a record more creditable than that of the new superintendent of the Eastern Division.

With the knowledge of what interesting reading a summary of his wireless career would make, several requests were made of him to write something of it, but without avail. He is not given to talking about himself. When he assumed his new post recently another appeal was made to him with a statement that it was felt that he snould be introduced as the new superintendent. In reply he suggested that he did not think an introduction necessary. In this he is right. What Marconi man in America has not heard of Mr. Duffy, who for so many years held the post of Assistant Superintendent? Or, who among the older men does not remember him as "Z", the chief operator of the former big "NY" station of the United company? No, our superintendent needs no introduction. He is known, and, moreover, well-liked, not only by his associates and fellow officials, but by his own office force and the hundreds of operators under him.

His greatest reputation is based on the fact that he always gives a square deal, and there is many an operator who has had occasion to enthusiastically endorse this statement. The man needing a friend always find one in Mr. Duffy, whose friendly sympathy, earnest advice and help have often furnished inspiration. Although of a kindly nature he is a strict disciplinarian. His belief that a rule is a rule and his disbelief that rules are made to be broken, comes from his former railroad days. A respecter of rules springs immediately into the superintendent's favor.

Mr. Duffy came into the Marconi Service as assistant superintendent, having held that post in the United Wireless Company many years. He was also in the service of the United Company's predecessor. His initial trip to sea was made on the Bermudian which has recently been sunk. His last sea trip was on the Verdi when he was sent to Rio Janiero and Buenos Aires to clean up the United Wireless Company's business in South America.

We venture to state we are expressing his views in saying that the most important event in Mr. Duffy's life was when he married a few years ago, and that the next greatest event was the birth of his son, Hamilton Beattie, with whom readers of the SERVICE NEWS are familiar as a lively contestant in the "Marconi Buds" contest a few months ago. The lad is already showing himself a credit to his dad and at the same time furnishing evidence that John B. Duffy is as worthy a father as he is fraternity man, business man, and administrator of the affairs of the Eastern Division of the Marconi Company.

RESURRECTED

By William A. R. Brown



The American steamship Frederick R. Kellogg, a 7,200-ton tanker, left Tampico, Mexico, for Boston with a cargo of crude oil, and up to the time that Fritz scored a hit, only two events broke the monotony of the voyage—while off the Florida coast a wireless message was received from an American steamer about one hundred miles north of us reporting a submarine, and, when passing Hatteras, a floating mine was sighted.

Nearing New York, I received warnings that submarines were operating off Fire Island, but as we would

not be in that vicinity until the next day and had already passed through the zone of activities along the coast without seeing a "sub," the warnings made no unusual impression upon us. The day passed without incident and at five o'clock I went aft to the mess-room. I had just sat down when there was a terrific crash and everything in the room rose into the air, myself included. At the same time a light brown smoke filled the room, but through the haze I could see the surprised expression on all faces. The next instant I came down upon the chair. accompanied by various pieces of broken crockery. For a moment I was dazed, but as the odor of burnt powder started me coughing, I realized that a torpedo had struck us-not very far away either-and made a rush for the stairs to the deck. There were two men ahead of me, and as I waited a moment to allow them to ascend, I glanced along the passageway. It was partly filled with steam, but I could see the crew running forward and water rushing along the passageway towards us. As I climbed the stairs the ship suddenly seemed to drop from under me and when I stepped over the door-sill to the poop deck, it was awash. I immediately started a sprint to the fore and aft bridge which on a tanker connects the poop, bridge and forecastle; and then I noticed that the port lifeboat and davits which had formerly been only a few feet from the door, had completely disappeared. When I reached the fore and aft bridge it had quite a slope caused by the rapid settling of the stern and this slope increased until I seemed to be running uphill. Upon reaching the midships section, I encountered the whole crew, all struggling to reach the boat deck by means of a narrow stairway. Somehow I got to the upper deck and made a dash for the wireless room. Breaking the seal on the emergency switch I closed it, but the motor-generator refused to move. Hastily opening and closing switches showed that the power was gone and a glance through the

door explained it. The water was swiftly rising up the funnel, and even as I looked, it had reached a point halfway up. I rushed out to the boat deck, which, by that time, was inclined at such an angle that it was necessary to hold on to the stanchions for support, and reported to the Captain, meanwhile putting on my coat and cap which I had seized upon leaving my room. The Captain and another men were holding on to the davits of the starboard work boat which had been lowered and had most of the crew in it, as the only other boat available had already been launched. I started to return to my room, but a look aft showed that the water had reached the top of the funnel. That decided me. A run down the inclined deck, a jump and I was in the boat. The Captain jumped about the same time, being the last man off, and ordered us to push away. But the small boat was overloaded and we could not get at the oars. For a moment it looked as if there would be a panic, but under the Captains' calm commands, we set to work to get out of the suction. Astern of us the water was a whirling white mass. While some struggled with the oars, others pushed the boat along the ship's side towards the bow, all of us momentarily expecting the ship to go down. We were pretty well forward and could see her keel, which was out of the water for some distance, before we could get away from her. Several men who had been caught by the rising water were swimming nearby, and these we picked up, making the small boat dangerously overloaded. Then the motor-boat (propelled by oars) came around from the other side of the ship, and bringing the two together, we divided the crew between the two boats. all the survivors present, roll call was taken and seven were found to be missing, one being the second assistant engineer, with whom I had been talking at the time of the explosion. All attention was now directed to the steamer, which remained in the same position as when abandoned, with her funnel showing at intervals and her bow out of the water. We were waiting for the "sub" to come up and finish the job with gunfire, or to put another torpedo into the ship, but nothing was seen of the Hun for a long time. Suddenly what appeared to be a small gray spar was noticed some distance astern projecting out of the water, but it disappeared as quickly as it came.

The weather was overcast, and, as our boats were not lifeboats, it was decided to head for land; so giving the motor boat a line, we hoisted the sail and headed for shore. Night was coming on and those who had been in the water were becoming chilled, so we divided up the clothing as well as we could. The mate and myself were the only ones who had coats, the rest of the men being in their shirt sleeves—except two, who had nothing at all. After a while all had dry clothing of some sort or other, even if some of it did consist of canvas. My shirt helped someone out. Now that the strain had relaxed somewhat, the call for smokes was heard. Investigation disclosed one package of cigarettes and half a box of matches; and as the owner of the only coat in the boat, I was appointed custodian of these most important articles.

Everyone had a few "drags" anyhow while they lasted, and it made us feel a little better inside; but the outside defied soap and water for some time after, for most of us were covered with oil and dirt. We certainly were a hard-looking crowd.

Several ships were sighted, but as soon as they ascertained what had happened, they commenced to zigzag. We really did not expect to be picked up by a merchant ship, and there were no patrol boats in sight. A United Fruit ship stopped long enough, however, to learn the particulars and send a wireless. Soon after, the Huron, a Clyde steamer, sighted us and picked us up. At that time our flares had given out, and we were using our shirts, dipped in gasoline, lighted and hoisted on an oar, as distress signals.

Hot coffee and dry clothes soon made us feel almost ourselves again, and we spent the night telling of our experiences. The next morning saw us in New York, where the steamship company advanced us enough money to buy some clothes and make ourselves look a little more human.

As I look back upon those few minutes after the explosion, what stands out above all others is the speed with which everything took place. I never moved so fast in all my life, and I hope I shall never have to again. The ship did not sink, but stood on end with her bow standing 30 feet straight up in the air. She was towed in to Staten Island and beached. Later she was docked and repaired, and is now sailing the seas again, as good as new.

HELLO!

With a clamp on her head like a cage for her nair. She sits all the day on a stiff little chair And answers the calls that come over the wire From people of patience and people of ire; And "Number?" she queries of noble or churl-A wonderful voice has the telephone girl. She has to be pleasant, and hustling and keen, With a temper unruffled and ever serene. There are forty-five things she must think of at once Or some one in the office will call her a dunce, Since it seems the general custom to hurl The blame for your grouch on the telephone girl. It's wearisome work on the nerves and the brain, Continual hurry, continual strain, And Central gets tired—as other folks do— And needs to be thoughtfully treated by you: So think of her doing her best 'mid the whirl, And try and be white to the telephone girl.

GOOD NEWS FROM MR. MORRIS

HE IS DOING HIS BIT



The following extract from a letter from Maynard C. Morris, formerly Superintendent of the Southern Division, is most gratifying. He was invalided to Colorado a year ago, evidently with good results.

"I have been in Denver since October 8th, 1917, being sent here through the kindness of the Marconi Company, which has done everything possible to help me regain my health. My improvement began immediately after arriving in this land of sunshine and Rocky Mountain grandeur. Shortly after coming here, I was offered a position as director of the radio and buzzer training school in Denver, which trains men for the Army Signal Corps and Naval Radio Service, with Lieut, Russell then in charge. Not being strong enough to work at that time, I did not accept then, but later, in March, I felt husky enough to get busy, so relieved Lieut. Russell and have been busy ever since, turning out men as fast as possible for the Army and Navy to help beat the Kaiser at the tough game which he started. The portrait

shows the way the writer looks while doing it. I am very grateful for the chance to be active in helping Uncle Sam in some capacity, after not being allowed to enlist when we first declared war on Germany. I was in a sanitarium at that time, fighting a different kind of a battle.

"My health is constantly improving and I consider this condition due to Mr. Nally's thoughtful and constant attention to my welfare while laid up, and to the generous care and support given by the Marconi Company, including my good friends who did all that was possible for me and enabled me to come to Denver, thereby putting me on my feet once more.

"My gratitude to the Marconi Company and to my sincere friends who gave me such assistance and cheer, will be life-long."

SIGNAL CORPS EFFICIENCY

When the average man hears the Signal Corps mentioned he has a somewhat hazy idea of its work and of how it is connected with the vast organization of the modern war machine. Even to the man in the

army the Signal Corps is more or less an unknown quantity.

The activities of the Signal Corps are so wide in scope and their development of so recent a date that this vagueness is not to be wondered at. Until the time of the civil war, armies and their units had been small enough to permit the commander to keep sufficiently in touch with his forces by runners and mounted messengers. During the civil war, however, armies grew so large and unwieldy that their efficiency began to be impaired through lack of a perfect system of communication. It was seen that no matter how perfectly trained an army might be in its various activities, if it was unable to know the proper time to perform, its efficiency was imperilled. In fact, it was already realized that a perfect army is nothing more than a perfect soldier on a vast scale and, like that soldier, in order to be of any service or accomplish its aims, it must have a nerve and control system just as pertect as his.

The first step in improving the signal service was the use of the telegraph which, at the time of the Civil War, had been commercially perfected. While some progress was made at that time in its use, it was not until the time of the Spanish-American war that the signal service of the army was employed on anything like the scale of today. During that war the Signal Corps was an entirely mounted organization and was required not only to be as mobile as the cavalry but was even required to anticipate the needs of the cavalry and immediately have stations, where officers could transmit messages, open and working as soon as the cavalry came to a halt. Our Signal Corps had developed a system of communication for open warfare that was practically perfect; in fact, one which would have given any number of pointers to even the perfect German war machines.

At the opening of the present world war it was seen that the signal service as organized for open warfare would not be applicable to the different conditions required in trench warfare. As our entry into the war seemed so remote there was nothing done actually to change our methods, but at the same time the Signal Corps was making a study of the various means of communication in use by the different armies in

Europe.

As soon as war was declared it was known at once just what the duties of the Signal Corps would be during the several months before the actual entry of our troops upon the firing line. It was known that the moment our force set foot on foreign soil to study and determine the method of warfare to be adopted it would be necessary to keep this force in constant communication with the authorities at Washington. As soon as it was decided that our operators would be in France the material and the personnel for laying trunk telephone and telegraph lines from the various seaports through the heart of France over to the theater of operations were at once assembled, and this personnel was

among the first actual troops to be sent over. Today there is scarcely a city in the principal part of France through which an American telephone line does not pass.

As soon as it was decided that we were to adopt the French methods of warfare we began to make a study of the French system of signalling. While we speak of having adopted the French system of warfare, this is only approximately true as concerns the work of the Signal Corps. The main problems were to see what different kinds of messages had to be transmitted, the various ways the French had of doing it, whether any of the English methods were an improvement, and, lastly, whether we could not work out a system combining all the merits of the others, at the same time omitting their defects. This has been done so far as possible, and the United States Signal Corps now has a system of signalling as applied to trench and semi-open warfare which represents the most modern ideas of all the armies now at war, including even the German.

The success of this system is attested not only by the way in which it works in trench warfare but even more forcibly by the manner in which it has enabled perfect communication to be maintained in the first big offensive of the Americans.

The lines of information from the various army headquarters are continued practically in the same manner as the main trunk lines that run through France in the service of supplies. Radio begins to play an important part in the game. However, it is within the division itself that the development of all means of communication takes place. Here every method of signalling that has ever stood up under the ordeal of battle plays its part. The whole area within ten miles of the front line is a maze of "lines of information." For convenience these lines may be divided into four great net works, any one of which may be depended upon as a complete and independent means of transmitting information.

The first and most complicated is the wire net. This begins at division headquarters and reaches its tentacles out toward the front in all directions. Its large central telephone exchanges located at intervals over the entire front, sometimes in half-demolished dwellings, sometimes in dugouts 40 to 50 feet deep, are the busiest spots on the battlefield. Its lines must furnish communication for the artillery, machine guns, the infantry, the trench mortars, the balloons, the engineers, the field hospitals, and all the other units that go to make up the war machine. In fact, the telephone system is much more elaborate and more complicated than in a young American city.

The problem of laying the wires under shellfire and keeping them in repair at all times is enormous. While the Field Signal Battalion of the Signal Corps is directly in charge of all systems of communication within the division it is assisted by telephone men from all the other units who work under it and carry out its ideas. The wires are often in the form of large buried lead cables, for whose installation it is necessary to employ highly specialized cable splicers, who carry on their work often with shrapnel raining around them. Lines radiate from these

cables in smaller trunk lines, all of which have to be buried, but as these lines approach the front they are laid along the sides of the trenches the soldiers use.

It would be necessary to bury cable or wires fifteen to twenty feet to make them at all immune from shellfire, and as it is almost impossible to accomplish this, it can be seen how great are the troubles which the signal men encounter in trying to locate and repair breaks, especially in rain and snow or on dark nights, when the mere lighting of a match would be a welcome target for the enemy. All the wires have to be so carefully tagged and labeled that the telephone men can creep along a wire and merely by feeling these labels know exactly from what point the wire starts and where it terminates.

Another system which works independently of the wire system and which will interest the man who is inclined to wireless rather than wire work, is the radio net, which in itself furnishes complete lines of information throughout the area. In this net are employed radio instruments such as the average American radio man never dreamed of. Beginning at the front line are little radio sets with antennae so small that they can easily be concealed in a dugout. A little further back are trench radio sets whose transmitting range is larger than those in the dugouts, but whose antennae are so small that they can be placed just off the ground and not be seen by the enemy, or can even be placed in an unused communication trench.

The radio serves a great mission in the artillery where it is relied upon as the fundamental means of communication between the artillery and the airplanes which see and control the fire of its guns. Each shot is observed by one or more airplanes, which at once send with their radio sending sets the exact information of the result of the shot to the radio receiving set back by the guns. In this way it is possible accurately to adjust the fire of the guns on a target, which otherwise would be impossible. It has recently been possible for the airplane to carry on radio conversation with the man behind the gun.

It can be seen how great is the advantage which radio communication has over the form of communication which requires the upkeep of wires, since with the radio there are no wires to be shot away, and it requires a direct hit to put the instrument out of action. A new and interesting development is radio telegraphy through the ground instead of through the air. This has been extensively worked out and amplified by the Americans.

The third and most extensive network of information is the visual net. The inventive genius of the French has substituted for our wig-wag and semaphore a small searchlight, resembling an automobile headlight, but with a parabolic reflector, which concentrates the rays and enables them to be directed upon one particular spot. This lamp is not only a complete system in itself, but also parallels and duplicates our telephone lines, so that in case they become inoperative they can be replaced by lamps. It would appear to be no safer to shoot a beam from an automobile headlight into the face of the enemy than it would to get up and

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wave a flag at him, but the Signal Corps experts seem to have overcome this difficulty, and the way in which it has been done illustrates, we are told, an interesting application of science to the field of signalling

The visual net makes elaborate use of the old-fashioned fireworks, which have been in use in armies for years. Almost every infantryman as he goes over the top is equipped with one or more forms of fireworks, whose proper or improper use may mean for him life or death. While fireworks are used principally by the infantry and artillery men, they are trained by soldiers of the Signal Corps and supplied with the right colors and selections. The number of signals which are readily distinguishable from each other under all conditions are limited, and as the enemy is constantly on the alert to pick up their meaning and duplicate them with signals of his own to confuse and mislead his opponent, it becomes necessary to change the entire fireworks code throughout the entire area. It is up to the Signal Corps to develop the cone and to transmit the order to change.

The airplanes following the infantry in an advance depend upon fireworks for their communication with the various units whose progress they are watching, and it is only when the front line troops light flares, which they place upon the ground, that the airplane at night is able to determine how far they have advanced and notify their own artillery in case it might be living on them

(Concluded on Page Twenty)

MARCONI INSTITUTE NEW YORK

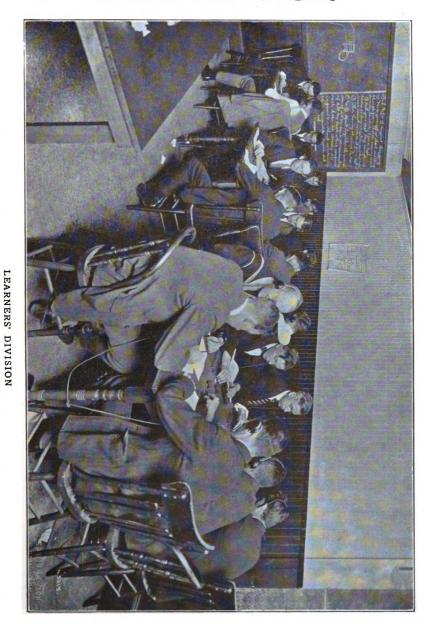
The accompanying illustrations will undoubtedly prove interesting to a great many of our readers, inasmuch as they convey to those unable to visit the Marconi Institute a slight idea of the scope of the company's plan for training operators for the various branches of Radio service.

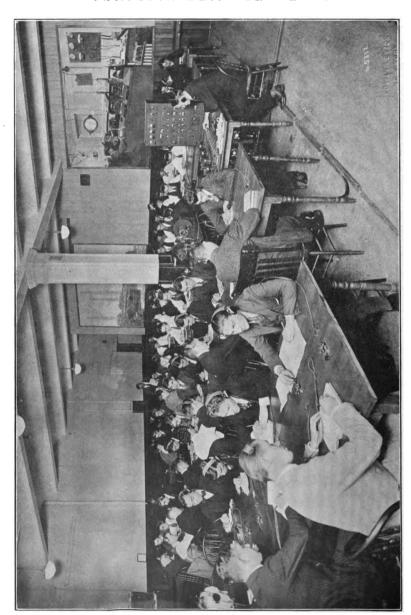
The first picture shows a corner of the learners' division, where beginners are initiated into the mysteries of telegraphy. Here the tables are so connected up, that students can practice in pairs, under the guidance of an instructor, thus assisting one another in both their sending and receiving. Students are held in this division until a speed of six words per minute is attained, when they are transferred to the main code room, which is shown in our second picture.

The tables in the code room are graded as to speed, there being a difference of two words per minute between tables. The usual progress expected of a student is a weekly promotion to the next higher speed table—thus in about ten weeks time, with close study and concentration, he is able to receive and transmit at a speed of 20 words per minute.

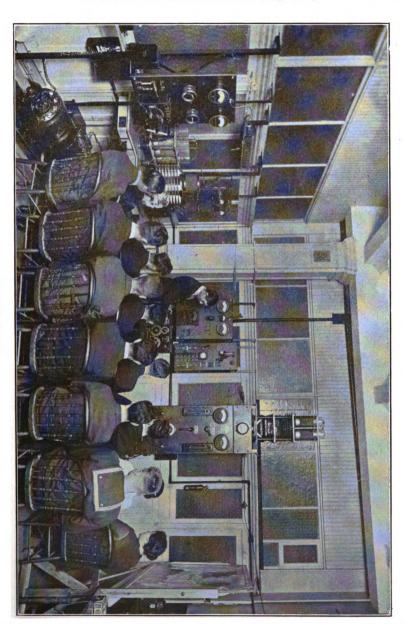
Technical instruction is given in the Laboratory which is shown in the third picture—a laboratory equipped with all the latest types of transmitting and receiving apparatus, not found in any other school.

The technical studies are divided into three sections, elementary,





CODE ROOM



LABORATORY

intermediate and advanced. The complete course is given in from three and a half to four months and is most thorough, inasmuch as the subject is treated all the way from magnetism to practical transmitting and receiving circuits, including the latest panel type transmitters and vacuum tube receivers. About 350 students are at present in attendance at the Institute.

The staff of the New York branch is made up as follows:

Technical Instructors.—E. E. Bucher.

H. Chadwick.

R. Batcher.

J. Hammond.

Code Instructors. — H. Chadwick.

G. Lathrop.

A. Cruttenden.

A WIRELESS FEAT

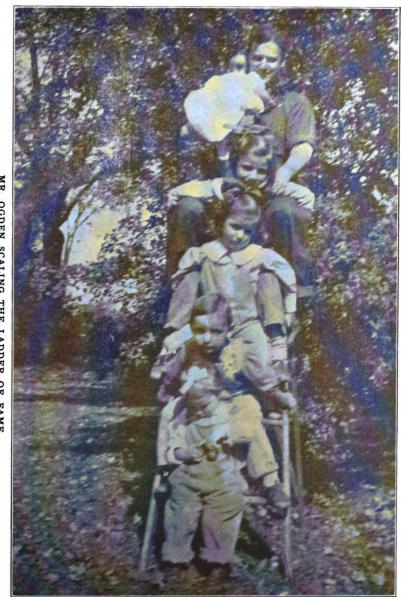
Direct communication with Australia from Wales is the latest development of the wireless telegraph. Connection was established when Commonwealth Premier Hughes and Sir Joseph Cook, Minister for the Navy, who are in England, sent two messages to the Amalgamated Wireless Company of Australia at Sydney from the new Marconi station at Carnarvon, Wales, and although the distance of direct transmission was fully 12,000 miles the messages were received with perfect clearness.

The Hertzian waves of wireless messages move equally in all directions. If, therefore, the messages between Wales and Australia went half way around the globe in one direction, they did so in all other directions, and these messages may be said to have enveloped the globe.

A PLEASANT EVENING

A few days after Mr. Nally's return from South America he entertained his official staff at dinner and gave an informal talk covering the principal points visited. There were 27 guests present and he held their close attention for two hours.

Mr. Ogden, in a few well-chosen words, expressed the appreciation and thanks of those present and assured Mr. Nally of their loyalty to him and to the company, and their unfailing support in whatever the company undertakes. Mr. Nally gave unstinted praise to each department for the successful outcome of our efforts to aid the prosecution of the war, and he received three rousing cheers before the party broke up. It was an occasion greatly enjoyed and long to be remembered.



MR. OGDEN SCALING THE LADDER OF FAME

SIGNAL CORPS EFFICIENCY

(Concluded)

The messenger net, which is a modern adaptation of the runners and mounted messengers, is the fourth means of conveying information. This net serves primarily to transmit long orders and reports, but it is so extensively developed that it may be relied upon in an emergency also to provide complete communication throughout the area. The runners operate as of old, but instead of working on the ground they are winding their way through trenches and into dugouts. A little further back mounted messengers are still employed, but they have almost wholly given way to motor cycle riders.

The feats of the American motor cycle men in France are a mystery to the French. While the French possess motor cycles, they have never made the extensive use of them which the Americans have, and consider them more of a toy than an instrument of warfare. Where the French rely upon the mail for the transmission of orders between various larger headquarters the Americans have established a motor cycle dispatch service with hours of departure and arrival as regular as train schedule in our own country. When the mail is of sufficient bulk it is carried in a side car.

Among the most trustworthy of the messengers must not be forgotten pigeons, which when released from their baskets at the front fly back to their lofts where the messages taken from the little carriers attached to their legs are transmitted to the proper destination. Dogs are frequently used in transmitting intelligence and orders in the present war. The Germans so far have been able to get better results from the use of dogs as information bearers than we have. The airplane also serves as a message carrier. It was probably due to its contemplated use in this manner that the airplane service was originally assigned to the Signal Corps.

These four nets may be developed or extended indefinitely in the future, but it is hard to see how any method of communication can be evolved that will not fit one of them. When we consider the care and patience with which these nets are installed and the amount of time required in their upkeep even in a quiet sector, the difficulties which are encountered in a large advance such as the Americans have just made can better be realized. All the nets in operation are heavily overloaded as the messages fly back and forth by the thousands. As the infantrymen go over the top, the signallers can be seen following behind them, some with fireworks, some with lamps, and some with little breast reels of wire which they lay over the ground, followed by other linemen to attach telephones wherever needed.

When the advance stops, from this flimsy skeleton the new system is built up, and finally again becomes the perfect network. But, as soon as the signaller gets his system once more in a state of perfection he moves again, and it all has to be done over.

The other activities of the Signal Corps offer opportunity for men interested in various branches of science. The meteorological depart-

ment studies the atmosphere and compiles reports for commanders. These reports include information that affects the care of the troops and the maintenance of supplies, and predictions as to whether the ground will be favorable for troop movement or whether the wind will be right for a gas attack.

The listening-in service is not the least interesting activity of the Signal Corps. There is always a readiness to pick up any information of the enemy that might be of use to us. Accordingly, the Signal Corps has numerous listening-in stations which by means of devices recently perfected not only intercept any enemy radio message, but determine accurately the location of the radio instrument which transmits it. This information is, of course, at once furnished to the artillery, which proceeds to put that station out of business. Even German telephone wires have been made to divulge their secrets, though well within German territory, where it is impossible to tap their lines.

All this is accomplished by one of the most ingenious instruments which has yet been produced. By means of it our Signal Corps man can sit in his dugout on the front line with a receiver to his ear and hear any telephone message within the enemy's territory even though several thousand Huns all jabbering their lingo may intervene between him and the nearest point to the wires.

PESSIMISM

The Best Antidote For Pessimism is Optimism

To cultivate optimism our thoughts must have a healthy foundation upon which to build a normal, pleasant outlook on life in general.

If there is a drag, caused by any mental depression, it must be overcome before any strides toward personal efficiency can be effected.

To overcome the mental drag—get at the root of it. The first step is a frank self-analysis—Any other kind of analysis (and the kind most often taken) always tends to overlook, excuse and hide points which are distasteful to us. Very often it is just these things that can be traced back to our depression.

A pessimist is made—not born.

There is no excuse for pessimism.

It shuts out sunshine.

It develops dissatisfaction.

It strangles the sense for beauty.

It distorts commonplaces.

It spells unhappiness, loneliness, and very often failure

It can be heated by discontent, blown into a flame by idleness, and becomes a roaring furnace by hate.

One of its greatest enemies is healthful outdoor recreation.

Take plenty of exercise—Have a hobby—Live clean—Have ideals and try to live up to them—Brace up —Cheer up—Smile, if it hurts—

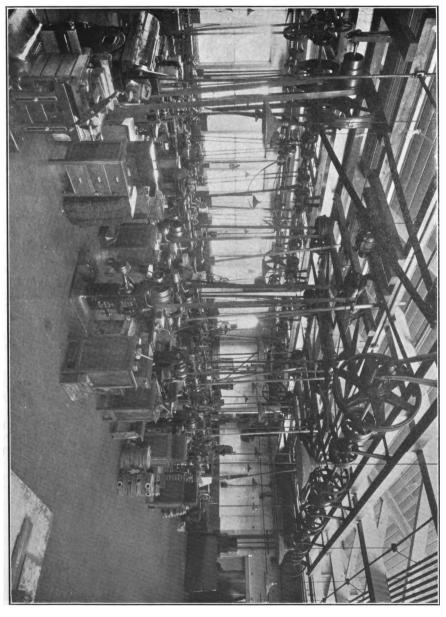
And your blue spells will diminish while your grouches become practically extinct.

Clarence Cisin.



We regret to record the death of John Joseph Louis Orthmann, aged 17, operator on the Steamship Harold Walker, at sea, September 13th, from Spanish influenza. The ship was bound for New Orleans (his home) from Tampico, and the remains were brought here for burial. The chief officer and one of the crew who died the same day, were buried at sea. Young Orthmann was a New Orleans boy. At 14 he graduated from the High School and at once took up the study of wireless, his first assignment being as junior operator, but he very soon passed the examination and secured a first-class license. It was his intention to join the colors on reaching home. He was the son of W. J. Orthmann, and was a loyal and efficient member of the Marconi staff. Our deep sympathy is extended to the family.

What the size of the after-war dictionaries will be, considering that new words, evolved from the mixing of many races on the battlefields and in the camps, are being produced at the rate of some thousand every year, it is somewhat appalling to think of. Dr. Johnson compiled a dictionary containing 50 000 words. Webster's, published in 1828, had 160,000, and in the most recent dictionary there are 450,000 words. To China falls the honor of faving produced the first known dictionary in the world. That was some 2000 years ago.



MILLING DEPARTMENT-MARCONI WORKS

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PIER CLOCK TO STRIKE "BELLS"

A large clock of the marine type, which will designate the passing hours by striking "bells" from one to eight, in accordance with shipboard custom of reckoning time, is to be erected in the tower of the municipal pier where the waters from the Hudson and East rivers join at Battery Park, New York. Dock Commissioner Murray Hulbert is responsible for the order, and the clock will be so located as to be within view and hearing of the numerous tugs, steamers and other craft which daily gather at the Battery seawall for orders, or pass nearby.

HUGE WIRFLESS MILEAGE UNDER U. S. CONTROL

Three great wire traffic companies of the country which the president is authorized by congress to operate for the government during the war have a total of 21.838,217 miles of wire in the United States and a combined valuation, according to latest available figures, of \$1,484,885,240. These three companies are the American Telephone and Telegraph company (the Bell system), the Western Union Telegraph company, and the Postal Telegraph-Cable company. Figures relating to these three utilities for 1916 follow:

American Telephone and Telegraph Company

Company	
Miles of wire	19,840,315
Miles of toll wire	2,682,910
Telephone stations	9,847,192
Value of telephone	
plants\$	946,293,248
Value of assets	1,198,863,231
Number of employes .	179,032
Western Union Telegrap	h Company
Miles of wire	1,627,342
Miles of line	237,644

Number of offices	25,324
Value of assets\$	190,695,192
Profits, 1916	13,727,255
Postal Telegraph-Cable	Company
Miles of telegraph wire	370,560
Value of assets	95,326,607

NUTTY HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Never throw away an old diamond ring. The children can amuse themselves with it on a rainy day by scratching designs on the window panes and mirrors.

A coat of shellac on top of a pumpkin pie will prevent it from moulding.

Luther Burbank is said to have produced a cranberry plant the berries of which contain from one to two ounces of granulated sugar.

A good substitute for rye flour can be made of wheat flour and a small amount of brown dye.

A dish cloth made of rubber is much better than one made of cloth. Moths will not touch it.

The conscience that cannot be awakened by the heaping of coals of fire on its head, is surely in a bad way.

So many people fail to realize that the small man cannot fill the big man's shoes by merely stepping into them.

The world is moved by men who cling to their own possibilities in the face of opposition, defeat and ridicule.

There is this to be said of the new woman: That the newer she grows, the more determinedly does she refuse to grow old.

Sometimes it is afterwards given to those who suffer themselves to be defeated, to learn how close they were to success.

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TAKES THE CASH, TOO

"Mrs. Bings's new baby is just in the fashion."

"How do you mean?"
"It is such a red cross affair."

WORTH A SMALL BET

If, as seems Possible, the Draft age Is raised To forty-five, Maybe some of These chesty Old earthworms Who have Been annoying You to death About their Deep regret At being Too old To get in The army Will shut up.

YOU ARE THE SAFETY MAN IN YOUR OWN HOME

- 1. Eat the proper amount of nour-ishing food.
 - 2. Breathe all the fresh air possible.
 - 3. Take regular daily exercise.
 - 4. Get sufficient sleep.
 - 5. Keep clean.
 - 6. Be regular in your habits.
 - 7. Wear the proper clothing.
 - 8. Be temperate in all things.

These are eight fundamental health rules; try to keep them in mind.

Nature is very generous, and with a little reasonable and intelligent cooperation she will always go more than half way to keep you in good health.



September 25th, at the bride's home Eureka, California, John Hauselt to Miss Beatrice Chrisman. The bride will reside in Eureka for the present. The groom is operator and purser on the Hyades.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

General Manager Nally and E. B. Pillsbury, General Superintendent. recently visited the high power stations in New Jersey.

J. C. Hawkhead, of London, after a brief visit in New York, has taken up his new duties at Montreal, as Resident Inspector for the English Marconi Company.

Comptroller C. J. Ross has returned from his holidays spent at Thousand Islands.

Herbert M. Short, Resident Inspector at New York for the English Marconi Company, spent his vacation motoring in the Berkshire Hills.

Lee Lemon has been appointed Production Manager at the Works.

Messrs. Henry Heisel, Booth and Link have resigned to engage in other business,

Grace F. Reynolds has been appointed Cashier, succeeding Mr. Cullman, who takes the Booth vacancy.

The purchasing department has been removed from Head office to the Works.

Our Roll of Honor now carries

W. E. Brock is now located at Cieveland, as Director of Instruction at Marconi luntities.

At the October meeeting of the Board of Directors the appointments of George S. DeSousa as Treasurer, and Charles J. Ross as Secretary were confirmed. Mr. Ernest H. Wands was elected director to succeed the late Mr. John Bottomley.

The directors of the Pan-American Wireless Telegraph and Telephone Company have appointed George S.

DeSousa as Treasurer.

Mrs. Miller (nee Lawson) has returned after an absence of two weeks.

PFRSONAL

Ensign C. E. Bence, formerly Marconi manager at Juneau, Alaska, is now officer in charge of High Power station at Koko Head, Oahu, H. T., relieving Wallace R. Gompf, who is now at Honolulu city radio office.

Walter E. Eklund is in charge at Marconi station at Kahuku.

Ensign Clarence Cisin is in New York, quite recovered in health, and ready for sea duty.

Operator L. C. Driver is convalescing at the Marine Hospital, Baltimore. He shows marked improvement and expects later to transfer to a sanitarium in New Mexico.

The Editor has received a postal card notifying him of the safe arrival of Charles F. Krauter, Chief Electrician (Radio), ∪. S. N., overseas—the Hudson River. Krauter has been transferred to foreign service, Headquarters Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J.

Operator E. Owens, of the Steamship Grecian, is ill with influenza at the Marine Hospital, Chelsea, Mass. His case is not considered serious.

Superintendent E. A. Nicholas of Cleveland was a recent New York visitor.

GULF DIVISION

L. E. Adler has been removed to the hospital once more for a final operation. The best wishes of the Gulf Division are with him for his speedy recovery.

S. C. Hymel and T. J. Alderman are senior and junior respectively on the Mexican steamer Coahuila, plying between this port and Progresso.

Mexico.

P. J. Barkley and J. E. Kane remain on the Mascotte.

I., E. Brasher and J. H. Jensen are on the Mexico.

J. E. Broussard and W. L. Hille remain on the Excelsior.

H. L. Crandall and L. V. Grissom are making their regular Porto Rican port calls in charge of the Marina.

A. F. Christiansen has resigned and accepted a position as instructor in the Tulane Radio School.

G. T. Davis and G. F. Englebrecht man the motor ship Bacoi as senior and junior respectively.

Y. de Bellefueille remains on the Mexicano.

O. C. Temple, late of the San Juan, has been callled into the Naval Reserve force. F. Dickley, his junior, has been assigned to the Eastern division on account of the San Juan being laid up in New York.

T. C. Hyers, who has been junior on the Miami, has resigned to reenter school. His successor is F. R. Robinson. K. J. Fruebing remains

as senior.

M. O. Green is plying the waters of the Gulf on the Catania

D. W. Jolls remains on the Ponce as senior, with P. J. Foley, a new-comer, as junior.

A. Lizarraga and G. Oliver are on the Mexican vessel Jalisco.

Miss Michelsen remains on the Tamesi.

nuco.

Farnum.

K. G. Scott has resigned from our service and returned to the Tropical Radio Telegraph Company.

W. E. Saulson is on the Torres.

C. D. Sweeny has found a home on the San Ramon.

J. F. Teunisson is on the Walter Hardcastle.

dry-dock from Panama to a Gulf running on the port.

Two vessels of this division were Comanche; Charles F. Jacobs. manned by Naval Operators during Brooklyn, sailing as assistant to Ben the month of September, the Edward Beckerman on the Princess Anne; L. Doheny, Jr., and the C. A. Can- Joseph P. Thornton, of Westfield. N. field. F. C. Patch of the Doheny Jr. J., assigned to the Jamestown, and has returned home to York Village, Howard S. Webster, of Lyndonville. Maine, and J. F. Thacher has return- Vt., who sailed on the Gulfcoast. ed to Boston.

and has been succeeded by J. B. Swift ler evidently liked the ship so well on the J. M. Danziger.

The Steam Yacht Wild Duck has been re-equipped with a 1/2 KW 120 cycle set.

An inspection was made of the Galveston district recently by our Superintendent.

EASTERN DIVISION

Patriotism continues to run high among the operators of the Eastern division. Six more men have resigned to don uniform of Uncle Sam and a number of others are preparing to take the same step. O. C. Temple, who was enjoying the fruits of an excellent record covering over six years and drawing the top notch salary, gave it up to enter the naval reserve. H. R. Woife joined the reg-

Vance Nall is assigned to the Pa- ular navy and is wearing good conduct bar and a red stripe on his uni-C. I. Scott remains on the Harry form, indicating that he previously served with credit to himself in that branch. W. F. Aufenanger, of the Comal, and C. F. Unger, of the Mohawk, are now in the army signal corps. L. T. Brown and Frank F. Reb. both receiving the high salary rate, resigned to enter the military service.

Five new men were received into A. P. West is on the tug Tormentor the ranks of this division during the in Panama. It is our understanding month. They are Otto J. Goohs, of that the Tormentor is to tow a large Brooklyn, now on the City of Atlanta, Southern schedule to New Orleans; Jack Hoff-H. O. Zahn is on the Roy Hoober. man, of New York, assigned to the

When naval operators were assign-H. A. Wells has left our service ed to the Louisiana operator F. Kofthat he did not want to get off. He resigned as operator to take a position as quartermaster on the same steamer. Other operators to resign from this division include R. W. Barrington, R. Gaudio and R. A. Merry.

. H Boizelle and Kenneth Kingsbury were transferred to the Gulf division, adding two good men to Mr. Henderson's staff.

Doctor James Francis Forsyth is still a prominent figure around the Broad Street office and, as in days of old, back in 1913, when he was the Savannah Line's star operator, he continues to dispense sage advice on how to cure ills and how to keep well. Doc is also an authority on the war as well as political conditions in Europe, and is always prepared for a discussion on these subects.

G. B. Rabbits and Marc De Luca. operators of the Freshfield, which tors They are S. C. Tennery, first, was torpedoed in the Mediterranean H. J. Scott, a former Pacific coast last May, have arrived in New York. man, second, and R. S Henery, third.

Donald B. Templeton proved his loyalty to Marconi when he willingly left a party being given at his home the day after his arrival from a long trip on the Iroquois to join the City of Atlanta, sailing for New Orleans on but an hour's notice. Besides leaving the party the sudden assignment made it impossible for him to keep several social and business engagements and otherwise inconvenienced him: but all this was put aside when he was needed in an emergency.

Sam Schneider, John A. Nash and C. B. De la Hunt helped out with clerical work at the Broad Street office a few days while their ships were laid up.

Among the Eastern division men who reported sick during the month are C. L. Whitney and C. H. Meyer, both of whom have an attack of influenza. D. C. Smith, who was confined in a local hospital, has recovered, and W. J. Flood, of the Boston who almost reached division. point of death in a hospital here, is back on the New York-Boston run. J. A. Moore, the Marconi operators' association secretary, is seriously ill at his home with Spanish influenza.

Our superintendent, Mr. J. B. Duffy, was observed laboring over a questionnaire last month, giving proof that he is under 45. The chief operator of the division also had his troubles with the famous paper, Mrs. Simon, the stenographer, alone escaping, not being within the draft age. Mr. Duffy was wondering if his old friend, Superintendent Henderson at New Orleans had to fill out a questionnaire.

The Omsk now carries three opera-

SOUTHERN DIVISION BALTIMORE

Schwab and Manley equipped the O. T. Waring at Wilmington, Del.

J. Canfield relieved F. G. Callan on the Dorchester when the Cretan laid up, while Johnny Flagg took an assignment on the Italian steamer Eugenio Cantoni, hound for sunny Italy.

O. E. Curtiss of the Quantico dropped in at the office this week and appears to be the same old Doc.

L. E. Carlson, a new man in the service, relieved K. B. Walton on the Merrimack.

H. H. Hall, also a new one, is now iunior on the Nantucket in place of returned to J C. Lewis, Jr., who school.

The Bergestad is still laid up.

The Cretan laid up for repairs.

The Ontario came to Baltimore for a two weeks' stay, for a general overhauling.

C. Hahn relieved J. W. Casebeer on the Persian.

The Santino has started on a nine months' trip to Pacific ports.

Miss Gillerlan was absent for about a week with the flu, but is now OK. Just received a letter from George Gerson's fiancee saying that he has been confined for a week. We all hope it isn't the dreaded flu. best wishes for a speedy recovery, George.

Our Philadelphia office is in need of an ambitious clerk. Anyone under the draft age tired of the sea?

GREAT LAKES DIVISION LAKE ERIE DISTRICT

The coming of November marks the beginning of the end of navigation on the Great Lakes. It is the month of heavy snow and severe wind storms, particularly for the upper lakes ,and it is the one month of the year when wireless is most appreciated by the Great Lakes mariner. We recall the many disasters of a year ago when a majority of the larger freight vessels were hurrying for the lower lakes on their last trip and expecting ice to settle in at any time. A severe storm came up and all vessels were compelled to put in for shelter. After a twenty-four hour blow, during which the temperature dropped to twenty and thirty degrees below zero, the vessels found that ice had formed, which in many places was sixteen and eighteen inches thick and they were unable to break their way through. Ice breakers were summoned by wireless and after several days of ramming and dynamiting the ice the vessels made their ports, but not until after several accidents had happened and several vessels were lost. It is the season of the year that the wireless operator has many thrilling experiences and has an opportunity to account for himself. We hope that some of our literary opera- on the barge Limit. He reports the tors will favor us with some of their set in good condition, with the exexperiences for publication in the ception of a burn test buzzer, a tuner Service News to give their tropical that won't work, and a gas engine brothers an idea of winter naviga- with a cracked cylinder head and tion on the Great Lakes.

ods of other divisions in getting to- are going to place a gold star in our gether their Service News items, but service flag for you, and let you live. we have no patents on our system, the sole occupant of our front office, lieved R. Sayles and A. Fenton. is detailed to run down all operators

their positions coincide with their records. He then presents us with a beautiful bunch of literature, as complicated as a New York timetable. After an hour's labor we quote the following, which we dug out of the wreckage he presentd.

The City of Erie heads the list with seven changes for the month. Claire Mowry, who is a new-comer to the service, is the last.

The City of Buffalo reports five operators for the month, with G. Shaft as the finale. He is a newcomer to the service and assures us that he is going to remain for the Exit March which takes place the first part of December.

The Seeandbee had three changes which are easily accounted for. This vessel laid up for the season on September 15th. Ross Gunn had the pleasure of the last trip of the season.

The Eastern States has been the least-mentioned vessel in this division this season, but we are compelled to report three changes for the month. H. Cervenka being the third.

The City of Detroit III change of senior operator. Deitsch left the service to return to school. Glenn Munro is his successor. R. Carson is junior.

Lawrence Layne is the new arrival broken piston rod. Lawrence, if you We are not familiar with the meth- are getting results with that set we

The City of Cleveland III has Emil so we don't mind mentioning that our Farris and C. W. Fraser as senior Chief Operator, F J. Elliott, who is and junior respectively. They re-

The Tionesta put up for the seaat the last of each month to see if son at Buffalo. Operators Chitten-

cen and Calvert returned to their up his radio room since we last made homes.

The Octorora laid up for the season at Buffalo. A. Shafer returned to his home. Carlton Morris transferred to the Conneaut, vice Carl Flory, who has resigned.

The Juniata has also finished her season. Wm. Shurance has been transferred to the E. J. Earling, vice E. Blasier, who has returned to college. E. Boyes has returned to his home.

I. Joseph Grace relieved H. S. Scott on the C. O. Jenkins.

C. W. Warner, who spends six months of the year in the Great Lakes division and the next six in the Southern (in order to cause no hard feelings) has been assignd as Operator and Purser to the Ann Arbor 3.

CHICAGO DISTRICT

We fear our Chicago office is afflicted with the Flu, or Hindenburg fever, or some other serious illness which makes one lag far behind. Their Service News items have been coming through just in time to be too late for publication. So here we are compelled to write them up again from our office records.

F. Spickerman has been assigned to the Alabama. relieving E. A. Klein. Whereabouts unknown.

P. M. Hansen has been transferred from the Arizona to the Carolina, vice H. Merril. The Arizona has laid up for the season.

Chas. Zeller was put on the available list when the Chris Columbus laid up at Manitowac.

Dwight Myers returned to his home when the Florida put in for the winter.

J. R. Pell remains on the Indiana. We are wondering if he has cleaned ern Division.

an inspection on his ship.

D. Cameron and M. Romberg made tracks for home when the North American laid up.

During a recent visit through the wilds of Michigan we found the following operators:

At Frankfort:

R. F. Cutting on the Ann Arbor No. 4.

H. E Lee, on the Ann Arbor No.

J. G. Stelzer, on the Ann Arbor No. 6.

At Ludington:

Paul Kessler, on the Pere Marquette 15.

E. W. Kreis, on the Pere Marquette 18.

J. A. Goorisich, on the Pere Marquette 17.

H. E. Peterson, on the Pere Marquette 20.

PACIFIC DIVISION

E. R. Fairley has assumed charge of the apparatus aboard the C. A. Smith.

S. E. Hyde, formerly in our service, is on a temporary assignment in charge of the apparatus aboard the Hermosa.

H. Kirby, a new man, joined the Iris as junior operator, relieving F. T. Cookson. Cookson is now in charge of the Iris.

The Asbury Park of this Division, recently equipped at New York, is in charge of Messrs. C. C. Langevin and H. F. Dyer, senior and junior respectively.

E. D. M. Fabian, formerly of the Windber, is now in charge of the Motorship Mount Hood of the East-

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233 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

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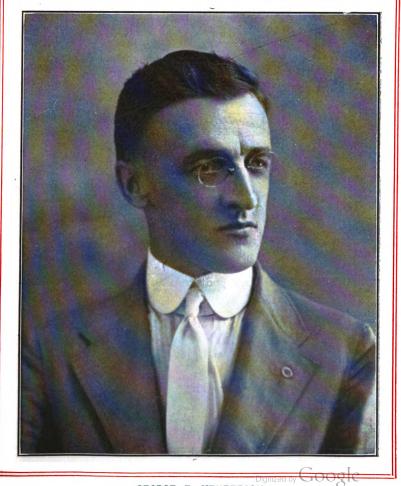
DECEMBER, 1918



VOLUME 3

PUBLISHED AT 233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR MARCONI EMPLOYEES



GEORGE E. HENDERSON

Marconi Mireless Telegraph Company of America

WOOLWORTH BUILDING 233 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

EDWARD J. NALLY
VICE PREBIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER

November 13th, 1918.

To all Employees:

The disturbing conditions brought about by the world-war will more or less disappear with the signing of the armistice and the discontinuance of hostilities, and I want to take this occasion to express to every member of our staff my grateful thanks for the spirit in which these conditions have been met and to extend a word of reassurance as to the future.

The return to normal business conditions must, of necessity, be gradual, and the period of reconstruction must be met with the same spirit of fortitude and co-operation that guided your actions during the trying years just ended. With this spirit, there is no reason to feel that the Marconi Company shall not take its deserved place as a very vital factor in the program of restoration and progress in which the whole world is now so entirely engrossed.

We must not lose sight of the fact that each individual has a unique responsibility in bringing about the ideal conditions for which so large a part of the world has fought so bravely and for which some of our own Marconi people have made the supreme sacrifice and others endured physical suffering, privation and inconvenience.

The particular work in which each of us is engaged presents its own problems, and their solution is dependent on the manner in which we meet them. If it be the spirit of determination, loyal devotion and untiring energy, results are bound to be satisfactory.

We have all been "Pro-Ally" in war, let us now adopt as a peace slogan "Pro-Marconi" and protect it with our full strength and enthusiasm.

With best wishes to each one of you individually, and with the hope that we may continue to labor together for the "Marconi Ideal" for many years to come, believe me,

Very sincerely,

Vice-President and General Manager.



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FRONTISPIECE

This month we add to our family portrait gallery George E. Henderson, superintendent of the Gulf Division. A native of Maine, he was reared in Lynn, Mass., and there first became interested in electricity through repairing the neighbors' doorbells. Having been given a Morse sounder, he fashioned a key out of a strip of brass, surmounted on one end by a button off his overcoat, sewed on with thread. His ambition was to become a locomotive engineer, but a serious accident to one eye, at the age of 7, made this impossible, and he turned his attention to telegraphy, entering a school in Boston for instruction in the art. While there Dr. De Forrest installed a small coil set in the school. This consisted of a small oak box with a set-in cover containing the coil and vibrator, with the electrodes and key on top. Signals were received at a distance of 150 feet, which was considered remarkable.

The first 20 k.w. wireless station put into operation for commercial traffic was at Ninth and M streets, South Boston, and to this station he was assigned as junior operator. His most vivid recollection of this station is of short-circuiting the two leads of 1,200 volts from the L Street power station with a piece of bare antenna wire while erecting a loop antenna. He struck the ground with a dull thud and got up with two deep grooves burned across his palms, where he had wrapped the wire in order to get a firm hold.

Mr. Henderson's first assignment to sea was to the Captain A. F. Lucas, equipped by the Atlantic De Forrest Company. He stuck to the sea until he had sailed on a ship of every line running out of New York excepting three—the Quebec, the Maine and the Mallory. He next took up shore duty with the United Wireless at 42 Broadway, New York, but soon returned to the sea and was the first American operator to cross to Europe on a Royal Mail ship. In 1910 he was sent to the Nassau Hotel station, Long Beach, L. I., and while there was married. Soon after he joined the Nesco, serving them at Brant Rock, New York Herald and Boston. He transferred to the Tropical Radio Company for four years and finally in February, 1917, joined the Marconi Company in his present assignment, where he is making friends right and left. His eight-year-old kid already gives evidence of aspiring to succeed his dad as superintendent.

MARCONI ON PEACE

The Associated Press quotes Senatore Marconi as follows:

"Italy, now that Austria-Hungary is out of the war, is ready to extend to the peoples of that country the hand of friendship. The splendid offensive of the Italian Army had brought about the collapse of Austria, and Germany will soon surrender, and the Italian army and navy in the campaign against the enemy has performed deeds of which their countrymen might well be proud.

"Austria's final collapse was caused by the splendid offensive of our

army. It has brought definite victory within our reach. We may still look for some little trouble in bringing Germany to her senses, but with Austria definitely out of the war and with Italy's veteran legions free to throw themselves against Germany, either on the French front or by wounding her side through Bavaria, we ought not to be long in convincing the Teutons of the futility of further resistance.

"At last the world again is to know the blessing of peace. Safeguarded by President Wilson's immortal principles, we will be able to settle down and recover from the effects of this war without the constant threat of another conflagration hanging over our heads. At last the sway of military and brute force is at an end. An era of peace and good-will among men has begun.

"At last the hour of expiation for Austria has struck for all her past crimes and oppressions. It really seems a sort of poetic justice that her death blow should be delivered by Italy, a nation which, perhaps, suffered most at her hands in the past. One might feel sorry for her plight were there not abundant evidence in the villages and cities of Fruili, just reconquered, that Austria in no wise has changed her ways.

"It is plain that the Austria of 1918 is the same Austria of the '40s. When we see that the population of the provinces lost after the Caporetto disaster have been starved and robbed, their women mistreated and property wantonly destroyed for pure love of destruction, when we hear that old men have been treated so shamefully that all they ask is a bite of bread and a rifle with which to avenge the insults suffered at the hands of the invaders, when we see and hear all this, can we feel pity for such a foe? One might as well feel pity for the criminal who is about to suffer capital punishment for a foul murder.

"But, in spite of all this, we will not treat the Austrian population in a spirit of vengeance, for we do not consider them wholly responsible for the actions to which they had been instigated by their rulers. If the various peoples of Austria are ready to form their own governments according to the principles formulated by President Wilson and to govern democratically, we, on our side, are ready to hold out our hand to them in friendship and to live with them as good and peaceful neighbors."

THE WIRELESS AS A TRADE WEAPON

"In the reconstruction period following the war the nations possessing the best systems of rapid electrical communication with distant possessions or distant markets will have a very great advantage in their commerce and national development," declares a writer in *The Americas*. The article continues:

"On the other hand, to boycott a nation by curtailing its electrical communications would mean placing an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of its foreign trade. For instance, present day foreign exchange is dependent very largely on the use of the cable. It is through cable

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quotations that the prices of commodities on the world's markets are settled. Whereas a dispatch sent by regular mail from the United States or Europe to South America requires normally the best part of twenty days, a cable or wireless message requires but twenty minutes for delivery.

"If the reconstruction after the war is along clearly cut national or imperial lines, the possession of strategic stations for cables or wireless apparatus will rank in importance with the possession of coaling stations. As in the case of coaling stations, the foremost nation today in the ownership of these islands and ports serving as cable or wireless relay points is England. English capital also controls the majority of the great international trunk lines of cable, having built up a world-wide system during the sixty or more years since the first international submarine cable was laid. On the other hand, wireless telegraphy is of such recent development that world systems have not yet been completed. England, however, just before the war, had actually under way a plan for an imperial wireless scheme to link up the different parts of the British Empire. Germany early recognized the importance of a cable system independent of British control to unite the scattered German colonies with the mother country, and after twenty years of effort had at the beginning of the war almost succeeded in creating such a system. By the conquest of the German colonies England has now undone this work. France was also striving during the years before the war to connect her colonies with herself by means of French cables, but several gaps still remain in the French system. The United States ranked second only to England in the possession of international cables."

RADIO IN AIRPLANES

What could be more natural than that the airman who forces the hidden power of the atmospheric air to maintain his craft aloft, should employ that same ether to carry his message to earth. There are other methods of communication, of course, but wireless telegraphy is predominant.

The wireless branch is a very highly specialized department. Its work is of first-class importance. On land its chief but not its sole function is concerned with spotting for the artillery. British airplanes fly for hours at a stretch over the German lines; circling comparatively slowly over a given area. They register for the guns below until the work of destruction has been completed.

Far below, in the advanced positions of the field batteries, are the wireless telegraphy mechanics receiving corrections by wireless from the airplanes. Their work involves considerable exposure to shell fire.

At sea wireless is extensively used in connection with submarine chasing. Seaplanes, flying boats and airships carry out long patrols in co-operation with destroyers. Immediately the aircraft sight a U-boat the destroyers are informed by wireless of its exact location. This method is highly successful, for a submerged submarine which is invisible from sea level can be seen clearly from the air in good weather. It is a significant fact that every German submarine is fitted with an anti-aircraft gun.

Every pilot in the British air service must pass certain tests in wireless telegraphy before he is allowed to graduate; and in consequence at practically every home training station the air is made musical by the sound of many practice "buzzers."

Enormous strides have been made during the war in the use of wireless telegraphy in aircraft. One of the chief difficulties was to overcome the noise of the engine. But skill and ingenuity conquered this difficulty almost completely. It is not permissible to state just how it was accomplished. Of these matters Germany has not yet discovered the secret of various methods successfully used by the British.

The effective range for wireless transmitted from the air has been largely increased. Not so very long ago the limit was a few miles, but this has now been greatly exceeded by means of the more powerful current provided by electric generators; these generators are run off the airplane engine in the larger machines, and take the place of the comparatively weak accumulators hitherto employed.

The aerial on an aircraft consists of a length of copper wire, with a lead weight on the end, rolled on a drum. This can be wound or unwound at will by the observer; but care must be taken in unwinding, for if the winch is left to run free the lead weight will snap the wire and render the whole outfit unserviceable in a second. Most people have seen an aerial on board ship; it is the wire stretched horizontally between the masts.

Another form of communication between aircraft and the earth consists of a message bag. This is a long, thin, brightly colored streamer, with a little weighted pocket at one extremity. The aviator also frequently "talks" by means of a daylight signalling lamp. This is a device for flashing the Morse code, somewhat on the principle of a searchlight, and is chiefly used in flying at low heights when co-operating with the infantry during an attack. But these and the other methods used have rather narrow limitations compared with wireless telegraphy.

HOW THE HUNS GOT THE MISSOURIAN

By Harry W. Whittleton

The Missourian was a cargo and cattle-carrying ship of about ten thousand tons cargo and eighteen hundred horses. She was an oil burner and one of the finest owned by the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company of New York. We usually carried a crew of 140 men, including 80 hostlers. She started running to Europe three months after the beginning of the war, when there was not so great a danger of meeting submarines as at the present time, but all precautions were taken from the start to safeguard the crew and the ship. We made several trips between St. Nazaire on the west coast of France and the east coast of the United States and Canada, without any important events occurring until the last trip to France, when we spent several wakeful hours going into St. Nazaire,

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as a submarine had been reported off the mouth of the River Loire, which is the entrance to the port of St. Nazaire. All lights were immediately extinguished and everything made ready to abandon the ship at a moment's notice should it become necessary. All hands were nervous, as this was our first experience of this kind, but in the later trips we gradually grew accustomed to close calls. We arrived in port safely and learned that a ship had been sunk only fifteen miles from the entrance of the Loire the same day we arrived. At that time we thought the submarines were doing all the damage they would ever be able to do, but we later discovered our mistake.

On our first voyage to Genoa we had another close call when the Italian liner Ancona was sunk by a submarine with a large loss of life. When we first picked up the Ancona's distress we were only fifty miles from her. The Ancona reported she was being chased by a submarine and was under gunfire. About fifteen minutes later she told us she had been torpedoed and was sinking. Several stations answered her appeals for help, and I think the Missourian was the nearest ship to the Ancona, but we were helpless, as we also would have been sunk if we had tried to approach her, so we proceeded on our course and arrived in Genoa safely. During the voyage from Gibralter to Genoa no less than six distress calls were picked up, but it was out of the question for us to help any of the attacked ships. Nevertheless we had a guilty feeling that we should have done something.

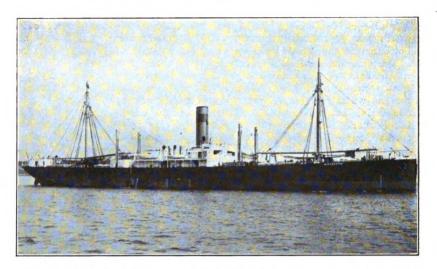
After our return to New York from Genoa we made several trips to St. Nazaire and to Brest without running into any special danger, but the number of ships which were being attacked constantly increased and in one voyage we received as many as ten distress calls. I remember one instance when a British ship had been torpedoed and was sinking, the operator stuck to the key and after sending his position several times constantly repeated (till his power failed) the appeal, "For God's sake help us." Again we had that guilty feeling, as we were only a few miles distance from the sinking ship.

On our nineteenth and what proved to be our last voyage to Europe, we left New York bound for Genoa, with a general cargo, but no horses or horsemen, which we were later very thankful for. It was the first voyage of the Missourian since the beginning of the war that she had not had both.

The night we arrived at Gibralter we picked up distress calls from the British hospital ship Asturian, which had been torpedoed and was sinking in the English Channel. That was the only distress call we picked up before arriving at Genoa, but we had over twenty warnings of submarines from French and Italian stations as we passed up the Mediterranean. This trip we had taken extraordinary precautions, as we knew that relations between the United States and Germany were severely strained and that if we were captured by a submarine we could expect no better treatment than an Allied ship; and, as it finally turned out, our treatment was far worse than some Allied ships had received. One report of a submarine was in a position that we would be in if we continued on the same course we were then on, in twelve hours, so the course was changed and we arrived safely in Genoa.

After our cargo was discharged we sailed for Boston, without cargo

The boats were swung out and everything made ready for a hurried leave. Two hours later we received a report from an Italian radio station that a submarine was reported two miles off Oneglia, which was about sixty miles west of Genoa and in our track if we pursued the same course we were The warning was reported to the captain, who had decided to follow the coast as closely as possible, considering that the safer way, but when the submarine was reported directly in his track he decided to give that spot as wide a berth as possible, so changed his course to the south so to pass Point Oneglia at a distance of about thirty miles instead of two miles as he had previously intended. We continued on our way for only three hours when we were attacked. The first warning we had that we were the object of an attack was when the second officer saw a torpedo approaching the starboard side of the ship. He swung the ship so that the torpedo passed just astern, but if it had been seen a moment later or not seen at all it would have crashed into the side of the ship and probably killed every man in the engine room and those sleeping below. The captain was sent for and came on deck immediately, and he and the second officer swept the sea with their glasses, but could see no signs of a submarine. The ship had been stopped, but was again started and the captain went below to work out the ship's position for the wireless operator, so if the ship should be attacked again no time would be lost in sending out a distress call. The captain had been below less than a minute when the second officer saw the submarine off the starboard quarter and at the same instant the submarine fired the first shot which struck the bow of the ship. The ship was immediately stopped, but the submarine opened gunfire on the starboard side midships. The captain sounded the signals to abandon ship and the submarine could see this very well, but instead of stopping the gunfire they increased it. After the fourth or fifth shot had hit the ship and the submarine kept off at a distance of about one mile, Captain Lyons ordered the distress signal sent, which was done at once and the position sent out several times. Two Italian torpedo boats replied and said they would send immediate assistance. We were only fifty-five miles south-southwest of Genoa. The submarine increased the rapidity of the gunfire as soon as the appeal for help was sent and put a shot through the captain's cabin, which they probably mistook for the wireless room, which by good luck was directly below the captain's room, but which on most ships is on the boat deck. The captain came below to the wireless room to order the operator to leave. When the captain came on deck the last time, one of our boats was already away from the ship and another was just pushing away, and, as the first boat to be launched had been swamped, it left only one boat in which to escape, and that one had momentarily broken adrift but was close to the side of the ship, so the captain got a line and threw it down and by good chance it landed in the boat. All this time shells had been crashing into the side of the ship with great rapidity and the submarine was about three-quarters of a mile off, and apparently coming closer all the time. Most of the shots struck in the engine room and great clouds of steam were coming up through the skylight. Several shots also hit on deck and they were apparently trying to hit the lifeboats as they were



being launched. One shell went through the stack and another tore a great hole in the chief engineer's room. There could be no doubt that the submarine commander was doing his utmost to keep the crew from getting into the boats and to terrorize them as much as possible. While on deck I had a good view of the submarine, which was easily three hundred feet long and was painted a war gray. I also noticed two guns on deck, one forward and the other aft. The wireless antenna could be plainly seen, hoisted perhaps fifteen feet above the top of the conning tower, and was not dismantled when the submarine finally submerged. After sliding down the falls into the boat, which after considerable trouble had been pulled back under the falls, the painter was let go and we pulled away from the ship. We had been under constant gunfire for about twenty minutes and only one man had been hit by a shell, and he was not seriously wounded, but it was a miraculous escape for all of us. We moved off about half a mile from the ship and hove to, waiting to see what the submarine would do. The submarine, with decks awash, moved around under the stern of the ship and opened fire on the starboard side midships, and must have fired ten shots, then moved around to the port side and again opened fire. The gunfire had apparently no effect on the ship, so the submarine maneuvered for a few moments and then fired a torpedo at the starboard side aft. As yet no help had been seen, so we got our motor launch going and moved away from the ship, which nothing could now save. The Missourian took a list to starboard, then straightened up and commenced going down by the stern and slowly disappeared from sight. When the ship took her final plunge the bow went high into the air and at one time the mainmast was parallel with the water. It was a wonderful sight, but not one that I care to witness again. The ship sunk forty-four minutes after the first torpedo

was observed. About five minutes after the ship finally disappeared smoke was seen on the horizon and a few minutes later we could make out a patrol boat approaching, probably called by our distress signals. We had not seen the submarine for some time, but she came to the surface about half a mile ahead of the lifeboats and fired three shots at the patrol boat, which answered with one shot and then turned and ran in the same direction from which she had came. The submarine again submerged and that was the last we saw of her. We found out later that the patrol boat was the one which had answered our wireless, and was coming to our assistance, but her one small gun was no match for the two quick firers on the submarine, so she went back to her base and got another patrol boat and a fast submarine chaser, and, after four hours in the open boats, picked us up and took us into Porto Maurizio, an Italian naval base, where we were fed, had our clothes dried and were given the best accommodations the town afforded. Only a few of the officers and crew saved any of their personal effects. The next day, in the presence of about half the town, we left Porto Maurizio and returned to Genoa, where the American Consul General did everything in his power to make us comfortable. We stayed in Genoa eighteen days and then went overland to Bordeaux. During our trip from Genoa to Bordeaux we had no trouble with either French or Italian officials, although we were traveling on temporary passports which would be practically useless to ordinary travelers in war time; in fact, several times French and Italian officials helped us to make train connections and did everything possible to get us through in the best and quickest manner. We sailed from Bordeaux on a French liner and arrived safely in New York one month and eight days after the Missourian had been sunk. I hope never to have another experience with a Hun submarine and lose as fine a ship as the Missourian.

FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

The total subscriptions of Marconi employees totaled \$77,100, divided as follows:

Head Office	\$11,850.00
Repair Department	1,500.00
The Works	56,850 0 0
Eastern Division	2,500.00
Southern Division	1,450.00
Gulf Division	1,450.00
Great Lakes Division	500.00
Wireless Press, Inc.	1,000.C 0

\$77,100.00

Pacific Division figures not available. The subscription of the Marconi Company was \$200,000.

THE FRESHFIELD TRAGEDY

By Marc De Luca



The steamship Freshfield, with a speed of less than ten knots, left New York for the war zone in a ten-knot convoy. Being unable to keep the pace and being hampered with inferior coal, we abandoned the chase after two days, and sought shelter in a convenient harbor. to await the assembling of anotherand slower-convoy. Three days after our second departure we received storm warnings predicting a cyclone off the Banks. It came upon us in mid-ocean, destroying two lifeboats out of four, making a mess of our horse stalls, and throwing the gun almost off its mounting. At the same time the steering gear collapsed and we had to lay to in the darkness for repairs. Our condition was so serious that we asked the Commodore ship to send us assistance. In the morning, having completed repairs, and the weather having cleared, we were able to go ahead full speed, and during the day overhauled the convoy.

A few days later when entering Holyhead in the darkness we collided with a large vessel, but fortunately neither ship was disabled, although we were detained three months at Cardiff for repairs.

With a load of coal we joined a large convoy for the Mediterranean. When off the Spanish coast one of our convoy, the Queen, was torpedoed and sunk before my eyes. Our naval escort rescued her crew from the water. Six days later we anchored in Spezzia harbor, proceeding next day to Genoa, where we hung around two weeks waiting for dock space.

We next sailed for Syracuse, touching in at Leghorn, Naples, and Messina, sailing in company with two British trawlers on their way to Malta. As we were about to enter Syracuse harbor a torpedo hurtled past us, missing us only by inches. The coast batteries quickly opened fire with smoke shells, showing the trawler the position of the sub and enabling them to use depth bombs. That night the trawlers went out to get the sub. She came to the surface so near one of the trawlers that the guns could not be trained on her. One of the gunners, without waiting for orders, let her have two depth bombs, which nearly blew the trawler out of the water. The sub quickly sunk and a large quantity of oil soon came to the surface, the trawler securing a bucketful as evidence of the destruction of the sub.

After a brief stay we sailed for Taranto, Italy, touching at Messina, being escorted by an Italian torpedo boat and a motor launch. Soon after leaving Messina I retired at two bells and ten minutes later Mr. Rabbitts, the senior radio officer, roused me by shouting, "Get up; it's coming." As I landed on my feet the crash came. The torpedo struck us just forward of the poop deck, and the destruction was terrible. The ship was cut right in two, the poop deck sinking in two minutes. The crew ran about the ship like a lot of wild men, especially the Arab firemen. I called to Rabbitts to get aboard the nearest life boat. He was making for the bridge, lifebelt in hand. I got into a lifeboat which was put overboard in good order, although we had difficulty in getting out of the suction owing to the number of men clinging to our sides. We rescued those in the water, including the captain, chief engineer and Mr. Rabbitts. The motor launch then came to our assistance and towed us to Cotrone, which was only five miles away. We landed on the beach. The other lifeboat soon arrived and we learned that three of our crew had perished.

The town welcomed us heartily and quartered us in the best hotels. Next day one of the bodies washed ashore and the town provided a most impressive funeral, which the mayor and other officials attended. On the third day the Italian authorities transferred us to Taranto, where we caught a British military train for Cherbourg, France, arriving after eight weary days of travel From Cherbourg we took ship to Southampton, thence by rail to Cardiff, where we rested a fortnight, settled with the steamship company, got new outfits and proceeded to New York, glad indeed to leave the woes of war behind. Mr. Rabbitts at once joined a new ship, and I am waiting my call.

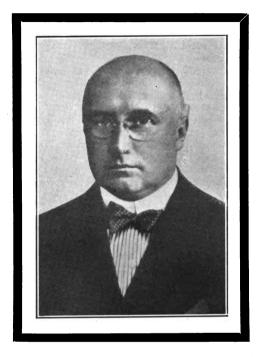
MARCONI'S MEDAL SUNK BY U-BOAT

The Franklin Medal, the highest token of recognition the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia bestows, that was awarded to Signor Guglielmo Marconi, Italy's great inventive genius, on May 15, has been lost at sea.

This information has been transmitted to Dr. George A. Hoadley, secretary of the Franklin Institute, by Count V. Macchi di Cellere, Italian ambassador at Washington.

The medal, with accompanying certificate, was presented in Philadelphia to the Italian ambassador, who received it on behalf of Signor Marconi.

The medal, which had been awarded the Italian inventor, was dispatched to him by Ambassador Cellere on a transatlantic liner. The ship was attacked by a German submarine in mid-ocean and sunk, the medal, together with the certificate, going down with it. The medal, a handsome gold affair, will be duplicated and the duplicate forwarded to Signor Marconi as soon as expediency permits.



A WIRELESS VETERAN GONE

One of the pioneer wireless men of the world passed away, when on October 24, 1918, William Harkin Boyle died, at the age of 37, a victim of the epidemic of influenza.

Mr. Boyle was connected with the original Marconi staff in England during the time of the early experiments and served for several years in the English Company. He later came to America and joined the forces of the United Wireless Company as an operator, from which he was appointed to an official position in the maintenance department. After the absorption of the United Company by Marconi he started again as an operator and held uninterrupted assignments up to August 13, last, when he found it necessary to apply for a sick leave. There are many hundreds of wireless operators and ex-operators throughout the world who, upon learning of the death of "Billy" Boyle, he who always wore that pleasant smile, always in a good-natured mood and forever passing a word of good cheer, will feel a pang of real sorrow and agree that the Marconi ranks has lost a man it can ill afford.

He was one of the most reliable of men in the eyes of officials and a popular man among his fellow operators; no operator on the books of the

Eastern Division has left, or ever will leave, a more creditable record of service than William H. Boyle.

A beautiful floral piece, appropriately inscribed as being a token of esteem from his Marconi associates, was donated by the operators in port at the time, and it occupied a prominent place at the funeral.

Mr. J. B. Duffy, Superintendent of the Eastern Division, accompanied by Operator J. C. Stuart, attended the services as representatives of the Marconi Company and the fellow-operators of their departed brother. J. R. Byers, an ex-Marconi operator and a cousin of Mr. Boyle, and who served with him as junior operator on a South American run, came from an Army Camp in Virginia, where he is stationed, to attend the services with the family.

Mr. Boyle is survived by his mother and one sister to whom the deepest sympathy goes out from those who also loved him well—his wireless associates.

MARCONI WORKS

THE LIBERTY LOAN

With true Marconi spirit, the factory at Aldene did honor to the organization in going "over the top" with a 100% subscription to the Fourth Liberty Loan. Quite contrary to all the first gloomy reports that no drive was to be launched there, the works made a record for itself in rolling up a grand total of \$56,850; and this in a period only two-thirds of the time set for the drive in the outside world, that is, in two weeks. This made an average subscription of about \$98.00 per man.

The drive was organized October 3rd, by calling a meeting of representatives from each department of the shop and office force. The meeting was called at 5 o'clock, the Works Manager, Mr. Stein, presiding. The necessity for a large subscription was pointed out and the leaders eagerly grasped the spirit of the call by expressing their willingness to push the drive to the utmost and to get everyone to subscribe generously. To make the race rather interesting a contest was announced. Discussion of the details brought out the opinion that the fairest method would be to rate the contestants on the number of dollars subscribed per man, per average hourly rate earned. Four prizes of \$40.00, \$30.00, \$20.00 and \$10.00 in thrift stamps were offered.

And the leaders surely did make good on their promises in responding to the call. By the next morning signs announcing the race were posted up all over the Works. By evening the office concourse had become an Avenue des Postres, displaying much Liberty Loan literature. Cartoons characterizing various forces at work gave inspiration to all viewing them to "Double their third." Soon thermometers showed that the drive had risen to a fever heat. Some of the novel features of the drive were the meetings held in the Test Room, the daily bulletins of the M. E. F. (Marconi Engineering forces), and the systematic methods employed by shop in announcing the growth of subscriptions by the ringing of bells, gongs, etc. Much friendly

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rivalry existed between the various teams. One particularly noteworthy case was that of our beloved Pat Collins and Mr. Griffold, leading the Screw Machine department. This, of course, roused much of the old competition between the day and night shifts. Mr. Griffold won by merely one-tenth of a point.

The results speak for themselves. The first prize went to the Test Room with a subscription of 6.1 dollars per man per cent, earned. The submarine gang came second with a record of 4.2. Next was Gus Bosler's gang with 3.0; while fourth prize went to Mr. Griffold with 2.7. We regret that Pat could not have gotten just a little more than his 2.6 dollars to win. In total, the Engineering received \$5,250.00, this amount, being 195% of the department's original pledge of \$2,700.00. This shows the boys tried to double up as much as possible. \$4,200.00 was the next largest total, of the submarine department; then \$4,100.00 by Pat Collins and \$4,000.00 by the Test Room. On the whole things came pretty close. When the drive closed at noon, October 17th, everyone expressed their eagerness to engage in another contest on the next loan. We take pride in the 100% Americanism displayed at our Aldene Works.

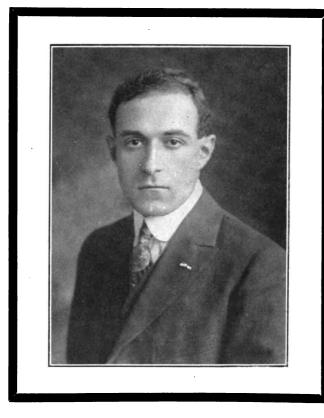
CONGRATULATORY

We wish to heartily congratulate Mr. Steiner on his marriage and wish Mrs. Steiner the greatest happiness that this world has to offer. We felt somewhat hurt that we were not taken into the confidence of our friends. They bade us goodbye to go on a vacation but did not state that there was to be a honeymoon, and did not advise us it was their honeymoon until two months afterwards.

THE ARMISTICE

In view of the fine spirit with which the men in the Works have met appeals for Liberty Loans, subscriptions to Tobacco funds and Red Cross drives, there can be no doubt of our loyalty. It was not surprising that the announcement of the Kaiser's unconditional surrender should have met with the wildest kind of enthusiasm. When word was received at the Works that the Kaiser had accepted General Foch's conditions, it spread like wildfire, the whistles were blowing, the sirens added their clamor and anything with a metallic ring to it that could be possibly made to emit a noise was sounded. Above all this din sounded the voices of the men, as though they felt it were possible to make noise enough to be heard in Berlin.

Two of our engineers, Messrs. Leutz and McKenzie and Mr. T. C. Knight, each took a flag and climbed the 230 ft. towers, being cheered as they went by the 600 employees in the Works, placed the flags at the peak of the poles, climbed down to terra firma and were jubilantly carried around on the shoulders of the men. It was useless to think that any real serious work could be thought of for the rest of the day. The employees punched out to go to the larger centers to mingle their hurrahs with those of Elizabeth, Newark and New York.



GEORGE ISRAEL GERSON

With sorrow we record the death of Mr. Gerson at New York, October 12th, in his twenty-eighth year, after a brief illness with influenza. He took up radio work with the United Wireless Company in 1911, and joined Marconi May 29, 1914, serving as operator on both coasts for one year. He then served a term in the Coast Guard service, and later in the Navy as radio operator. His next step was to re-join Marconi in the construction department at New York, where he remained three years, when he was transferred to Newport News as Marconi representative, which position he held at the time of his death. He had a wide acquaintance among Marconi men and was a general favorite, due to his genial manners and fine character. He was to have been married in a few months. We extend deep sympathy to his family.

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HERBERT W. BLACKSTONE

Mr. Blackstone's friends were greatly shocked to learn of his death October 12th, at the Naval Hospital, Charleston, S. C., from pneumonia, after a brief illness, aged 23. He was a native of Wolfeboro, N. H., and after graduating from the High School at Laconia, he became a student at the Marconi Institute at New York.

As a boy he became interested in wireless and built a station, having a wide range which enabled him to copy press dispatches nightly. On the occasion of the loss of the Titanic he gave the news to the townspeople before the arrival of the newspapers. During the next four years he traveled far and wide in the Marconi service and delighted his friends recounting his experiences.

He was an observer of an interesting incident at Gibraltar on New Year's eve, 1915, when a fleet of German submarines attempted to pass into the Mediterranean. A general bombardment took place which resulted in the sinking or capture of several of the submersibles, being the first time in more than a century that the guns of the fortress were used to repel an enemy.

In November, 1916, the Sibiria, of which he was senior radio officer, was wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, in the English Channel, while carrying supplies for the Allies. Several futile attempts to rescue the crew, who were huddled together on the bridge, resulted in broken bones and other serious injuries to the rescuers. After 36 hours of exposure, another attempt ordered by the British Admiralty was successful. The officers were sent to

the Three Nuns Hotel in London, where Mr. Backstone developed an attack of acute bronchitis, as a result of the exposure.

On returning to New York he was at once assigned to another ship, where he remained until the United States entered the war, when he at once joined the colors, being assigned to the U. S. S. Sterling as first class Electrician, radio. The ship was placed in the trans-Atlantic service, which enabled him to see a great deal of the war. On one occasion the Sterling took part in the sinking of a German submarine.

Returning from France in November, 1917, he suffered considerably from exposure, resulting in pneumonia. In April, 1918, he was made a warrant officer with the rank of Radio Gunner, and was placed in charge of all electrical and radio work on the ship, which was made a transport and sailed from Atlantic ports to Cuba, San Domingo and Hayti. summer spent in the intense heat of the tropics, the ship returned to New York during the first cold weather of September, and at once sailed for Charleston. On the way down Mr. Blackstone felt that he was taking cold, and on arrival was sent to the hospital suffering from pneumonia. It was found that his heart had been weakened by the attack of bronchitis and the previous attack of pneumonia, and he could not stand the strain. He made a brave fight, and the tenacity with which he clung to life was the marvel of the doctors. The best of medical attention and the most tender nursing could not save him, and he passed away after an illness of 12 days. His brother Edward, who was with him during his illness, brought his remains home for interment. The Mayor and a detachment from the State Guard attended the burial service, where a volley was fired over the grave, and taps were sounded.

Mr. Blackstone will be mourned by all who knew him. He was a young man of unusual ability, and the country which he served so well, and the flag which he loved, hold no balance against him. He paid for his Liberty Bond in full.

A RECIPE

To make the gray old world more gay. To cheer a pal along the way, To paralyze the blooming blues, To dodge a tempting glass of booze. To show yourself that life's worth while, To beat a grouch by half a mile, To bring new light to faded eyes, To nail a liar in his lies, To medicine a thousand ills, To sidetrack inconvenient bills. To take the venom from a sting, To win a heart—or anything—

SMILE.



KENNETH W. ORCUTT

It is a painful duty to record the death of Kenneth W. Orcutt of Winthrop, Mass., due to an automobile accident at Philadelphia, October 21, while walking from his ship, the Grecian, to the Marconi office in company with Mr. Onens, his junior operator. In crossing Delaware Avenue, which carries two steam railway tracks, and in trying to avoid an approaching train, Mr. Orcutt was struck by a truck, and so seriously injured that he died before reaching the Pennsylvania Hospital, where he was quickly taken by Mr. Onens. The interment was at Winthrop.

OBITUARY

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Maurice Thompson in the loss of his wife at East San Pedro on October 25th, from influenza and pneumonia, aged 27. Mr. Thompson came from the United Wireless to Marconi in 1912, serving for a number of years at Seattle and East San Pedro until taken over by the Government.

The sincere sympathy of this Company is extended to Mrs. M. E. Werner in the loss of her son Edward A. Werner, who passed away at Hoboken on October 29th, 1918, while in the Navy. He was in Marconi service from February 5, 1917, until he joined the colors.

Operator F. G. Strauss, who was in our service for several years was released from the Steamer Santa Alicia at Seattle on July 15th, having developed pneumonia. Advices from Seattle state that he passed away during the early part of October. He was held in high esteem by this Company.



IRENE HELEN BUTLER

Our deep sympathy is extended to the family of Miss Irene Helen Butler, a victim of influenza. She was employed as a file clerk at Marconi Works, and was always obliging and cheerful, and a very conscientious worker. The circumstances surrounding the death are sad in the extreme. She was but 20 years of age, and was left motherless at the age of 12. She was the oldest of 5 children, the youngest being a baby in arms. Miss Butler took the place of mother to these children. During the recent epidemic two of her family were taken sick. She obtained leave of absence to nurse them, contracted the infection herself, and died within 3 days. Her death came as a great shock to her associates in the Works, and a wreath of beautiful flowers was sent as an expression of our sorrow and of our sympathy for her family. Her father is Postmaster at Roselle.

USE OF THE TELEPHONE

The annual report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company shows that more than 1,000,000 toll connections are handled daily, and that the exchange connections are at the rate of 10,000,000,000 calls a year, an average of about 100 calls for every man, woman and child in the United States.

MARCONI SERVICE FLAG

Our flag now carries 456 stars and seven gold stars, representing our contribution to the armed forces of the nation.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE MATE

By Clarence Cisin

Said the captain to the mate, you must do as I dictate

Or else, my lad, you very soon will see That this large and massive ocean will, without any emotion,

Make a home for you, when you get through with me.

But the mate was strong and hardy tho' in most of all things quite tardy,

With his fists was just as quick as he could be.

Funeral service held at eight and it was not for the mate—

Now there's one less captain sailing on the sea.

TO OUR FLAG

Wave on! Wave on!
Thou emblem true,
Flag of the free—
Red, White and Blue,

Behind thy folds
A deep-set star,
In tranquil sky,
Shines bright afar.

And gentle winds
Give grace to thee;
A thing divine,
Thou seem'st to be.

Thy form may sink
Beneath the wave,
But rise again,
The world to save.

For freedom's sign
Is on thy brow,
And Heaven, strength
Will thee endow.

Then with God's help, We, yet, will see Thy stripes float o'er Man's liberty.

Chas. S. Rabold, Sr.

CABLE MILEAGE

The total number of submarine cables owned and operated by private companies throughout the world is 412, with a mileage of 223,769 miles, and the cables owned by nations throughout the world are 2,140, with 48,990 miles, making a total of 2,552 cables with a mileage of 272,759 miles. At the present time on account of the war some of these cables are not operated.

THE GREAT TONIC

By Walt Mason

No doubt all ailing critters, aweary of their ills, have taken Simpson's bitters, or Popoff's purple pills, yet found their ailments chronic, to their intense despair, until they tried this tonicthe crisp October air. I've lapped up Johnson's syrup of seaweed, prunes and cheese, and it would merely stir up new symptoms of disease; the doctor's diagnosis has often made me snort; I've taken dope in doses, a spoonful to a quart: I've piled on porous plasters, I've worn them inside out, to head off such disasters as rheumatiz and gout. In all the drugs of healing there's nothing to compare with this, of which I'm spieling, the crisp October air. I'm living, at this writing, from all my ailments free; I'm fit for fun or fighting, or shinning up a tree. No more you see me groping in cupboards for my pills, no more you see me doping my works for sundry ills, for organs dislocated, for falling of the hair; I've been rejuvenated by crisp October air. I'm active, blithe and sprightly, my gait is free and bold; I trot around as lightly as any ten-year-old; my enemies I've throttled, disease and pain and care; it really should be bottled, this crisp October air.

GARDENING COURTESIES

One morning, Jorkins looked over his fence and said to his neighbor, Harkins:

"What are you burying in that hole?"
"Just replanting some of my seeds, that's all," was the answer.

"Seeds!" exclaimed Jorkins, angrily..
"It looks more like one of my hens."
"That's all right," said the other.
"The seeds are inside."



August 3, at the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle, New York, Irene Mary Cusick, daughter of Mrs. Mary C. Cusick, to Joseph Vincent Henry, of the purchasing department, both of New York.

November 3, at the home of the bride, Irene Marie Senters, daughter of Mrs. Gertrude Senters, to Harold M. Wick, both of Brooklyn. The bride was formerly employed in the auditing department and the groom in the purchasing department.

August 5, at Philadelphia, Minerva K. Ulrich of the factory auditing department, to Melvin C. Steiner, of the purchasing department.

July 21, 1917, at Honolulu, Lieut. Wm. Moe, U. S. A., to Agnes H. Collins, superintendent of nurses, Queen's Hospital. Mr. Moe was formerly a member of the Marconi staff at Kahuku.

February 1, 1918, at Honolulu, Wm. G. Anderson, formerly of the Marconi staff at Kahuku, to Thelma Sackwitz, of Wialua, Oahu.

NOTICE BRITISH AND BELGIAN OPERATORS

Operators desiring to see Mr. H. M. Short, resident inspector at New York, personally, are requested to call only between 10 and 11 a. m. and 3 and 4 p. m.

PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Nally have announced the betrothal of their daughter Marylee to Ensign Frederic Halsted Hahn of the Naval Aviation Corps.

Mr. Frank Chapman, superintendent of the Southern Division, has returned from a hunting expedition on the Great Lakes.



EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Mr. Ogden has returned from his vacation, spent on his Connecticut plantation.

Mr. Pillsbury recently made an inspection trip to the Gulf and Great Lakes divisions.

Miss Pleines and Miss Wishart have recovered from severe attacks of pneumonia.

Mr. Payne has returned from his ho'idays. He has taken over the additional duties of office manager at head office.

Guy H. Harvey, C. E. (R), formerly of the Marconi staff at Kahuku, was a recent visitor. He is attached to the U. S. S. Gulfport, sailing to West Indian ports.

EASTERN DIVISION

NEW YORK

C. J. Koegel and H. Ades were relieved from the Mexico by naval operators. Koegel is now on the Philadel-

phia with H. Koehler, and Ades went on the El Almirante.

Lieut. Carroll D. Riley was a recent visitor around the office. He will be remembered as one of the old-time operators who studied navigation in his spare time. He was a deck efficer on the Mongolia when the first shot of the war was fired from that ship, and soon after receiving his commission in the navy was assigned as executive officer on an important trans-Atlantic supply ship. A short time ago, the lieutenant informed us, he was in the American Officers' Club in London and was surprised to meet Ensign David Helig, former manager of the Philadelphia station, and in whose school Lieut, Riley learned wireless.

Other naval men who dropped in at the Broad Street office during the month include: M. R. Beckerman, C. P. O., who is stationed at the Harvard Radio School; John A. Bossen, C. P. O., who is in charge at the New London naval radio station; B. N. Lazarus, who is on a chaser, Lieut. F. H. Mason, from the Great Lakes station and former superintendent at Cleveland; F. J. Schmitt, pay clerk, attached to a local naval office, and Ensign Swanson.

A highly interesting letter was received by the superintendent, Duffy, from First Lieutenant E. N. Pickerill with a picture enclosed. Old "PK" looks as dignified as ever and seems to have become stouter and better looking. We understand that he is now a full-fledged aviator. letter of much interest was received from Arthur Lynch, who is seeing real service at the front in France. We are hoping that it will not be long before we have Arthur back in our ranks. First Lieutenant Edward M. Joyce and Henry P. Flack, both former operators of this division, are in the same

company of the Signal Corps stationed in France. They have sent for copies of the Service News, which have been forwarded.

Among the operators who donned the naval uniform during the month are Arthur H. Schweider, L. J. Michaels, P. S. Killam, L. J. Gallo and C. H. Meyer.

E. Wellington, from the El Sud, was promoted to a position in the head office.

E. E. Griffin, a former Tropical Radio operator, was engaged during the month and after making one or two short trips resigned on short notice. R. J. Preis, of the Momus, resigned from the service to teach wireless at Tulane University, New Orleans. R. D. Magann, an old-time operator, resigned from the service in good standing and is now studying navigation. H. S. Webster also resigned during the month.

The Eastern Division lost one of its best men when William H. Boyle died during the month, after being on the sick list for more than a month. D. L. Cawman, W. E. Meyer and G. E. Burkhart, who were on sick leave, have recovered. L. C. Driver is reported seriously ill at a hospital in Baltimore, and P. R. Ellsworth is confined in a Key West Hospital. A. Vladoff also reported sick during the month.

Captain Pickett, of the tug Standard, is a regular reader of The Service News and has stated that he finds our little Marconi publication highly interesting. His operator, E. W. Vogel, who will be remembered as the hero of the Carolina, the only American passenger ship to be sunk by a German U-boat on this side of the Atlantic, supplies Capt. Pickett with a copy of the News every month. Vogel says he likes the Standard and its commander, but is dead sore that the captain does not stop

longer upon visiting Portland, Me., where Vogel has a girl he thinks a great deal of.

Speaking of Vogel's Portland sweetheart we know, at least, that she likes him well. Upon his arrival here from that port, after leaving her but a day before, he finds a large quantity of mail from her awaiting him. On the other hand, perhaps all the mail is not from the same girl. With his good looks and winning personality he may have captured a whole Portland High School full of 'em.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB

BOSTON

Constructor Swett equipped the Canibus with a 2-kw. standard set and the Central American with a ½-kw. submarine type set.

We congratulate Frank Flood on his recovery from pneumonia. Doc. Forsythe relieved Flood during his illness. Doc. narrowly escaped influenza while at Boston.

- J. S. Dodge has resigned and was relieved on the Governor Cobb by R. G. Philbrook.
- G. E. Travis and L. F. Martin are on the Governor Dingley of the Shipping Board. We attribute to their spic-andspan uniforms the sudden influx of mail addressed to them.
- P. S. Killam has entered the Naval Reserve. J. B. Swift relieved Killam on the Brandon,
- T. H. Johnson, formerly on the Brandon, has resigned and is serving on deck of the same ship.
- E. C. Murphy was relieved on the Malden by E. B. Colby who was in turn relieved by Naval men.

Navy men were also assigned to the Everett, relieving Thurston Johnson, who is now on the Belfast.

M. J. Reilly was ill at Savannah with

influenza, has recovered and returned to the City of Augusta.

Charles Silva is the proud father of a baby boy, born October 10th, in the room at one time occupied by Mr. Marconi. We extend our congratulations to the proud parents.

H. A. Wells was assigned to the City of Columbus, and E. E. Davis to the Florida.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

BALTIMORE

The Nantucket left Baltimore after her annual overhauling, Grantling and Bickstein looking after our interests.

The many friends of George Gerson, formerly of the Southern Division, learned with regret of his death at Newport News.

The Borgestad expects to sail next month. Has had an extensive overhauling at Baltimore.

The Essex is now on the Southern run out of Baltimore. Sherman wants to swap with someone on a Boston run. Guess he is getting homesick.

Supt. Chapman just returned from a vacation and has taken on a few pounds. Says rabbit hunting is great in the wilds of Michigan.

Our old friend "Pope" was in to see us the first part of November. Didn't feel lucky though!

L. H. Graves of the Augusta, must be a silent worker, as we never hear much from him.

We are pleased to report that L. C. Driver of the Eastern Division is improving at the Marine Hospital,

W. Hoffman, also of the Eastern Division, is boarding at the same place. Looks to be healthy.

Johnny Flagg had the flu while his ship was in Savannah, but is O K and says he hated to leave the hospital as they had such nice nurses.

Vogel has a far-away look in his eye and is anxious for the war to end so that he can take a long trip on a freighter.

Our friend "DQ" is getting anxious, too. Must be the flu getting them all

uneasy.

How much of each month's money did you contribute to the UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN?

If I've overlooked anyone, holler!

PHILADELPHIA

Our constructors have had cause to board several Brazilian vessels at this port. They report that the crews were a sickly looking bunch, many of whom were down with the epidemic, and that they were glad to get off upon the completion of their work.

Dudley, the proud husband of a Philadelphia girl, struts in and out as though married life had given him wings. Take care boys, life is not all feathers and

down; ask Dad, he knows.

Operator Tierney of the Admiralen, has been paying us quarterly visits for the last year and a half. He comes in busted and more or less misused, but two days in port with his accumulated checks makes him a dandy. We beg to be backed in this statement by Miss Mary Kuhs.

Onens is now senior on the S. S. Grecian, with Samaha as second.

Hartley, a name we all know, has had another promotion and is now an Ensign. Go to it Ed, we hope to see you Admiral soon.

GULF DIVISION

Our new quarters are commodious and afford our Superintendent a strictly private office. New furniture and fixtures have been purchased and everything is in fine shape.

We were gratified to receive a visit from General Superintendent Pillsbury recently, but regret that his stay was not longer, so that he might have seen us in our new office.

Operators Dixon and Boizelle, who were stranded with the Breakwater, on a reef twenty-five miles from Puerto Mexico, Mexico, have just returned and give an interesting account of their thrilling experience. Although there were hopes of salvaging this vessel we have just heard that she broke in three pieces in a terrible northeast gale which lasted three days.

The Gulf Division operators responded nobly to the Fourth Liberty Bond Loan. \$1,450 was pledged.

Operator de Bellefueille is confined at the John Seeley Hospital, Galveston, suffering with a severe attack of influenza.

- P. J. Foley, a newcomer, was assigned to the Ponce and has just returned to the Gulf Division from New York, where the Ponce is laid up for repairs.
- S. N. Hill has re-entered the service and is assigned to the William Green.
- H. E. Lillibridge, a new recruit, is making his home on the Gene Crawley.
- J. H. Jensen, a Marconi-ite of six years' record, has been assigned to the Steam Tug Gulfport for an inspection trip.
- K. Kingsbury is assigned to the Harold Walker.
- A. Krog has returned from a sixty days' leave and is assigned to the Pennant.
- A. J. Unger, a newcomer, has been assigned to the Torres.

A 2-kw. Canadian cabinet set is being installed on the San Bernardo (Mex.).

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

CLEVELAND

We have not found an operator in this Division who failed to buy a Lib-

erty Bond of the 4th issue, and until we do, we will claim our Division 100%. Our only regret is that we cannot take full credit for the sale of the bonds to the operators, but we were requested not to solicit them as this would be done by the Captain on each vessel. The reason being that each ship was given their quota, by the Lake Carriers' Association, and it was up to every last member of the crew to come across so their vessel could fly an honor flag. Well—we are still looking for a vessel without an honor flag.

Roy Demeritt was transferred from the Clemens Reiss to the City of Buffalo, vice G. Shaft who took the assignment on the Clemens Reiss.

Demeritt has since been transferred to the Eastern States, relieving Philip Westcott, now assigned to the W. F. White.

Chas. Macomber is on the City of Buffalo.

Wilbur Cross who was with us for a few months last season, has been temporarily assigned to the City of Erie, relieving Clair Mowry, who has resigned from the service.

The City of Detroit III laid up for the season. Senior Glenn Munro has been transferred to the A. M. Byers. Junior R. Carson was transferred to the Otto Reiss and was later relieved on account of illness

L. Schermerhorn, who has been detailed to the Otto Reiss all season, is back on the job.

F. J. Elliott of the Cleveland Office, spent a few days at his home in Jackson, Michigan.

Floyd Woodson of the Peter Reiss, has returned to his home at Washington, D. C. H. Cervenka, formerly of the Eastern States, relieved him.

CHICAGO DISTRICT

Lawrence Layne has been relieved on the Barge Limit by J. R. Pell, formerly of the Indiana. W. E. Smith, a new-comer, has been assigned to the Indiana.

The Petoskey has laid up for the season and J. F. Born is awaiting an assignment on one of the Pere Marquette car ferries.

Oscar Hauger, a resultant of the Marconi Institute of New York, is acting as purser and operator on one of the Pere Marquette car ferries.

F. T. Tighe of the Cleveland District, has also been detailed to one of the Pere Marquette car ferries as operator and purser.

PACIFIC DIVISION

Operator C. C. Langevin, formerly in charge of the Asbury Park, is now in charge of the Steamer Multinomah, with Operator P. Thorne as junior.

Senior operator G. L. Van Auken of the China, has taken out R. H. Burr as junior.

J. W. James and S. E. Brooks are acting senior and junior respectively on the Manoa.

W. C. Nickels is in charge of the Windber.

W. Griffith and E. D. M. Fabian are holding down the Lurline, as senior and junior, respectively.

H. F. Dyer, who came West as junior on the Asbury Park, is bound East as operator in charge of the Mount Hood.

H. C. Grundell of the Santa Flavia, left that vessel at New Orleans and is awaiting an assignment out of this port.

R. S. Palmer of the Yosemite has been temporarily transferred to our Seattle shop. Palmer will do the honors while Mr. Barker is on his vacation.

Miss Cayo is again gracing our Seattle Office after enjoying a leave of absence of three months.

Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co.

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